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THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY



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THE CHAP-BOOK

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The Chap-Book

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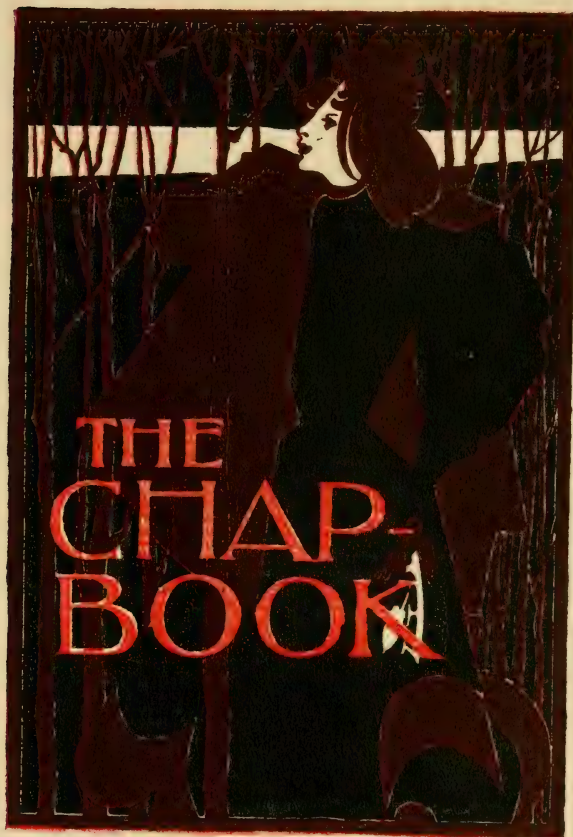
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ENGLISH SPRING

AS the day lengthens, the year strengthens.
Strengthen, young year!
Grow strong and handsome, gallant and winsome,
Comely and dear.

Gray days shall hold you, sweet days shall fold you,
Till there shall come
The wind-flowers dancing, tulips glancing,
The swallows home.

The nests not yet in the grass are set
For larks in the sky
To love you madly and hail you gladly,
Hail you and die.

The rose-tree shows not a trace of the rose
That shall crown your head.
The leaves are furled in a silent world
Till your word be said.

O year, grow slowly. Exquisite, holy,
The days go on
With almonds showing the pink stars blowing,
And birds in the dawn.

Grow slowly, year, like a child that is dear,
Or a lamb that is mild,
By little steps, and by little skips,
Like a lamb or a child.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

A FRIEND OF MINE

WE called him Mascot from the time we first had him. You see, we thought it was a great piece of good luck, my getting him, any way. There he is now, nosing the earth over a bone at the root of that tall syringa. Bright? Smart? Well, I should think so; not that he knows tricks; he does n't need any such superficial knowledge. It's general intelligence and wit that you want in a companion, and a great, tender heart; eh? Well, I should say so; and I do n't expect in this world to find more intelligence or a more loving heart than Mascot has. You may laugh if you want to, but I know what I'm talking about. You think some human being is having a second existence in his form, perhaps. Oh, no; no mere human being ever loved in that way; he's a dog, fast enough. Come here, Mascot; give a paw, sir.

Is n't he an ugly-looking fellow, with the rough hair standing up all over him, not long enough to droop and be graceful? He's one of the kind that's so ugly he's interesting. Scotch terrier with a few drops of bull-dog blood, I fancy; no thoroughbred, you see. But look at his eyes—strong and true and loving—that's enough. We've been the closest of friends ever since we met. I'll tell you how that was—or have I ever told you? Not? My wife says I tell everybody two or three times over, and that she has noticed that all my friends are careful not to mention the subject of canines in general, lest I may begin on my particular one.

Sit down, Mascot, and lean against my knee. He likes to lie with his head on my foot, and I like to have him.

It's two years ago this spring. I was going down Clark Street almost on a run to catch a train. There happened not to be many teams in the street, for it was not yet seven

o'clock in the morning. I heard a sharp cry across the way. It was so sharp and agonized that I stopped involuntarily. On the other side was a group of boys with a dog in the midst. Though, at the first, I could 'nt see anything distinctly, yet I knew directly that the boys were infernal little scamps, and that they were torturing the animal. Another cry—there was smoke rising from the centre of the group, which was in a sort of alcove formed by two buildings. I forgot my train and ran across, dashing right in among the ruffians. When I see a certain kind of boy I'm ashamed that I'm a man, I swear I am!

They had this dog—lie still, Mascot!—they had him muzzled, his jaws tied together so tightly that the rope which bound them had gnawed into the flesh and was bloody, and a boy was at each side of his head gripping fast the cord; two other boys held him by hips and hind legs, and what do you think a fifth was doing? Holding one of those kerosene torches under the dog's belly. Yes; and I smelt the burning flesh as I jumped on the pavement. The tortured creature made a terrible effort, but he would n't have escaped if my coming had n't confused the villains—as it was, the dog dashed at me and leaped on me. Good God! What an agony of hope and appeal there was in his wild eyes! How he cried in his throat; for he could n't open his jaws.

I wanted to kill every boy there was there. I did knock one over; the rest ran away. The torch was left smoking on the sidewalk; and then a policeman came along, sauntering from somewhere, stared at the dog, and asked if he was mad. I shook my head and walked off, the dog so eagerly at my heels that I had to be careful how I moved.

I hurried into a street where, at this time of day, there were still fewer people. I sat down on a step, took out my pocket-knife and cut the rope from the dog's mouth.

His gratitude was heart-breaking; it almost seemed at first as if he would die of it. And I cried; I could n't help it, and you know very well I'm not one of the snivelling kind. Yes, Mascot, it's all right now; you need n't lick my face, and we're not going to part. There, lie down again.

Well, as soon as he became a little more calm, or I might say as soon as we became more calm, I looked at my watch. It was of no use to think of the train now; I could n't possibly catch it. The dog kept his gaze on me as if he feared I should leave him.

We walked, he at my very heels, until we came to a hack stand. I took a carriage and I put Mascot—I had already named him in my mind—on the front seat; then I placed myself opposite, and told the driver to take us out to Northrup Street—that was a good half-hour's drive.

So we started. Mascot did n't like to be as far away from me as the distance between the front and back seat. He was continually reaching out a paw, and presently I lifted him over beside me. I hurt his poor burned flesh as I did so, for he whined, then hurriedly licked my hand as if in apology and to assure me that he would allow me to hurt him if I wished to do so.

We lived here then, and my wife was in the garden when the hack stopped at the gate. She saw me with a smooch of blood, the dog's blood, on my face, and gave a little scream as she ran forward. She had believed that I was already miles away on that train.

"I'm all right," I hastened to say, "and I've come back because I've saved this fellow. I hope you'll like him."

I stepped out, and Mascot stepped out after me, or rather with me, in his fear lest he should be left.

He was not a reassuring object. His hair was full of mud and blood; there was a gash in his under lip; and he

was now beginning to feel stiff and sore. He stood pressed against my ankle while I paid the driver.

Fortunately my wife had had a dog when she was a child, and if you have ever been intimate with a good dog, it makes all the difference in your feeling toward the whole canine race.

Having become convinced that I had met with no accident, Margaret looked at the new-comer an instant, then she held out her hand and said softly :

“Poor fellow! what a hard time you’ve had!”

Mascot extended his head and licked the tips of her fingers; then he glanced up at me and said, “I’m going to love her, too—but not quite so well.”

We took him into the kitchen and put him into the sink. We washed him, we cleansed his wounds with warm water and castile soap.

How gentle he was, and how he tried to bear it. Then we put an old blanket in the corner, and he sat stiffly down on it. He ate a basin of bread and milk, and then we left him. But he would cry. I went back to him three or four times, and he seemed perfectly happy while I remained. At last Margaret suggested that I leave him something of mine. I dropped my handkerchief beside him. He put his chin on it, and when we left him alone he didn’t whine again.

I was glad I called him Mascot, for that very night one of the firm, to whom I had sent word that I was detained from starting on my business trip that morning, came out and said they had decided to put me in another department, with five hundred dollars more salary. He said he knew I was able to fill that place, but he acknowledged that he shouldn’t have thought of promoting me just now if his wife had n’t asked him if he could n’t do something for me.

“And what do you think made her ask?” he inquired

“Why, she was in a carriage on Clark Street early this morning, and she saw you rescue that dog. She was so thankful to see you do it that she said she knew you could fill a higher position in our house. That is a woman’s way of reasoning, you know.”

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

THE RAIN

I HEARD my lover pleading
 Beneath the ivied pane ;
I looked out through the darkness,
 And lo ! it was the rain.

I heard my lover singing
 His low, heart-stirring songs ;
I went without and sought him
 To whom my soul belongs.

I found him in the darkness,
 His tears were on my face ;
Oh, sweet, your voice has pierced me,
 And your unhurrying pace.

He gave me, as we wandered
 Adown the winding lane,
A thousand tender touches,
 And that heart-stirring strain.

The lamps and fires and faces
 No longer did I see ;
I walkèd abroad with Music
 And Love and Poetry.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.





BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

ARTHUR RIMBAUD

A Monsieur Harrison Rhodes.

J'IMAGINE qu'une de ces soirées du Mardi, trop rares, où vous me fîtes l'honneur d'ouïr, chez moi, quelques amis converser, le nom soudainement d'Arthur Rimbaud se soit bercé à la fumée de plusieurs cigarettes, installant, pour votre curiosité, du vague.

Quel, le personnage, questionnez vous : du moins, avec des livres *Une Soirée en Enfer*, *Illuminations* et ses *Poèmes*, naguères publiées en l'ensemble, exerce-t-il sur les événements poétiques recents une influence si particulière que, cette allusion à lui faite, par exemple, on se taise, énigmatiquement et réfléchisse, comme si beaucoup de silence, à la fois, et de rêverie s'imposait ou d'admiration inachevée.

Doutez, mon cher hôte, que les principaux innovateurs, maintenant, voire un seul, à l'exception, peut-être, mystérieusement, du magnifique aîné, *qui leva l'archet*, Verlaine, aient, à quelque profondeur et par un trait direct, subi Arthur Rimbaud. Ni la liberté allouée au vers ou, mieux, jaillie telle par miracle, ne se réclamera de qui fut, à part le balbutiement de tous derniers poèmes ou quand il cessa, un strict observateur du jeu ancien. Estimez son plus magique effet produit par opposition d'un monde antérieur au Parnasse, même au Romantisme, au très classique, avec le désordre somptueux d'une passion on ne saurait dire rien que spirituellement exotique. Eclat, lui, d'un météore, apparu sans motif autre que sa présence ; issu seul et s'éteignant. Tout, certes, aurait existé, depuis, sans ce passant considérable, comme aucune circonstance littéraire vraiment n'y prépara : le cas personnel demeure, avec force.

Mes Souvenirs : plutôt ma pensée, souvent, à ce Quelqu'un, voici : comme peut faire une causerie, en votre honneur immédiate.



PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR RIMBAUD

BY F. VALLOTTON

Je ne l'ai pas connu, mais je l'ai vu, une fois, dans un des repas littéraires, en hâte, groupés à l'issue de la Guerre—le *Dîner des Vilains Bonshommes*, certes, par antiphrase, en raison du portrait, qu'au convive dédie Verlaine " L'homme était grand, bien bâti, presque athlétique, un visage parfaitement ovale d'ange en exil, avec des cheveux châtain-clair mal en ordre et des yeux d'un bleu pâle inquietant." Avec je ne sais quoi fièrement poussé, ou malheureusement, de fille du peuple, j'ajoute, de son état, blanchisseuse, à cause de vastes mains, par les transitions du chaud au froid rougies d'engelures. Lesquelles eussent indiqué des métiers plus terribles, appartenant à un garçon. J'appris qu'elles avaient autographié de beaux vers, non publiés : la bouche, au pli boudeur et narquois n'en recita aucun.

Comme je descendais des Fleuves impassibles
Je ne me sentis plus guidé par les hâleurs :
Des Peaux-rouges criards les avaient pris pour cibles
Les ayant cloués nus aux poteaux de couleurs.

et

Plus douces qu'aux enfants la chair des pommes sûres,
L'eau verte pénétra ma coque de sapin
Et des taches de vins bleus et de vomissures
Me lava, dispersant gouvernail et grappin.

et

J'ai rêvé la nuit verte aux neiges éblouies
Baisers montants aux yeux des mers avec lenteur,
La circulation des sèves inouïes
Et l'éveil jaune et bleu des phosphores chanteurs.

et

Parfois martyr lassé des pôles et des zones
La mer dont le sanglot faisait mon roulis doux
Montait vers moi ses fleurs d'ombre aux ventouses jaunes
Et je restais ainsi qu'une femme à genoux.

et

J'ai vu des archipels sidéraux ! Et des îles
Dont les cieux délirants sont ouverts au vogueur :
Est-ce en mes nuits sans fond que tu dors et t'exiles
Million d'oiseaux d'Or, ô fûtüre Vigueur ?

et tout ! qu'il faudrait dérouler comme primitivement s'étire un éveil génial, en ce chef-d'oeuvre, car *Le Bateau Ivre* était fait, à l'époque, déjà : tout ce qui, à peu de là, parerait les mémoires et qui en surgira tant qu'on dira des vers, se taisait parmi le Nouveau-venu ainsi que *Les Assis*, *Les Chercheuses de Poux*, *Premières Communiantes*, du même temps ou celui d'une puberté perverse et superbe. Notre curiosité, entre familiers, sauvés des maux publiques, omit un peu cet éphèbe au sujet de qui courait, cependant, que c'était, à 17 ans son quatrième voyage, en 1872, effectué, ici, comme les précédents, à pied : non, le premier ayant eu lieu, de l'endroit natal, Charleville dans les Ardennes, vers Paris, fastueusement, par la vente de tous les prix de la classe, celle de rhétorique, à cet effet, par le collégien. Rappels de là-bas, or hésitation entre la famille, une mère d'origine campagnarde, dont était séparé le père, officier en retraite, et des camarades les frères Cros, Forain futur, le caricaturiste Gill, d'abord et toujours et irrésistiblement Verlaine. Un va-et-vient résultait ; au risque de coucher, en partant sur les bateaux à charbon du canal ; en revenant, de tomber dans un avant poste de fédérés ou combattants de la Commune. Le grand gars, adroitement, se fit passer pour un franc-tireur du parti, en détresse et inspira le bon mouvement d'une collecte à son bénéfice. Menus-faits, quelconques et, du reste, propres à un ravagé violemment par la littérature, le pire désarroi, après les lentes heures studieuses aux bibliothèques, aux bancs, cette fois maître d'une expression certaine prématurée, intense, l'excitant à des sujets inouis,—en quête aussitôt de "sensations neuves" insistait-il "pas connues" et il se flattait de

les rencontrer en le bazar d'illusion des cités, vite vulgaire ; mais qui livre au démon adolescent, un soir, comme éclair nuptial, quelque vision grandiose et fictive continuée, en suite, dans la seule ivrognerie.

L'anecdote, à bon marché, ne manque pas, le fil contradictoirement, mille fois, rompu d'une existence telle, en laissa choir dans les journaux : à quoi bon faire, centième, miroiter ces détails jusqu'à les enfiler en sauvages verroteries et composer le collier du roi nègre, que ce fut la plaisanterie plus tard de représenter dans quelque peuplade inconnue, le poète.

Vous ne me demandez pas autre chose que suivre, comme je les percois et pour y infuser le plus de belle probabilité les *grandes lignes* d'un destin significatif ; lequel doit garder dans ses écarts d'apparence le rythme, étant d'un poète et quelque étrange simplicité. Toute fois en remerciant de m'aider, par votre question à évoquer pour moi-même, la première fois dans l'ensemble, cette personnalité qui vous séduit, mon cher ami, je veux comme exception remémorer une historiette qu'avec des sourires me contait délicieusement Théodore de Banville. La bonté de ce Maître était secourable. On le vint trouver. A l'intention d'un des nôtres ; et précisait-on en quelque jargon, de permettre qu'il fit *du grand art*. Banville opina que pour ce résultat, d'abord, le talent devenant secondaire, une chambre importait, où giter, la loua dans les combles de sa maison rue de Bucy ; une table, l'encre et les plumes comme accessoires, du papier, un lit blanc aussi pour les moments où l'on ne rêve debout, ni sur la chaise. Le jeune homme errant y fut installé : mais quelle, la stupefaction du donateur méthodique, à l'heure où la cour interne unit, par leur arôme, les dîners, d'entendre des cris poussés à chaque étage, et, aussitôt, de considérer, nu, dans un cadre de mansarde là-haut, quelqu'un agitant eperdument et lancant par dessus les tuiles du

toit, peut-être pourqu'ils disparussent avec les derniers rayons du soleil, des lambeaux de vêtements : et comme il s'inquiétait, près du dieu, de cette tenue enfin mythologique, "C'est," répondit Arthur Rimbaud à l'auteur des *Exilés*, qui dut convenir de la justesse impliquée, certainement, par cette observation et accuser sa propre imprévoyance "que je ne puis fréquenter une chambre si propre, virginale, avec mes vieux habits tous criblés de poux." Le hôte ne se trouva correct qu'après avoir adressé des effets à lui de rechange et une invitation à partager le repas du soir, car "l'habillement, outre le logis ne suffit pas, si l'on veut produire des poèmes remarquables, il importe également de manger."

Le prestige de Paris usé vite; aussi, Verlaine entre de naissantes contrariétés de ménage et quelque apprehension de poursuite comme fonctionnaire humble de la Commune, certes décidèrent Rimbaud à visiter Londres. Ce couple y mena une argiaque misère, humant la libre fumée de charbon, ivre de réciprocité. Une lettre de France bientôt pardonnait, appelant l'un des transfuges, pourvu qu'il abandonnât son compagnon. La jeune épouse, au rendez-vous, attendait une réconciliation avec mère et belle-mère. Je crois au récit supérieurement tracé par M. Paterné Berrichon *et indique selon lui une scène, poignante au monde, attendu qu'elle compta pour héros, l'un blessé comme l'autre délirant, deux poètes dans leur farouche mal. Prié par les trois femmes ensemble, Verlaine renonçait à l'ami, mais le vit à la porte de la chambre d'hôtel fortuitement, vola dans ses bras pour le suivre et n'écoula l'objurgation par celui-ci, refroidi, de n'en rien faire et "jurant que leur liaison devait être à jamais rompue" — "même sans le sou" quoique à Bruxelles en vue seulement d'un subside pécuniaire pour regagner le pays "il partirait." Le geste repoussait Verlaine qui tira, égaré, d'un

*La Revue Blanche, 15 Février 1896.

pistolet, sur l'indifférent et tomba, en larmes au devant. Il était dit que les choses ne resteraient pas, j'allais énoncer, en famille. Rimbaud revenait, pansé, de l'hospice et dans la rue, obstiné à partir, reçut une nouvelle balle, publique maintenant; que son si fidèle expia, deux ans, dans la prison de Mons. Solitaire, après cette circonstance tragique, on peut dire que rien ne permet de le déchiffrer, en sa crise définitive, certes, intéressante puisqu'il cesse tout littérature: camarade ni écrit. Des faits? il devait selon un but quelconque, retourner en Angleterre, avant 1875, et qu'importe; puis gagna l'Allemagne, avec des situations pédagogiques, et un don pour les langues, qu'il collectionnait, ayant juré toute exaltation dans la sienne propre; atteignit l'Italie, en chemin-de-fer jusqu'au Saint-Gothard, en suite à pied, franchissant les Alpes: séjourne quelques mois, pousse aux Cyclades et, malade d'une insolation, se trouve rapatrié officiellement. Pas sans que l'effleurât une avant-brise du Levant.

Voici la date mystérieuse, pourtant naturelle, si l'on convient que celui, qui rejette des rêves, par sa faute ou la leur, et s'opère, vivant, de la poésie, ultérieurement, ne sait trouver que loin, très loin, un état nouveau. L'oubli comprend l'espace du désert ou de la mer. Ainsi les fuites tropicales moins, peut-être, quant au merveilleux et au décor: puisque c'est en soldat racollé, 1876, sur le marché Hollandais, pour Sumatra, deserteur dès quelques semaines, rembarqu au coût de sa prime, par un vaisseau anglais, avant de se faire, audacieusement, marchand d'hommes, à son tour, y amassant un pécule perdu en Danemark et en Suède, d'où rapatriement;—en chef des Carrières de Marbre, dans l'île de Chypre, 1879, après une pointe vers l'Egypte, à Alexandrie et—on verra, le reste des jours, en traitant. L'adieu total à l'Europe, aux climat et usages insupportables également est ce voyage au Arar, près de l'Abyssinnie (théâtre d'évène-

ments militaires actuels) où, comme les sables, s'étend le silence relativement à tout geste extérieur de l'exilé. Il trafiqua, sur la côte et l'autre bord, à Aden, le rencontra-toutefois à ce point extrême ! féeriquement d'objets précieux encore, comme quelqu'un dont les mains ont caressé jadis des pages ; ivoire, poudre d'or, ou encens. Sensible à la qualité rare de sa pacotille, peut-être pas, comme entachée d'orientalisme Mille et Une Nuits ou de couleur locale : mais aux paysages bus avec la soif de vastitude et d'indépendance ! et si, l'instinct des vers par quelqu'un renoncé, tout devient inférieur en s'en passant, même vivre, au moins que ce soit brutalement, sauvagement, la civilisation ne survivant, même chez l'individu, à un signe suprême.

Une nouvelle inopinée, en 1892, circula par les journaux : que celui, qui avait été et demeure, pour nous, un poète, voyageur, malade, à Marseille, revenu avec une fortune et opéré, arthritique, après le débarquement, venait d'y mourir. Sa bière prit le chemin de Charleville, accueillie dans ce refuge, jadis, de toutes agitations, par la piété d'une sœur.

Je sais à tout le moins la gratuité de se substituer, aisément, à une conscience : laquelle dût, à l'occasion, parler haut, pour son compte, dans les solitudes. Ordonner, en fragments intelligibles et probables, pour la traduire, la vie d'autrui, est, tout juste, impertinent : il ne me reste qu'à pousser à ses limites ce genre de méfait. Seulement je me renseigne—Une fois, entre des migrations, vers 1875, le compatriote de Rimbaud, et son comarade au collège, M. Delahaye, à une réminiscence de qui ceci puise, discrètement l'interrogea sur ses vieilles visées, en quelques mots, que j'entends, comme—"et ! bien, la littérature ?" l'autre fit la sourde oreille, enfin répliqua avec simplicité que "non, il n'en faisait plus," sans accentuer le regret ni l'orgueil. "Verlaine" ? à propos duquel la causerie

le pressa : rien, sinon qu'il évitait, plutôt comme déplaisante, le mémoire de procédés, à son avis, excessifs.

L'imagination de plusieurs, dans la presse participant au sens, habituel chez la foule, des trésors à l'abandon ou fabuleux, s'enflamma de la merveille que des poèmes restassent inédits, peut-être, composés là-bas. Leur largeur d'inspiration et l'accent vierge ! on y songe comme à quelque chose qui eût pu être ; avec raison, parce qu'il ne faut jamais négliger, en idée, aucune des possibilités qui volent autour d'une figure, elles appartiennent à l'original, même contre la vraisemblance, y plaçant un fond légendaire momentané, avant que cela se dissipe tout-à-fait. J'estime, néanmoins, que prolonger l'espoir d'une œuvre de maturité nuit, ici, à l'interprétation exacte d'une aventure unique dans l'histoire de l'esprit. Celle d'un enfant trop précocement touché et impétueusement par l'aile littéraire, qui avant le temps presque d'exister, épuisa d'orageuses et magistrales fatalités : sans recours à du futur.

Une supposition, autrement forte, comme intérêt, que d'un manuscrit démenté par le regard perspicace sur cette destinée, hante, relative à l'état du vagabond s'il avait, de retour, après le laisser volontaire des splendeurs de la jeunesse, appris leur épanouissement, parmi la génération, en fruits féeriques non moins et plus en rapport avec son goût jadis, ou de gloire, que ceux quittés aux oasis : les aurait-il reniés au cueillis ? Le Sort, avertissement à l'homme de son rôle accompli, sans doute afin qu'il ne vaccille pas en trop de perplexité, *trancha* ce pied qui venait de se poser sur le sol natal étranger : ou, tout-de-suite et par surcroît, la fin arrivant, établit, entre le moribond et diverses voix qui, souvent, l'applèrent notamment une du grand Verlaine, le mutisme que sont le mur ou le rideau d'un hôpital. Interdiction que, pour aspirer la surprise de sa renommée et sitôt l'écarter ou, à l'opposé, s'en défendre et jeter un regard

d'envie sur ce passé grandi pendant l'absence. Lui se retourna à la signification, neuve, proférée en le parler natal, des quelques syllabes ARTHUR RIMBAUD : l'épreuve, alternative, gardait la même dureté et mieux la valut-il, effectivement, omise. Cependant, on doit, approfondissant d'hypothèse pour la doter de la beauté éventuelle, cette carrière hautaine, après tout, et sans compromission, présumer que l'intéressé en eût accueilli, par une fière incurie, cet aboutissement en célébrité comme concernant, certes, quelqu'un qui avait été lui, mais ne l'était plus, d'aucune façon : à moins que ce fantôme impersonnel ne poussât la désinvolture jusqu' à réclamer traversant Paris, pour les joindre à l'argent rapporté, simplement, ses droits d'auteur.

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.

POE-CHOPIN

O'ER each the soul of Beauty flung
A shadow mingled with the breath
Of music that the Sirens sung,
Whose utterance is death.

JOHN B. TABB



IN A GARDEN

OVER the wall of the Mission, against the glowing west, the tops of the trees flickered in the wind from the sea, shot through with level glancing arrows of clear light. The sky was all astir with little soft, gold-tipped clouds. To the languid hush of the hot day had succeeded a subtle animation like the smile on the lips of a sleeping woman.

On this awakening air the last organ-notes of the vesper service died away, and were echoed by the slow, rhythmic swing of the tall eucalyptus trees. The rustle of the leaves imitated the sound of the devout dispersing from the chapel; and a magnolia shook out from its great white chalices an incense more penetrating than any wafted before the altar. Suddenly all this gentle derision seemed to voice itself in a burst of mocking laughter, faint and far away, like the airy merriment of elves. The sound approached and grew louder, running through the notes of a treble scale. And the trees in the monks' garden seemed to bend and listen and to beckon while they shook all over with malicious glee.

Scurrying over the ground beyond, with bare, dusty feet, appeared a group of creatures pulling each other by extended arms or brown garments which seemed a part of the earth, or by their braids of strong, black hair. Writhing in this rough play they flung themselves against the wall. A pale-faced girl in a scarlet blouse, like a cactus-flower bursting from its dull sheath, threw up her arms into the dense, dark foliage of an overhanging fig-tree and dragged down the bough.

"They are ripe!—what did I tell you?" she cried, as at a touch a purple, bloomy fig fell into her hand. She tore it open and fastened her teeth, sharp and white as those of a squirrel, in the pink flesh.

Her companions hung back, looking at her.

"If we are caught——"

"What do we care? Cowards! There—now you can put all the blame on me. Eat, then, little pigs that you are!"

Her heavy-lidded eyes were cold and contemptuously smiling. Hanging to the bough with both hands, she shook it roughly, and the ripe figs fell in a shower, some flattening to pulp on the ground. The girls flung themselves down, and, chattering, gathered the unspoiled fruit into the skirts of their gowns.

"It is true; they are better than ours," cried one.

"Trust the holy fathers to have the best," added another, lowering her voice.

"They taste better," said Fiora, the tall girl in the scarlet blouse, "because we are stealing them." And she licked her red lips with satisfaction.

"There must be better ones higher up," said a fourth greedily, standing with her hands on her broad hips and her head thrown back.

"Let us see," responded Fiora.

Again she caught hold of the drooping branch, drew herself up, and in an instant the thick foliage hid her from sight. Her companions, half-smothered with laughter, besought her to return.

"Oh, if you are seen!"

"Catch!" cried Fiora.

A rain of soft bodies fell, thumping them about the shoulders. Through the parted leaves an impudent face looked down, framed like a young faun's in living green.

"I am going higher—I am going to look into the garden!"

"Oh! Oh!" in frightened and delighted chorus. "You dare not!"

"Listen, my children," said Fiora condescendingly. "They say no woman has ever seen this garden. Well, I have a great mind to be the first!"

Lying along the thick branch, she listened smilingly.

"It is forbidden!"

"You will be punished!"

"The holy fathers——"

"What have they in their garden," she cried at last, "that is so sacred that we may not see it? Would our feet soil the grass or the paths?"

The girls looked at one another slyly and hid their faces; and their malicious laughter, stifled with difficulty and uncontrollable, mingled again with the eager murmurs of the trees.

Fiora, herself laughing, she scarcely knew why, disappeared, the leaves closing behind her like a green sea. She crept along the great branch until her feet found something firm—the top of the wall. Clinging to the trunk of the tree which leaned against this wall, she tried to pierce the thick layers of foliage below her, but in vain; nothing was to be seen of the garden. She swore softly. Then, in trying to extend herself upon a branch which projected into the garden she slipped, catching vainly at the nearest twigs, and with a thrill of alarm came to her feet upon the forbidden soil. She clenched her hands, full of bruised leaves, against her breast, as she crouched in the shelter of the drooping boughs. Startled by the noise of her fall, her companions took flight like a covey of birds, with a rustle, a faint murmur—silence.

Fiora sank to her knees and remained for some moments motionless, gazing out into the garden. In the dusk, deepened by the shadow of encircling trees, nothing was visible save narrow paths strewn with opal-colored sea-shells glimmering amid fresh turf, and roses blooming in masses along these walks and hiding the wall under their heavy leaves,

thick with flowers like pale flames. Silence--except for the applauding whisper of the trees and the splash of water. There was no one in the garden.

Taking courage, the intruder pushed her way out from under the boughs of the fig-tree. The freshly sprinkled grass caressed her feet. The perfume of the roses and the magnolia blossoms, becoming more intense as the dew began to gather, surrounded her like an invisible presence, seeming to draw her on. She stole softly forward, her eyes alert for the least warning and alive with curiosity. The path led her through an arbor drifted deep with the perfumed snow of wisteria, and between banks of golden pansies set in mosaic borders. At the intersection of this gleaming streak with another a fountain played in a white basin, tossing high in the air a crystal ball. The crest of the plume of water caught a gleam of golden light, and the transparent ball glittered as it rose every instant from shadow. Fiora paused to watch it and to follow the arrowy glidings of the gold-fish in the basin. The short southern twilight was already ended. It was now dark--the hour at which the fathers took their evening meal. Yielding, therefore, to her fancy, she followed the windings of the paths, stopping recklessly to pluck now a scarlet pomegranate, which she ate with puckered lips; now a rose, crimson or yellow, or a long spray of white roses with pink hearts, set close together on the stem. Huge cacti, their gray, distorted bodies spotted with blood-colored blossoms, stood here and there in clumps. Banana trees waved softly their long, graceful fronds. The wind stirred with a dry rustle among palms with broad trunks and large fans, and others, slender and lofty, with crests like stacked swords, and among masses of pampas-grass tufted with great white plumes. Along the wall, to which now and then Fiora's wanderings in the confined space brought her, grew apricot and peach trees

heavy with ripe fruit. These perfect sweets also she tasted capriciously and threw away half-eaten. The place exerted a strange influence over her. The hour, the delicious thrill of danger, the heavy perfumes, intoxicated her. It seemed that the trees bent toward her to murmur something, that the pale faces of the flowers held some mysterious message. They looked friendly; they appeared to smile knowingly at her, to encourage her, to urge her on. Vaguely she felt all this breathing, eager life a part of her, belonging to her. She threw back her head, turning it from side to side with an air of satisfied possession, drawing in the cool air through her nostrils and parted lips with sensuous delight—this pale creature whose eyes showed a savage response to the cajoling beauty about her.

Convinced at last that the garden held no secret, save that of certain flowers and fruits cultivated to unknown perfection,—for she had explored it from the limiting wall to where the pallid outline of some building of the Mission gleamed through the trees,—she came back to the fountain and sat down on the wooden bench at the path's edge, her flowers heaped in her lap. She gave herself a few moments more to watch the leaping ball, which now sparkled like silver in the midst of glittering spray. A shaft of moonlight, striking through the trees upon the jet of water, crept steadily downward. The girl, her eyes fixed on this trembling column of white fire and foam, fell into a vague, trance-like dream. The ripple of the fountain in her ears drowned the echo of slow footsteps advancing along the path.

It was Father Anselmo's custom, while digesting his sufficient supper of meat pasty and chocolate, to pace the garden, whose beauty seldom failed to inspire him with poetical images, and to add each evening some dozen lines to his panegyric ode on Saint Francis. Anselmo was, in fact, a poet—but a poet whose strictly regulated fancy never

openly strayed beyond the confines of the cloister. His gentle muse sang consecrated themes alone. And if, surrounded by an indolent, veiled fervor of tropical nature, apt to long, arid trances, and to sudden outbursts of fierce luxuriance, his imagination was sometimes troubled, these secret vagaries were repressed or found no acknowledged utterance. In his black, shapeless robe, above which his placid face showed like a sickly moon, the father, whether meditating on the pasty or Saint Francis, seemed no prey to the poetic ardor; its afflatus left him undizzied and peaceful. Yet the mystery of the night, the garden's magic, must have struck some responsive chord within him. For how else should his bodily eyes have beheld beneath the shadow of the acacia bushes a creature not human, surely not divine; no spiritual vision, but an apparition born of the earth and evil. It sat half-visible, buried to the chin in flowers, motionless, its face a mere pale shimmer, its great shadowy eyes fixed upon him. These eyes were terrifying.

Anselmo retreated some steps upon their discovery; then, after much hesitation, advanced again, extending the cross of his rosary and muttering with trembling lips certain words of proved potency. But neither holy symbol nor exorcism availed against the evil spirit. It refused to flee; sat dumb—it seemed to Anselmo disdainful. Suddenly, wrathful, he took another step forward; the creature drew in its breath sharply, with an audible sound; its lips parted, showing a row of gleaming teeth. Anselmo paused.

This was, he perceived, the spirit of the garden, and it was plainly hostile. Was he, then, the intruder? Vaguely a sense of helpless fright invaded his soul. Yes, the trees were in league with this being; they bent towards him threateningly! The air was full of veiled alarms. What of the rose-bushes which even now reached out clutching hands to detain him? An overblown white rose broke and

fell in a soft shower about his shoulders, and he started ; a bat swooped down with swift, filmy wings, just grazing his head ; he shrank back.

Could it be that he was in danger, that his wandering thoughts were known, that his sinful fancies had thus taken shape to confound him ? Anselmo crossed himself. It was true—moved by the garden's spell he had sometime in reverie invoked the animating principle of this beauty of earth, which he knew well was soulless and evil—and behold it incarnate !

Yet the apparition did not menace him overtly , perhaps it felt his spiritual armor proof. Nevertheless, it was his part to fly possible danger, to deliver over the unhallowed domain to its true possessor. What part had he in these caresses of the breeze, these wooings of flowers, these marriages of insects, this glamor of nocturnal magic ?

Knowing, as he did, the evil power of the moon at its full, how had he been persuaded to walk in debatable ground where that demoniac glory, rising warm and wanton above the trees, could mock and threaten him ? Under the branches of the acacia the shadow sat still in deeper shadow ; save that the rays of the moon fell upon two slim, naked feet, which the short grass could not cover. It had taken, then, the form of a woman, that the garden and its tradition might be doubly desecrated ! Anselmo's indignation was not fierce enough to nerve his soul, weakened by mystic terrors. He turned to fly, but, instead, uttered an exclamation, calling in a trembling voice.

“ Brother Emanuel ! ”

“ I am coming,” was the answer.

Another black robe, another pale face, appeared beside him, and, like him, started back at perceiving the strange figure. After consultation in whispers the bolder monk approached the acacia.

"This is no spirit, Brother Anselmo—it is a woman!" he cried.

"A woman! How could a woman get into the garden?"

The first speaker cast a troubled glance in the direction of the high wall.

"True," he said uncertainly. "Still it must be."

But involuntarily he moved a step nearer his companion.

Both glanced down at the slender feet in the grass. These seemed to move, and the spirit, or woman, turned her head swiftly from side to side. Her breath came quicker, but the monks could not hear it, or they might have taken courage.

"It is astonishing," murmured Brother Emanuel uneasily.

While they stood undecided between the attack and the retreat, suddenly from the chapel near by the organ gave voice in a deep, swelling chord, which climbed by subtle and tender modulations and soared aloft into a tender melody.

"It is Brother Angelo," whispered Anselmo.

"It is holy music!" said Emanuel devoutly, and he made the sign of the cross in the air before him.

The tremulous notes, growing louder, drowned the rustle of the leaves, the splash of the fountain, the sigh of the wind. It seemed as though the garden hushed half-unwillingly to listen, when a voice, humanly deep and sweet, but spiritualized into something not less than divine, took up the melody and bore it higher and heavenward, pouring out into the night a flood of ecstasy and aspiration. The march of the music was solemn and splendid, and its soul was a joy unearthly and beyond utterance.

The black-robed brothers stood and listened, rebuked and dumb, turning their faces toward the glimmering wall of the chapel, and forgetting for a moment the fears which had agitated them, with their cause. What were all the

potencies of the passionate earth, so easily diverted from good, against this royal dominion?

The evil-seeming spell was broken. A sudden movement, no sound but a stirring of the air, recalled their attention. The foliage of the acacia trembled as though a bird had taken wing. The bench was vacant, flowers strewed the ground before it, the presence had vanished. Her white feet or a breath of air had borne her away. The diapason of the organ drowned the sound her flight might have made; and the trees bent as though to bury in shadow her possible path. Emanuel made a long step forward.

"Woman or spirit, she is gone!" he cried, and stooped to see what trace of her those scattered roses might show. Anselmo grasped his companion's sleeve.

"Do not touch them," he entreated, glancing fearfully over his shoulder. "Who knows what spell is upon them?"

True, when found next morning, withered and scentless, these flowers appeared commonplace enough. Nor did there exist other proof that on this spot two brothers of the order had beheld a strange and dangerous vision. None the less was their sober account accepted implicitly by the brethren, of whom the wiser ever thereafter avoided to walk in the garden at the moon's full; though certain of the more youthful were known to adventure themselves at that place and season.

It is not recorded that their daring and zeal met with any reward or recognition. Nor, perhaps, is this to be wondered at. For if any wandering spirit, coveting, yet not daring to enter the garden, had strayed near to the confining wall, it must have heard daily the solemn chant of the Church's exorcism directed against all powers unholy; it must daily have beheld a slow procession of monks make the circuit of the shell-strewn paths, sprinkling the ground with holy-water to purify it from the contaminating touch of a woman's

foot. And if, spirit or woman, it were still undeterred, there was Angelo's music at evening—like another flaming sword at the gate of this Eveless Eden!

NEITH BOYCE.



BY CLAUDE F. BRAGDON.



SPRING SONG

THE joy in me rises, rises,
And will not be suppressed—
The joy in me rises, rises
Into my throat and breast.

The sea today is a light, bright blue,
The joy in me rises, rises—
Over it, now, a red bird flew :
Red is for love and blue means true—
The joy in me rises, rises.

Up ! stand not there so calm, my dear,
The joy in me rises, rises :
We 'll laugh a laugh into the air
Dancing upon the sea-beach here—
The joy in me rises, rises.

ELEANOR B. CALDWELL.



NOTES

¶ On our horizon appears of late the strange figure of a Russian musician, Moussorgski. It is true that he died in 1881, but it is only within a year or two that Western Europe and America have known more than a rumor of his name. Bred a soldier, and for a time considered "distinguished, elegant, and something of a fop," he left this life for one of extreme poverty and suffering, and produced extraordinary music. Wagner's dream of a union of music and drama was reduced by Moussorgski's pitiless logic to a development where one could not exist without the other. "Art," he wrote in one of his letters, "is the means of talking with men. It is not in itself an end. I believe that, however, human speech itself is subject to musical laws, and I see in music not only the expression of sentiments by means of sounds, but, above all, the notation of the human voice."

Music, then, in its essence, for him is the melody in which a human voice speaks its words—a sort of universal plain chant. It need have no harmonies, it can defy all laws of rhythm. It can reproduce the babblings of a child and the heroic chant of an army.

Also it can give you a new sensation.

¶ Mr. John Lane, the publisher of the Yellow Book, has again made a journey through our country—clad in a brown Norfolk jacket, with a soft hat of the same color, doing a thriving trade in poets and prose-writers of the Bodley Head. In his rooms in London, at the Albany, Mr. William Watson is writing verse as the guest of Mr. Lane during his American trip. This is illustrative of the relation between author and publisher which Mr. Lane has succeeded in establishing.

So large indeed is the personal element in Mr. Lane's

affairs that I have often thought that he knew much less of good literature than of the men who made it.

He has believed in the author's work because he believed in the author himself, and he has a veritable *flair* for the coming man.

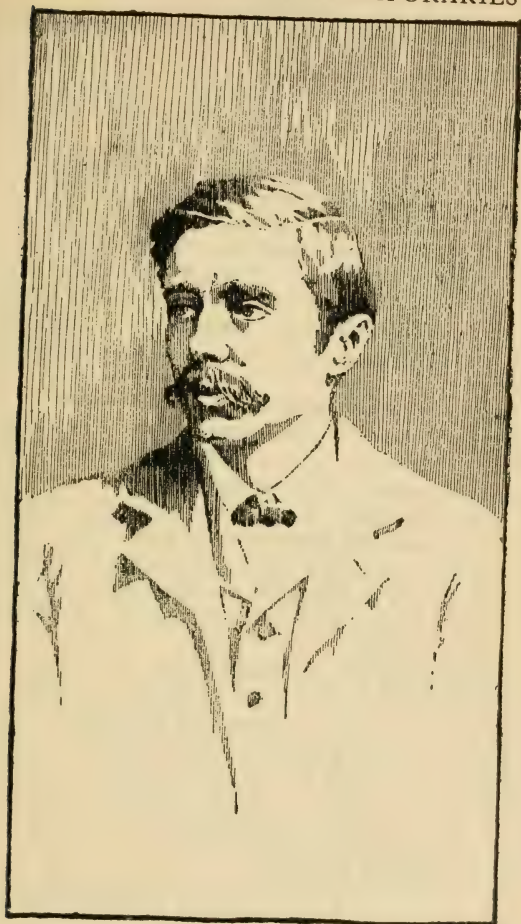
I am not sure that he could select the work of genius from a pile of manuscript, but I know he could pick out the poets from a crowd, if only by the way the hair grew behind their ears.

¶ The methods that are employed by the modern advertiser to draw attention to his wares are, to say the least, marvelous. A recent example, which is of the most unexpected, comes to my mind. I had not thought that new publications could ever be touted like soap or tobacco; but Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce—as a curiosity of book making—that “Hopkinson Smith's new novel, Tom Grogan, will go down to fame as the first book ever bound by workmen wearing kid gloves. The cover is unique, and the peculiar sensitiveness of the process by which the delicate gloss of the covers is produced precludes the touch of the bare hand to the unfinished book; therefore, clean white gloves are employed.”

This will certainly go a long way to give the book a place in history, but one would fancy Mr. Smith might prefer to achieve immortality from his own labors rather than from those of the white-gloved employé of a Cambridge binder.

¶ It is with real pleasure that I record the increasing good taste that Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. are using in making their books. Ugly books have always been rather the rule in Chicago, and this house conformed to the rule. But new blood is evidently having its effect. The last few books, if not perfect, have been at least very good to look at.

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



H. G. WELLS

¶ What I hinted at some while ago is now an assured fact. The next novel of one of the best known American authors, whose work is always sure of acclaim, is to be published under a pseudonym which is a woman's name. His publisher is so sure of the increased interest which so virile and imaginative a book will excite if it is supposed to be the work of a woman, that he is paying a greatly increased price to the author, and will spend more money in advertising than he has for some years. The author is enabled to pay some of his old debts, and doubtless thinks that in addition it is an interesting experiment. Meanwhile the public will do well to watch carefully the novels of the next six months.

¶ I have serious doubts whether we really ever come to feel what "style" in a foreign language really is. For example, you may read French with perfect ease, you may always understand, you may appreciate the wit and brilliancy of the writer, the grandeur or the pathos of his story; but do you feel the charm which comes entirely from how a thing is said and not from what is said? Do you feel the balance of phrases, the turn of a sentence, the use of exactly the right word in the right place, the infinite subtleties of which the language is capable?

A little crowd of men discussed this question the other night. All of them read French well and constantly; but every one was forced to confess that technicalities of style eluded him. They knew that Georges Ohnet, for example, was always *banal*, and that De Maupassant was keen-witted and an artist; but that a sentence of the latter's was better written than one of the former's was to every one a matter of faith and not of experience.

My own especial argument was that the French were so extraordinarily lucid that we forgot everything else about their style. I was immediately offered a page of Mallarmé's

prose to read, and I was at once convinced that here was style of some sort, whether good or bad I was not sure, but obtrusively style. Later I found a definition of Mallarmé as a man "who thinks in German, constructs in English, and does the French the honor to borrow their vocabulary." The result is a rhetoric which never was by sea or land, and as well a peculiar piquancy of style very remarkable.

¶ Stéphane Mallarmé is now "poète des poètes," crowned king of the versemakers of France. When Leconte de Lisle died, *La Plume* held a congress of poets, and took the votes of all to see who stood in his place as leader in the minds of the members of the guild. Paul Verlaine was chosen, and when he died, *La Plume* again called upon the poets to name "the master." This time Mallarmé was adjudged the honor. What he may say now is to a certain extent *ex cathedra*.

¶ In a certain sense, the young of America, when they do care for art, care for it more "for art's sake" than do their brothers on the farther side of the water. This is not the usual view. In the moods when we spell art with a very large A, and deplore the fate that keeps us here, we usually claim exactly the opposite. I remember, however, that when I was in Paris we were even more intensely political than literary in our interests. In a general way we all agreed; that is, we were of the school of revolt. But in a particular way our dissensions were lively and conflict raged constantly between *anarchistes*, *socialistes*, *collectivistes*, and so forth. Such literary prowess as we had was brought into the service of political reform, and in that dim, smoky basement room of the Soleil d'Or, where the Soirées de la Plume are held, and where anyone may read his verses, there were perhaps as many sonnets "*à l'Anarchie*" as to love and art. So turbulent and enthusiastic is young France

that the field of literature will not contain it. It lays hold of politics and religion as well. In England the case is as marked, but it is rather among the older, at least the more dignified men. Mr. Ruskin would lay claim to the title of political economist. Mr. Swinburne's utterances are latterly almost all political. Mr. William Morris is as well known for a socialist and reformer as he is for a poet, and Mr. William Watson's stirring verses on the wrongs of Armenia are hawked about the London streets in a sixpenny pamphlet.

Is there anything like this in these United States? Do you know among the young men who are trying to write any who are capable of folly or serious thought in the name of politics or religion? Among the known figures is the case different in any wise? Could you tell Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's politics, or whether Mr. Brander Matthews has any religion? Now that Whitman has gone, do you know anyone besides Stephen Crane who has "revolted" in verse? And, indeed, did we ever take any interest in Whitman? Mr. Howells ventures, from time to time, into fresh fields of thought, and is rewarded by being told that he is, after all, a journalist, and a much better journalist than novelist. All our political sagacity we want in the halls of Congress, and all our literary ability applied solely to literary ends. Division of labor such as this equals the Hindoo caste system.

¶ One day last summer, the publisher of a long established and more or less prominent Chicago newspaper came into my office. He wished to talk business and began by reminding me what kind things his paper had said of the books first published by my firm. He added that during the months just past his journal had contained no mention of any book bearing the house's imprint. Also during that time we had refused to advertise. He then said he had a proposition to make. It was this: he would guarantee that a good

notice of every book published should appear in his paper, if we would place with him advertising to a reasonable amount—say as much as we used in the other Chicago papers.

Now it happens that the Literary Editor of his paper always signed reviews, and I was at particular pains to ask if the “good notices” promised would appear over this signature. They would, he assured me. “In fact,” I said, “the literary editor’s judgment is based absolutely on the patronage in the advertising columns. You say practically



to me that if I will pay you a certain sum of money, nominally for advertising, you will assure me a good review of anything we publish, whether it's good or bad." My visitor was not enthusiastic over my presentation of the case, but he agreed it was his proposition.

Then I told him what I thought of him and his paper or of any other paper, or writer, whose judgment was to be bought like groceries or dry goods. I showed the man the door with as much reserve as I could command, promising him that so long as he was connected with the paper it would never get one cent's worth of advertising from me.

Now I see by a note in *The Bookseller* that the *Boston*

Daily Globe "has the book-reviewing department run on scientific, money-making principles."

"Every book received," it is said, "has first to go through the business department. The publisher's business with the paper is considered, and if no advertising has been given, a very small notice is made. But, if the publisher deals with the *Globe* in a generous way, pains will be taken to see that the book will be given a good and striking review."

The note goes on to say that—

"This principal of mutual co-operation is generally in vogue, and every publisher to-day recognizes the fact."

If this is true, it is well-nigh time some action were taken. A paper that sinks to the level of a common bribe-taker in bookish matters would do the same in other things. How do we know that all of its opinions are not bought and sold—what weight its political stand must have with the community, and what respect can we have for its proprietor and manager?

¶ It is said in Paris that Mme. Bernhardt's venture as manager of her own theatre, the *Rénaissance*, did not prove successful, and that she has signed a contract with the *Porte St. Martin* for next winter's season. Americans, rather than Parisians, will regret this, if it be so, for it was they who appreciated being able to reserve seats in advance without extra charge, not being forced to pay the *ouvreuses* their salaries in tips—innovations which Sarah brought back to France from her American tours. Life-long custom has made these troubles seem of small moment to Parisians, and the acting of the greatest actress of France will be the same anywhere.



OPHELIA

DRAWN BY FRED RICHARDSON

¶ Yesterday I gave advice to a young woman who wished to be doing whatever was most down-to-date in art, the absolute last word. I told her that an interest in the revival of lithography seemed to me her best move. To-day, were she here, I should say to her, "Embroider." A young German, Hermann Obrist, has lately become known as a master decorator in embroidery. This art has always been one of exquisite but petty details. Obrist has a bold and firm stitch, if one may put it that way, and has shown that there are tremendous possibilities in the needle.

¶ *Bradley His Book* has an admirable and original cover by Will H. Bradley, who stands sponsor for the whole undertaking. Inside there are some delightful things by Penfield, and some drawings by Bradley which are in no way up to the ordinary merit of his work. Miss Harriet Monroe's verses are in her best style, though why they should so carefully be labeled "Poem," I do not understand. The remainder of the letter-press is beneath notice. There are two bad little sketches by Richard Harding Davis, an uninteresting article by Bradley (who had better stick to drawing) on Penfield, and exclamatory and rapturous paragraphs like the following scattered here and there without apparent reason:

"THE HEART'S DESIRE. *Oh! Lily!*

*Though in raiment fair thy virtue is expressed,
the world will pass thee by and wear the red
rose in its breast."*

To counterbalance this mawkishness, the advertisements are all designed by Bradley in his best style. At any rate the cover is so good every one will wish to buy a copy.

¶ The latest addition to the literature of royal authors is the publication of a historical novel by Oskar II., King of Sweden. Its title is "The History of a Queen," and it is the life of his grandmother. She was, it will be remembered, the wife of Bernadotte, later King of Sweden.

¶ The growing reaction against the decadent cropped up again in London recently when Mr. G. Stuart Ogilvie produced his new play entitled "The Sin of St. Hulda." The idea in these days of writing a fin-de-siècle, woman-with-a-past drama in blank verse seems more or less of a daring experiment; yet Mr. Ogilvie is credited with having done his work not only pleasantly but extremely well. The dialogue is said to be straightforward and dramatic, and, at the same time, poetically good.

The story of the piece is not strictly novel, except in its setting. The scene is picturesque and unusual, but the plot is the same thing we have had hurled at us by a dozen dramatists in the last year or two. The place of the play is Mindenburg. The time is the sixteenth century. St. Hulda, the chief character, is a disciple of Luther's own training, and a sort of itinerant exhorter. She must have been doing much the same sort of thing that Mrs. Ebbsmith—called notorious—went in for in her early Mad-Agnes days, except that Hulda took up religion instead of socialism.

As the curtain goes up, to the tune of Luther's Hymn, she is finishing a revival meeting where she has succeeded in interesting the young Baron of Mindenburg. He thinks at the time that he is converted to the Protestant faith, but he is, in truth, much more attracted by the teacher than by her teachings. It happens that Prince Otho wishes to marry the young Baron to one of the ladies of the court, and he becomes bitterly angry when he discovers that Heinric is in love with Hulda. He is determined that Heinric shall break with her, and he has the matter entirely in his own hands. Before her conversion, Hulda was his mistress. Of this the trusting Heinric is quite ignorant, and Otho threatens to tell him. Hulda begs and entreats and finally promises to reveal the truth herself. At this point, her friend Friederike steps in and implores her, for the sake of "the cause," not to do

so. The whole success of the conversions depends upon the faith in her, and, should she tell the story of her past life, the neophytes would all fall away. There is a great struggle, and she decides to protect the faith at all cost. Then Otho, carrying out his threat, denounces her publicly. Poor Heinric is heartbroken until Hulda faces the Prince and declares his whole story a lie. Her influence with the people is great, and for the time Otho's scheme is spoiled. But Hulda's own conversion had been sincere and thorough, and she cannot live on under the deceit. By a lie she has won the love of Heinric, but her conscience robs her of all happiness, and in the end she breaks down, confesses the whole falsehood to Heinric, and dies.

The play, except in its setting and versification, is an old story : it is Tanqueray, Ebbsmith and Company over again, and is in many ways more foolish than its forerunners. The death of Hulda at the end is altogether absurd. As a critic has pointed out, the real problem for the dramatist was Hulda's life after the confession. But Mr. Ogilvie wished to end his play, and he took the shortest way.

¶ Mr. Francis Wilson is known to be something of a wag, which might be expected, and besides an enthusiastic book-lover and collector. No sooner do the bill-boards announce the approach of Mr. Wilson's comic opera company than the booksellers of the town take stock of their treasures and prepare a welcome for him. He is learned in book lore, and is accustomed to ask for the most obscure and least known of editions. He keeps the salesman on his mettle. It is told of a clerk in a Boston shop, in whom, be it said, youth, suavity, and eagerness to oblige were only equalled by ignorance of books, that he fell an easy victim to the comedian's wiles, spent nearly an hour and overturned half the stock attempting to find an unexpurgated edition of Mrs. Hemans' Poems.

JOSEPH'S FIRST DREAM



JACOB'S BURIAL



From "The History of Joseph and His Brethren."

¶ Even as I was writing an appeal for a revival of old English plays, a few numbers back, the students of the University of California were giving Congreve's "Love for Love" with considerable success. The play was adapted and revised. This was inevitable, and, I must say, advisable. But the most brilliant wit that the English stage has ever known can endure mutilation. The only fault the critics could find was that the play was "too clever, too epigrammatic." Swinburne says: "A limb of Congreve would have sufficed to make a Sheridan," and we know that a tiny part of Sheridan could furnish forth wit enough for a dozen modern comedies.

¶ If a man were not a glutton already, Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell's book, "The Feasts of Autolycus," would make him one. The adventures of a greedy woman, as she calls herself, in the shops of the greengrocers, butchers, fish-mongers, dealers in *delicatessen*, and so forth, make more interesting reading than I have chanced upon for some time. Mrs. Pennell has a sprightly wit, an eye for color, and a good appetite.

It has been a reproach of our century that we cannot do much with eating and drinking, at least in books. Indeed, the barons of beef, the pasties, the tankards of ale, which last century novel heroes consumed, make one shrink with a sense of the physical degeneracy of the age. The delights of gorging are never touched upon except to point the moral of the Thanksgiving story for the young. The crusty old gentleman with the gout has almost disappeared as a figure in literature. Indeed, there is no genteel illness left. The bicycle has made impossible nervous debility, so long cherished by ladies as a sign of dainty breeding, and men may no longer nurse a gouty leg. The modern heroine is a marvel of health, the modern hero has no old age. And all this with an infinitesimal expenditure on the author's

part to furnish meat and drink. Mr. Brander Matthews, in his last novel, when he wanted to make an unfortunate young man drunk, did it on a pint of champagne.

Meanwhile the fat lands of our country produce much grain and feed many cattle. California champagne is not easy to distinguish from the French, and is more heady. We do eat. The difficulty is with our authors, who bridle at a leg of mutton and lose self-control at sight of a champagne label.

A case in point. There is a small chop-house in a by-path among the bustle of Chicago streets, and to this we always take visiting Englishmen, because it is so much more English than anything in England. Something in the way that the French in the country of Quebec speak the French of two centuries back, the time when their province was settled: so does this little restaurant keep the atmosphere of a generation or so back in England, when the proprietor left the mother country. A small room panelled in oak on which are hung old racing cuts and colored pictures of "The London Mail" and other coaches, a sanded floor, a cupboard where tankards are kept, another where chops, steaks, salads and bottled ale are displayed in a riot of color: these are bits of the picture. Last of all there is the host, and "the host" is what has disappeared from England. He is a man to whom you are guest as well as customer, with whom you will confer as to the merits of two chops, who will carve your steak for you if you wish, and, seated at your table, divert you with conversation more intelligent than that at your club. In essence, a man to whom eating is an important, serene, almost sacred thing. Good eating would furnish him subject for a sonnet, were he a poet, and padding for many a page, were he a novelist. His gayest wit and his finest similes would be gladly spent in praise of good living.

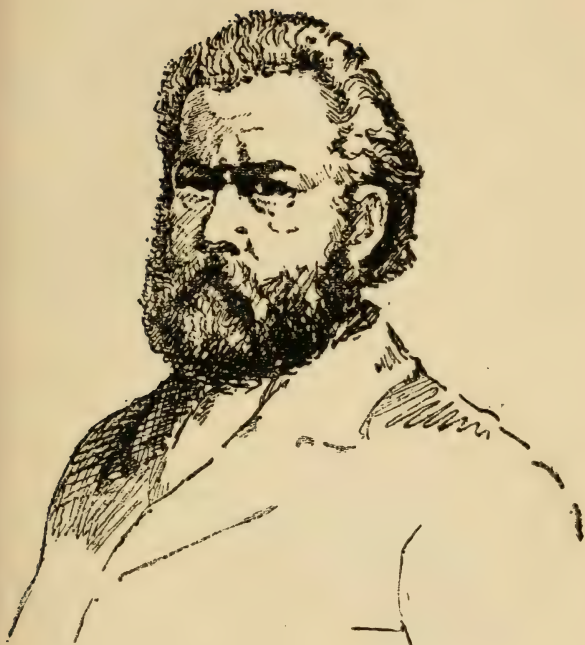
I remember one night when a Stilton cheese had just arrived

from England. It stood gloriously rotund on the desk, and the host bent over it in doting fondness. He smoothed and patted it and surveyed it from this side and that. His wife forsook her tomatoes and mushrooms, and with approving smiles watched the sacred rites of cheese-cutting. Never have I been so impressed with the dignity, the sweetness of eating.

With me was a man whose name is known everywhere as that of a writer of extreme delicacy of touch. I begged him to sketch the scene, to preserve something of its special atmosphere, but he refused in a confession of sheer inability. "I like it all," he said, "but it won't go into my writing." Nor will it into that of any one else. From our books we might, as a nation, be supposed to live on vegetables and comfits, drinking seltzer water.

Mrs. Pennell, however, has encouraged me to believe in a reaction to meat and drink in letters. I am placid. I take stock of the things I have eaten, and, more to the point, of the things I mean to eat. My conversation at dinner is enlivened with numerous anecdotes of gourmets and gourmands, tales of the most delectable oyster and the magnificent mushroom; thanks to this delightful book.

¶ It is not quite clear to me why one day I see the name Katherine Tynan appended to a poem or a story, the next week find something new signed Katherine Tynan Hinkson, and the following week observe a reversion to Katherine Tynan. I know that perhaps a year ago Katherine Tynan married Mr. Hinkson, and that she was offered the choice of signing her work with the old or the new name. But this present arrangement suggests an alternation of divorce and remarriage, performed with a rapidity which makes the liveliest times in Dakota seem stagnant. Will Mrs. Hinkson, or Miss Tynan, as she perhaps is to-day, explain?



PORTRAIT OF IBSEN IN 1860

JACKSON, MISS., May 1st, 1896

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK,

Dear Sir :—I have just been suffering from an attack of Stephen Crane, and Paul Verlaine, and the enclosed "poem" is a result of the ravages of the decadent bacteria. It is utterly worthless, and I send it for publication; not so much as being peculiarly suited to your columns. but as an awful warning to your readers against too much dallying with modern poetry.

The idea that I intend to conceal in these lines is the mental condition of Alexander when he sighed for more worlds to conquer. I give you the poem's esoteric meaning, as I am sure, from my own experience in perusing it after it was cold, your unaided intellect would never discover it had any more meaning than a political platform.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

ALEXANDER

Girth with a glory of gold was his brow,
Bowed low in the clasp of his azarine hands,
Blushes of blooms fawning fair at the fall of his feet,
Splashes of splendor, crimson in clots and bluish in bands;
Dazzles of thought a flower in the deeps of his eyes,
Struggling through tears as the stars that gleam through a
tangle of clouds;
Voices of masterful men in a pæan of praise and in cries,
Lavish of love from feminine crowds;
Jewels for the reach of his hand, and a jingle of gold,
Just for the touch of a finger outheld;
"God, oh, my God," in a wail from his lips outrolled,
"Grant me yon star, a-bloom in that plot of purpled sky."

¶ An English gentleman, after a sojourn of some months in our country, remarked that we were the best half-educated people in the world.

All of this happened some years ago, but superficiality endures as the mark by which we are known. One manifestation of it, which has of late become peculiarly evident, is in the attention now paid to books and literature. It may sound at first like an extravagant and unconsidered assertion to say that nobody reads books in these days, yet the remark is true, and true in spite of the entertaining advertisements of publishers who placard their books with "49th thousand," or "18th edition," and so forth. It is curious and paradoxical that, in a day when real reading has become an entertainment of the dying generations, more books should be sold than ever before. None, I fancy, will deny that never in the world's history have books sold in such vast numbers as during the past few years. Think of *Trilby*, *The Manxman*, *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *The Heavenly Twins*, the novels of Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle, and the stories of Rudyard Kipling! And yet, I maintain, books are read less than ever. What is done with them? Why do people buy them? one asks. The reply is difficult. Most persons purchase books with the intention of reading them; others buy them for table decorations; others purchase them on the recommendation of thoughtless friends, and still others for presents. Times have been hard, and a book was the cheapest respectable gift one could make: thousands recognize this fact, and at the holidays, even in the days of panic, the bookshops have fared well.

We do n't even read the magazines now; the older periodicals are dying out and the new ones are not literary: they are merely picture books issued periodically. These are all we really read, and, like children, our reading is looking at

"the pretty pictures." A man buys three or four of them for what one literary paper costs, and gets half-tone portraits of actresses, celebrities and places; a few pages of gossip and personality; short, crisp interviews. As for the stories and verse, they are much the same in all the periodicals. It is no wonder that *Munsey's* and the *Cosmopolitan* and *McClure's* succeed; there is no surprise in the sales of the *Sketch* and the *Standard* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*; their editors merely give the public what it demands; they sacrifice literature to pictures, day by day, and they base their whole scheme on the superficiality of our public. They advertise stories by well-known writers, for the public likes juggling with names. They stick a name plainly before one; it suffices—the story we do n't really want.

It takes hours to read *Harper's* or the *Century*. It takes a minute to look through *Munsey's*; it is interesting; there are many photographs of prominent persons. When one finishes, one appreciates the pastime. How can literature live under these circumstances? What chance is there now for real reading? We are going back to the beginning of things. Letters are dying; picture-writing comes again into vogue, and we are once more where we were in the uncivilized days of early centuries. *Ohé la decadence!*



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ILLUSION

GOD and I in space alone,
And nobody else in view.
And "Where are the people, O Lord," I said,
"The earth below and the sky o'erhead
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said:
"A dream that seemed to be true.
There were no people living or dead,
There was no earth and no sky o'erhead —
There was only Myself and you."

"Why do I feel no fear," I asked,
Meeting YOU here this way?
"For I have sinned, I know full well;
And is there heaven, and is there hell,
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"Nay! those were but dreams," the great God said;
"Dreams that have ceased to be.
There are no such things as fear, or sin;
There is no you — you never have been —
There is nothing at all but me!"

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.





S. PATRICK AND THE PEDANTS

AT the place, close to the Dead Man's Point, at Rosses, where the disused pilot-house looks out to sea through two round windows like eyes, a mud cottage stood in the last century. It also was a watch-house ; for a certain old Michael Bruin, who had been a smuggler in his day, and was still the father and grandfather of smugglers, lived there ; and when, under the shadow of night, a tall schooner crept over the bay from Roughley O'Byrne, it was his business to hang a horn lantern in the southern window, that the news might travel to Dorren's Island, and from thence, by another horn lantern, to the village of Rosses ; and but for this glimmering of messages, he had little communion with mankind, for he was very old, and had no thought for anything but the making of his soul at the foot of the Spanish crucifix of carved oak that hung by his chimney, or bent double over the rosary of stone beads brought to him in a cargo of silks and laces out of France. One night he had watched hour after hour, because a gentle and favorable wind was blowing, and *La Mère de Miséricorde* was much overdue ; and was about to lie down upon his heap of straw, seeing that the dawn was

whitening the east, and that the schooner would not dare to round Roughly O'Byrne and lie at anchor by the second Rosses, except under the shadow of night, when he saw a long line of herons flying slowly from Dorren's Island and towards the pools which are half-choked with reeds in the midst of Rosses. He had never before seen herons flying over the sea, for they are shore-keeping birds, and partly because this had startled him out of his drowsiness, and more because the long delay of the schooner kept his cupboard empty, he took down his rusty shotgun, of which the barrel was tied on with a piece of string, and followed them towards the pools.

When he came close enough to hear the sighing of the rushes in the outermost pool, the morning was grey over the world, so that the tall rushes, the still waters, the vague clouds, the thin mist lying among the sand heaps, seemed carved out of an enormous pearl. In a little he came upon the herons, of whom there were a great number, standing with lifted legs in the shallow water, and, crouching down behind a bank of rushes, looked to the priming of his gun, and bent for a moment over his rosary to murmur: "Patron Patrick, let me shoot a heron; made into a pie it will support me for nearly four days, for I no longer eat as in my youth. If you keep me from missing I will say a rosary to you every night until the pie is eaten." Then he lay down, and, resting his gun upon a large stone, turned towards a heron who stood upon a bank of smooth grass over a little stream that flowed into the pool, for he feared to take rheumatism by wading, as he would have to do if he shot one of those who stood in the water. But when he looked along the barrel the heron was gone, and, to his wonder and terror, a man of infinitely great age and infirmity stood in its place. He lowered the gun, and the heron

stood there with bent head and motionless feathers, as though it had slept from the beginning of the world. He raised the gun, and no sooner did he look along the iron than that enemy of all enchantment brought the old man again before him, only to vanish when he lowered the gun for the second time. He laid the gun down, and crossed himself three times, and said a *Paternoster* and an *Ave Maria*, and muttered half aloud: "Some enemy of God and of my patron is standing upon the smooth place and fishing in the blessed water," and then aimed very carefully and slowly and with an exultant heart. He fired, and when the smoke had gone saw an old man huddled upon the grass, and a long line of herons flying with clamor towards the sea. He went round a bend of the pool, and, coming to the little stream, looked down at a figure wrapped in faded clothes of black and green of an ancient pattern, and spotted with blood. He shook his head at the sight of so great a wickedness. Suddenly the clothes moved, and an arm was stretched upward towards the rosary which hung about his neck, and long, wasted fingers almost touched the cross. He started back, crying: "Wizard, I will let no wicked thing touch my blessed beads!" and the sense of a great danger just evaded made him tremble.

"If you listen to me," replied a voice so faint that it was like a sigh, "you will know that I am not a wizard, and you will let me kiss the cross before I die."

"I will listen to you," he answered, "but I will not let you touch my blessed beads;" and, sitting on the grass a little way from the dying man, he reloaded his gun and laid it across his knees and composed himself to listen.

"I know not how many generations ago we, who are now herons, were Ollamhs of King Leaghaire; we neither

hunted, nor went to battle, nor listened to the Druids preaching by their grey stones, and even love, if it came to us at all, was but a transitory fire. The Druids and the poets told us many and many a time of a new Druid Patrick, and most among them were fierce against him, while a few held his doctrine merely the doctrine of the gods set out in new symbols, and were for giving him welcome; but we yawned in the midst of their tale. At last they came crying that he was coming to the foss of the king and fell to their dispute, but we would listen to neither party, for we were busy with a dispute about the merits of the great and little metres; nor were we disturbed when they passed our door with staves of enchantment under their arms, traveling towards the forest to contend against his coming, nor when they returned after nightfall with torn robes and despairing cries, for the click, click of our knives filled us with peace and our dispute filled us with joy; nor even when in the morning crowds passed us to hear the strange Druid preaching the commandments of his God. The crowds passed, and one who had laid down his knife to yawn and stretch himself heard a voice speaking far off, and knew that the Druid Patrick was preaching within the foss of the king, but our hearts were deaf, and we carved and disputed and read, and laughed a thin laughter together. In a little we heard many feet coming towards the house, and presently two tall figures stood in the door, the one in white, the other in a crimson robe, like a great lily and a heavy poppy; and we knew the Druid Patrick and our King Leaghair. We laid down the slender knives and bowed before the king, but when the black and green robes had ceased to rustle it was not the loud, rough voice of King Leaghair that spoke to us, but a strange voice in which there was a rapture as of one speaking

from behind a battlement of Druid flame: 'I preached the commandments of the Maker of the world,' it said; 'within the foss of the king and from the centre of the earth to the windows of Heaven there was a great silence, so that the eagle floated with unmoving wings in the white air, and the fish with unmoving fins in the dim water, while the linnets and the wrens and the sparrows stilled their ever-trembling tongues in the heavy boughs, and the clouds were like white marble, and the rivers became their motionless mirrors, and the shrimps in the far-off sea pools were still enduring eternity in patience, although it was hard.' And as he named these things it was like a king numbering his people. 'But your slender knives went click, click upon the oaken staves, and, all else being silent, the sound shook the angels with anger. Oh, little roots, nipped by the winter, who do not wake although the summer pass above you with innumerable feet. Oh, men who have no part in love, who have no part in song, who have no part in wisdom, but dwell with the shadows of memory where the feet of angels cannot touch you as they pass over your heads, where the hair of demons cannot sweep about you as they pass under your feet, lay upon you a curse, and change you to an example for ever and ever; you shall become grey herons and stand pondering in grey pools and flit over the world in that hour when it is most full of sighs, having forgotten the flame of the stars and not yet perceived the flame of the sun, and you shall preach to the other herons until they also are like you, and are an example for ever and ever, and your deaths shall come to you by chance and unforeseen that no fire of certainty may visit your hearts.' "

The voice of the old Ollamh became still, but the voteen bent over his gun with his eyes upon the ground,

trying in vain to understand something of this tale ; and he had so bent for no little while had not a tug at his rosary made him start out of his dream. The old Ollamh had crawled along the grass, and was now trying to draw the cross down low enough for his lips to reach it.

“ You must not touch my blessed beads ! ” he cried, and struck the long, withered fingers with the barrel of his gun. He need not have trembled, for the old man fell back upon the grass with a sigh, and was still for ever. He bent down and began to consider the black and green clothes, for his fear began to pass when he came to understand that he had something the Ollamh wanted and pleaded for, and now that the blessed beads were safe, it was nearly all gone ; and surely, he thought, if that ample cloak, and that little tight-fitting cloak under it, were warm and goodly, St. Patrick would take the enchantment out of them and leave them fit for human use. Unhappily the black and green clothes fell away wherever his fingers touched them, and while this was a new wonder, a slight wind blew over the pool and crumbled the old Ollamh and all his ancient gear into a little heap of dust, and then made the little heap less and less until there was nothing but the smooth green grass.

W. B. YEATS.



A NORTHERN SUBURB

NATURE selects the longest way,
And winds about in tortuous grooves:
A thousand years the oaks decay;
The wrinkled glacier hardly moves.

But here the whetted fangs of change
Daily devour the old demesne,
The busy farm, the quiet grange,
The wayside inn, the village green.

In gaudy yellow brick and red,
With rooting pipes, like creepers rank,
The shoddy terraces o'erspread
Meadow and garth and daisied bank.

With shelves for rooms the houses crowd,
Like draughty cupboards in a row:
Ice-chests, when wintry winds are loud;
Ovens, when summer breezes blow.

Roused by the fee'd policeman's knock,
And sad that day should come again,
Under the stars the workmen flock
In haste to reach the workmen's train:

For here dwell those who must fulfil
Dull tasks in uncongenial spheres,
Who toil through dread of coming ill,
And not with hope of happier years —

The lowly folk who scarcely dare
Conceive themselves perhaps misplaced,
Whose prize for unremitting care
Is only not to be disgraced.

JOHN DAVIDSON.







BY CLAUDE F. BRAGDON

THE PLEASURES OF HISTORIOGRAPHY

I

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE

I AM an historiographer ; and being desirous and assiduous of accuracy in my statements, I am given to recourse to first sources of authority, to the fountain springs of great events ; I am a scientifically historical Gradgrind ; I build up my histories inductively from facts by the most approved scientific processes. And I can say with feeling and with emphasis, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne : “ Sure, a great deal of conscience goes into the making of a history.”

A few days ago the need of exact knowledge upon a certain point in the criminal history of the colonies determined me to seek my information in the most unerring and unimpeachable historical records we have, those of the Criminal Court. Those I sought were of a large city, I might say of Chicago, only she has no colonial records ; so I frankly reveal that I wished to search the records of the criminal courts of New Amsterdam.

Now I had read a score of times, and heard a score of times more in the glibly-rounded sentences of elegant historical lectures, patriotic addresses, commemorative “ papers ” of patriotic-hereditary societies, that to the municipal honor of that very large frog in a puddle, viz.: New York, which grew out of the polly-wog New Amsterdam, all records of colonial times of that city were still preserved, were cherished as sacred script in that fitting cabinet, the venerable Hall of Records in the City Hall Park. Thus introduced, I ventured to its gates.

It is an ancient, dingy building, whose opening portals

thrust you upon a cage-like partition strongly suggestive of a menagerie, and also olfactorily suggestive of the menageries' accompaniment, "an ancient and a fish-like"—nay, more, a bird- and beast-like smell.

A doorway on either side of the cage lead to various desks and rooms, and enclosures and closets, all labelled with well-worn signs; and as I glanced bewildered from placard to placard, from sign to sign, there approached that blessed and gallant metropolitan engine for the succor of feminine ignorance, incapacity and weakness—a policeman. Gladly did I follow in his sturdy wake to the office of the Clerk of Records, who would know all about it. Alas! he was out. A callow, inky youth, his deputy, had never heard of any Dutch records and didn't believe there were any in New York. My policeman had vanished. The youth leaned out of his latticed window, pointed round a corner to an enclosed office: "Go ask *him*, he can tell you." I went and asked him; for a third time I told my tale, already rehearsed to policeman and youth. "I wish to see the colonial records of the criminal courts in New York in the seventeenth century. Part are in Dutch. I hear they have been translated, and that the English translation is here, for the use of the public. If this is not so, I wish to see the original Dutch and English records from the year 1650 to 1700."

It is impossible to overstate the expression of blank surprise and incredulity with which this inquiry was greeted. The official vouchsafed one curt answer: "I never heard of such a thing as a Dutch trial in the criminal courts of New York, and I don't believe there ever was one. If so, *he* will know."

"He" was a haven, for his office was labelled Satisfaction—and he was satisfactory. After a fourth

explanation of my desires, he answered me with the elaborately patient and compassionate politeness usually employed by men in business and public offices to a woman's apparently useless inquiries. He said gently : "Only deeds and transfers are here in the Hall of Records ; those records you wish to see are all in the County Clerk's office, over there."

Over there was the court-house of Tweed's inglorious fame. Within the said office four transfers, from book-keeper to messenger, to civil clerk, to County Clerk, found me, after four more dogged repetitions, engaged myself in a dingy wire prison, surrounded by millions of compartments with papers and deeds and flanked by scores of spittoons. Errand boys, messengers, aged porters, young attorneys, came and went, papers were given and received with mechanical rapidity and precision by the monarch of the cage, an elderly Irishman, smooth-shaven, massive-featured, inscrutable, blank of expression, who finally turned to me with civil indifference. But this was not the right place for me to come: those records were at the court-house at Ninth Street, where the criminal courts were held. I patiently prepared to assail the Ninth Street abode of Themis, not without an unworthy suspicion that this Hibernian Sphinx sent me there to get rid of me. But a gentleman-like and eavesdropping bystander proffered his advice : "Those records you want are in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, in the third story of this building." And he thrust me with speed in the ascending elevator. The room pointed out to me as my goal proved to be the Supreme Court, a scene of peaceful dignity, but, alas, there was no such officer anywhere as the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas. Gloomily turning to the Surrogate's office to examine the will of

this Dutch criminal whom I was running to earth, mine eyes encountered this sign : Office of the Court of Common Pleas. Certainly this was the office and the records were here, though the clerk was not. Other clerks there were ; to the most urbane for the tenth time I told my tale, and finally was shown the records. "These are in Dutch," I said; "will you show me the English translation?" "Are they in Dutch?" he answered with some animation. "I never knew that. I have been here twenty years, and no one has ever asked to see them before."

Of course there was no English translation. I can read and translate printed Dutch with ease; but seventeenth century Dutch differs more from modern Dutch than does old French from the French of to-day. Add to this the unique variations in spelling of the Dutch clerks, the curious chirography, the faded ink, and no antiquary will be surprised to learn that an hour had passed ere I had read enough of those records to learn that they were wholly civil cases, boundary disputes, adjustment cases, etc. I wearily rose to leave, when a newly-arrived person of authority said airily: "I can tell you all about those old Criminal Court records. They are all over in the City Hall, in the office of the Superintendent of City Affairs." I trust I showed becoming credulity and gratitude.

I walked out into the beautiful little park, aglow with beds of radiant scarlet and yellow tulips, who remembered and significantly commemorated their Holland ancestors and the old Dutch-American town even if the city's servants knew them not; and I strolled under the trees and breathed with delight the fresh air of heaven; for wherever men congregate in offices, there ventilation is as naught.

I sought the Superintendent's office. To him, ignominiously but cheerfully ensconced in the cellar-like basement, I descended, where glimmered a light so dim, so humid, that I had a sense of being in subaqueous rather than subterranean depths, and I was struck with the civic humor that placed the Superintendent *subter omnia*.

He really knew nothing about these records, but there was a man in the Library who would know. Through subterranean tunnels and cemented passages and up a narrow staircase, I reached the noble above-ground abode of our municipal corporation.

Here all was radiant with prosperity. No lean and hungry race filled those corridors and chambers; jocund and ruddy were all, as were our city fathers of yore who drank vast tuns of sack-posset and ale. Well may we say when on those men and on these we gaze: Nobly wert thou named Manhattan!—*the place where all drank together!*

Mighty is Manhattan and great even the reflection of her power. Neither poverty-stricken nor meagre of flesh am I, but I shrank into humble insignificance before those well-fed aggrandizations of the city's glory and prosperity who bourgeoned through the corridors of our modern Stadt Huys; and I fain would have saluted them with respectful mien and words as of yore as "Most Worshipful, Most Prudent, and Very Discreet, their High Mightinesses,"—not Burgomasters and Schepens, but Aldermen and Councilmen,—but the tame conventionalities of modern life kept me silent.

In the Library the sought-for man sent me to the Clerk of the Common Council, who in turn bade me be seated while he lured from an adjoining "closet," as old Pepys called his office, one who would be glad to tell me all about everything relating to those ancient days.

Here was something tangible. Glad to tell me! In truth he was. Never have I seen such a passion for talking. Forth poured a flood of elaborate Milesian eloquence, in which intricate suggestions, noble patriotic sentiments, ardent historical interest, warm sympathy in my researches, and unbounded satisfaction and glowing pride over New York's honorable preservation of the records of her ancestors all joined. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, when I ran my fat but sly and agile political fox to earth, and made him answer me directly, I simmered down merely this one solid fact: "If ye go to Mr. De Lancy's office in the Vanderbilt Building, he can tell ye where thim ricords is, an' no one ilse in this city can."

I tendered as floriated and declamatory a farewell expression of gratitude as my dull tongue could command to my city authority, who was, I am led to believe from the tablet on the office from which he emerged, a common councilman, but who might have been a score of glorious aldermen distilled and expressed and condensed into one; so rotund, so rubicolored, so shining, so truly grand was he; so elegant, albeit loose, of attire; so glittering with gold and precious stones. As I thanked him in phrases sadly etiolated in comparison with his own glowing pauses, "Madam," said he, "are you satisfied, and may I ask your name and residence?" "You may," said I, "I came to study history, and I was sent to the Satisfaction Clerk, and I found satisfaction, though not in the wonted legal form." "But ye have n't told me yer name," said he. "I have not," said I; "good day."

A DEGENERATE.





PHYLLIS INNE JUNE

JUNE skies are bryte and blue;
Care flies away;
Phyllis to mee is trewe;
June roses, wett wyth dewe,
Are of hr Chekes ye hewe,
And hr dear Lippes are, too,
Sweter than they.

June skies are wett wyth rayne;
Ah, well-a-way!
My harte is sore wyth payne;
Phyllis hath turned agayne;
Holdeth mee inne disdayne,
Till I to wepe am fayne;
A-lack-a-day!
H. H. BENNETT.

“AN’ A’ FOR WARDLY GAUDS
AN’ GEAR!”

TERESA sat down on the bed, by the open window, and thought. She was very tired; life looked grey and long, stretching before and behind her, that night. Yes, she was getting old; she could not stave it off any more by hesitating to look the fact in the face. She was getting old. And Cis was young still, and so pretty.

She jumped up with a jerk, and went and looked long, steadfastly, sadly, at her face in the little mirror. It was a plain, grey face, with pale, lifeless brown hair brushed away from it. It never had been even an attractive face. And Cis was so pretty! Theresa went back to the window again.

The lights of the town shone up at her in the hot, June dusk. She could hear the shouts and songs from Main Street and Martin Street; work had been good the past month, and the miners were not men to count their dollars and cents on the Saturday evening after “pay.” All the town seemed out for a wild carousal, and the near brown hills looked on. Dust and coal dirt from the breaker by the creek still settled gently on the bare, treeless, grassless slope before the house, although work had stopped three hours ago. She could hear the throbbing of the engines from the pump-house; a little puff of steam shone every now and then against the black mass of the breaker. The engineer came and stood outside of the pump-house door. Theresa saw the little red spark of his pipe and the sharp lines of his blue-shirted shoulders as he stood in the lighted doorway. He held a newspaper in his hand. Theresa thought of another engineer who used to stand in the pump-house door on

summer nights half a dozen years ago, when Cicely was a little girl. Jim had been very good to her. Sometimes when she had had night work in the mill, Jim had come over and taken Cicely down to his engine-room, and kept her there till the tired sister came home. Sometimes, too, in the early summer mornings, Jim had carried her pail of water for her from the creek. Jim was very strong and kind.

But Jim had left the pump-house and left the valley years ago. Somebody said that he had married and gone west. Theresa sighed and looked out on the lights of the roistering town, while the sound of her eight looms danced in her head to the throb of the pumps. She was very tired.

The bells in the tower of St. John's rang eight. Theresa turned away from the window and sat down again in her old place on the bed. Her feet ached. She drew one foot up onto the bed, and looked at her worn shoe with anxiety. It was almost ready to fall to pieces. Cicely said that Theresa's shoes always were almost ready to fall apart anyway, because she was "so hard on shoes." It certainly did look so. The tired woman put down her head upon the pillow, and carefully unbuttoned the shoe and held it up. It seemed a hopeless case. She must have some new ones to wear to mass in the morning.

She took out her purse and counted over her month's wages; she had been paid that night. Over and over again she did the weary sum. Two dollars to the Mutual Benefit Lodge; twelve dollars to Biddy Macgraw for board and room-rent; six dollars for the doctor who had come to see Cicely when she had the fever; that made twenty. She had twenty-three dollars and eighty-one cents. Three dollars and eighty-one cents left for

shoes — that was a great plenty, Theresa thought. She could get a very good pair of shoes for two and a half; with the rest of the money she might arrange some little surprise for Cis. It seemed almost beyond belief that she should have so much money for which she had no use. Now that she had really assured herself of it, she did not feel so tired after all. She sat up and put on the ragged shoe.

As she stood before the glass putting on her hat — a poor, touching, little conceit it was that made Theresa stand before the glass, even in the dark — she heard a girl's laugh ring down the street. She smiled. It was Cis — dear, bright, blithe, pretty Cis. The laugh called up the girl to her vividly. Tall, slender, a thing of rounded arms and cheeks and work-stained hands, a dear, happy, loving, laughing, motherless child, to whom she, the older, was sister and mother at once. Could n't she get something for Cis now, at once, instead of waiting to plan a treat? Cis was fond of dress; some new blue ribbons would please her. One could get very good-looking shoes for two dollars and a quarter, if one wanted to save every cent.

From the street below came the sound of the girl's voice, nearer now and clear. A man's voice answered her. "Matthew Morris," said Theresa, half aloud, and smiled again. She liked Matthew because he was a good, steady lad, and because he was fond of Cis. She herself knew him but little, yet he was fond of Cis, and must therefore be in the right. Matthew, too, was fond of dress — when it was Cis who wore the ribbons. Surely she must get Cis the new ribbons.

Cis and her escort sauntered slowly down past the house and towards the breaker. Theresa's eyes hung upon every flutter of the girl's light calico, until the hill-

slope shut her off from view. Then she went down the stairs and out into the street. She 'stopped at the ramshackle gate and looked over at the town lights in the hollow by the river. They beckoned her strangely. She felt a childish eagerness to see the long lighted streets, the shop windows with their stores of treasures, the crowds, the coming and going. She wanted to hear the songs and laughter from the saloons and in the alleyways; the clinking of beer-glasses; the hawker's cries, as he sold knives, razors and liniment; the thousand and one sounds and sights which all her life she had associated with the moneyed leisure of Saturday night. Weary though she was, she was eager to go, and then, too, her new shoes must be bought.

All the long way over the hill to the Ham Creek foot-path, and all the long, dark mile that she followed it, her thoughts were busy, now with Cicely, now with the lights and the crowded streets she was going to see, now with her day's work in the mill. The eight looms still rattled and clattered in her head, though more faintly now. A trolley car bumped past down the long street, and two festive passengers almost drowned the sound of the looms with "Annie Rooney." The globes in a druggist's window, too, sent long shafts of light, purple, crimson and gold, across the muddy pavement. The colors were like wine to Theresa. She hurried on eagerly.

The stores on Martin Street were all open, their most tempting goods displayed in the windows. There was one entire window filled with sky-blue stockings and bandana handkerchiefs. Theresa, wandering by in a dream of weary content, clasped her hands together with a great childish "Oh!" of delight in their brilliancy. Two forlorn little gutter-children crept out of a near hallway, and stared with stupid, sorrowful eyes at the

woman, whom so slight a thing as a windowful of clothes that belonged to other people could make happy.

"Got a jag," commented the little boy, laconically.

"No," said the girl.

"Got a jag," repeated the child in his cruel knowledge of the street and its ways. The two watched her with stolid uninterest as she wandered down the long street, looking at the lighted windows, stopping every moment or two to feast upon some new brightness.

Finally she turned in at the door of one of the larger dry-goods shops. "I wanter to see yer ribbins — blue ribbins," she said to the nearest salesman.

"Yes'm; this way," mumbled the young man, sliding lazily down from his seat on the counter. "'Bout how much do you wanter give?" he inquired, as he opened a box of narrow, blue satin rolls before her.

"I dunno; I'll see the ribbins first." Theresa spoke with some hauteur; the grasp of her fat little purse was wonderfully reassuring.

"Fifteen cents," said the clerk, throwing out one bolt on the counter. "Nineteen cents, thirty-one, twenty-seven, twenty, forty-nine."

"Them's all silk?" queried Theresa.

"Yes'm — all silk. They're very nice ribbons. You won't find such good ones no other place in town. We keep 'em on hand. We ——"

"Gimme two yards," broke in Theresa. She felt like a prodigal in this first intoxicating rapture of spending. The husks might come afterwards, but she was in no mood to think of their dry, bitter mockery just then. "That, that's forty-nine," she added recklessly.

"Two yards. Yes'm," echoed the salesman. And then, with her little package in her hand, Theresa went out of the shop and turned down the street to go to the

shoe-store. She walked more lightly than usual in spite of her long day's work. Her fingers tingled as they grasped that little hard-bought luxury. The lights and the noise gave her a keen strength. She hurried on.

She passed a milliner's. The window was full of hats, large hats and small hats, beribboned and beflowered, a mixture of many colors. Theresa stopped to look at them. They were very beautiful, she thought. There was one in particular, a great yellow leghorn with green ribbons and a tall red rose standing up on the crown, and corn-flowers trailing down over the brim in the back, which Theresa admired. She thought of Cis — poor little Cis, who could n't have so many pretty things as the other girls. She wished Cis might have that hat. The corn-flowers would droop down over her curls in such a jaunty fashion.

Theresa hesitated long, then entered the shop. A sharp-faced woman with black eyes sat behind the counter, darning woolen socks. She looked up.

"Good evenin'. How much do ye ask fur that there hat — the one in the winder, with the flowers an' the rose an' the green ribbins?"

"It's four dollars," snapped the little, dumpy, black-eyed woman, staring sharply at Theresa. Theresa drew a long breath. She thought of her old shoes; she could n't wear them to mass, and to stay away from mass was a sin. But then there was Cis. The vision of the blue flowers falling down against Cis's hair had taken fast hold upon her thoughts.

"Can 't ye give it to me fur less?" she demanded.

"How much less?" The little woman pricked up her ears.

"Fourteen cents less," said Theresa, quivering with hope.

“I dunno. Well, seein’ it’s gettin’ along towards summer, p’raps I might’s well. Yes, ye kin have it.”

The mirror, the hats, the bonnets on their pegs, the great colored fashion plate, the counter and the dumpy little woman, all danced and swung and mixed themselves up in a mist before Theresa’s eyes. Cis should have the hat. She was doing a deadly sin. She was perilling her soul. She had no shoes. She could n’t go to mass. Her soul would suffer in purgatory, suffer horribly! Cis should have the hat. Pretty Cis!

“Gimme it,” she said, and turned her purse inside out upon the counter. The shop-woman counted over the money, then took the gorgeous hat from its peg, wrapped it carefully in soft paper, and laid it on the counter. Theresa took it up tenderly in both bands, as some men lift young children; it was so very beautiful! The red rose against the darker ribbon loops was half visible through the paper, as she stood under the full glow of the lamp that hung by the door.

Theresa hurried home with her purchase. The long, lighted street with its shop-windows and crowds of loafers was to her now no more than a way of getting home to Cis with her purchase. Cis would be so glad! Cis could go to the ten o’clock mass in the morning, now that she had her new hat; she had been going at eight every Sunday since Easter now, because her old black sailor was not fine enough to wear among the fashionable crowd at the later service. She, Theresa, could not go to mass at all, because she had no shoes, and it was a dreadful sin; but Cis should go with the best and prettiest of the town. Theresa almost ran up the long hill, as far as the engine-house. When she reached Biddy Macgraw’s, and turned in at the little gate, she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

Cis and Matthew were sitting on the doorstep. Theresa came up to them panting. She wished that the tomato vines that grew along the fence might not send out such a rank odor in the hot night, the smell sickened her. Matthew was smoking his pipe, too. She choked.

"Cis, dear — I've brought ye — a new hat," she said, a little indistinctly. She laid the bundle on Cicely's lap.

"Why, Theresa!" cried Cis in her full, eager, girlish voice. "It's awful good of you! It's just awful good of you! But how could ye?"

"Oh, I had some money left o' me pay," Theresa answered, trying desperately to speak as if it were a matter of course that she should have extra money to spend for yellow leghorn hats. "An' here's a blue ribbin for ye; I most forgot it."

Theresa went upstairs; she would let Matthew and Cis have their talk out in peace. Besides, she was very tired, now that everything was done, and she longed to rest. She wished that Cis had opened the package at once; she wanted to watch her face — to know by sight and hearing alike that the little sister was pleased. She wanted to see how the blue corn-flowers, that dropped down so carelessly from the knot of ribbon at one side, would lie over the pretty chestnut curls. Still Cis would not like to unwrap the hat while Matthew was sitting there on the doorstep. Theresa understood that. She undressed, and threw herself down on the bed. She could keep awake, she thought, till Cis came upstairs, and then Cis could try on the hat. Weariness, however, had its way. She fell asleep almost at once. When Cis did come, she roused a little to say something about "the ten o'clock, not the eight o'clock" mass.

Cis laid the gorgeous new hat on a chair, and put out the light before she answered. Her voice sounded as if she had been crying, but Theresa was too thoroughly bound in sleep to notice it. She only murmured something about the mass, that it saved one's soul, and settled herself to sleep again.

In the morning Cis had a headache. She did not go to mass at all, but lay in bed until late in the afternoon. Theresa placed the new hat on the foot of her bed, and Cis rarely took her eyes from it. Theresa was perfectly happy as she tramped up and down stairs in her old boots, bringing a cup of tea or a dipper of spring water to the sufferer in the stuffy little upper room. Cis was pleased with the hat, and the blue ribbons she pronounced to be "just what she 'd been wantin' all summer." Toward evening the air grew more and more sultry, and a thunder shower piled itself up along the western mountains. Cis grew restless. Before the rain began she rose and dressed herself, and went down to sit on the doorstep. This time Matthew was not with her.

When the shower had spent itself, the evening was cool. The little upper room that the sisters shared was once more endurable, and thither Theresa went. She took her crucifix and stood it against the frame of the open window. Then she knelt before it, facing the window, so that she could look out on the few first pale stars as she told her beads. The long, squalid street was very still. A faintly luminous haze of mist hovered along the river and over the town on its banks, and through it the lights twinkled uncertainly. A pale glow lay along the irregular purple line of the western mountains. Theresa prayed.

A man came up the street, and walked past the gate without turning his head towards the Macgraw house. It

was Matthew Morris. Theresa stopped in an Ave to wonder what was the matter.

"Matt!" called Cis's voice from somewhere under the window. The man stopped.

"Is it me ye're callin'?" he asked. Cis ran down the path to the gate.

"Oh, Matt, Matt!" she said, "ye mustn't be blamin' me for not comin' this mornin'. Sure I know I telled ye I would, and sure I thought I would; but then I couldn't because o' T'resa. I jes' couldn't. Don't ye be mad at me, Matt! Don't ye!"

"Ye said ye'd come," Matthew said gruffly. He came back a step towards the gate.

"I know it; I did that," Cis pleaded. "And I'd come if I could. But I couldn't go an' wear that — hat; and I couldn't go 'thout it, 'cause T'resa would feel so bad. T'resa spent away every cent she had on it, and that's truth."

"Why couldn't ye?" required Matthew, moving still nearer. Theresa from her window heard every word.

"Oh, Matt, ye dunno!" Cis was almost crying. "It's the hideousest thing you ever seen! It's just awful! Everybody 'd laugh to kill themselves if I sh'd wear that lookin' thing to ten o'clock mass. It's awful homely — all over yellow, with green ribbins an' a red rose, an' blue things hangin' down the back. It's a sight! T'resa doesn't know; she thinks it's han'some. So long's a thing's got red 'n yellow 'n blue in it, T'resa thinks it's lovely! I don't know what I'll ever do 'bout it. I shan't wear it nowhere, that's one sure thing."

"What'd T'resa say?" asked Matthew. He was secretly a little afraid of the elder sister.

"I ain't told her," answered Cis. "I did n't darst."

She went and spent every cent she had left o' her month's pay, and there's a lot o' things she'd oughter got for her ownself. But you ain't mad at me—are you, Matt?—for not coming to mass, when I said I would? I played sick abed. I had ter."

"Mad? No, I ain't mad a bit," Matthew answered. "Only I thought ye was foolin' me. Come on, an' walk down to the turn in the road wi' me; don't ye wanten?"

"Well," Cis agreed, opening the gate.

And then the two walked down the hill, talking and laughing together. Theresa knelt in the dark before her crucifix.

HELEN MADDER BROWNE.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO ÆSOP'S FABLES.

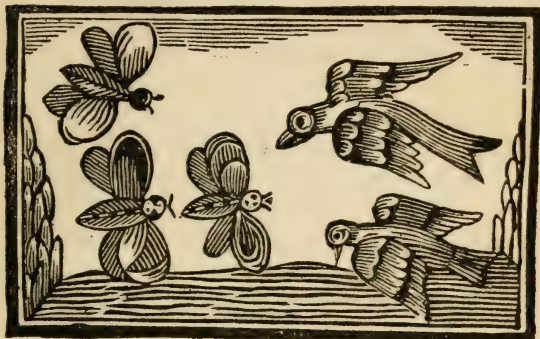


THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES

A Fox, being closely pursued, took to a hedge, the bushes gave way, and in catching hold of a bramble to break his fall, he laid himself down and fell to licking his paws, making great complaint against the bramble. Good words, Reynard, said the Bramble, you should never expect any kindness from an enemy.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO ÆSOP'S FABLES.

THE WASP AND THE PART-
RIDGES

A flight of wasps and a covey of partridges, being hard put to it for water, went to a farmer to beg some. The partridges offered to dig his vineyard for it, and the wasps to secure it from thieves. Pray hold your peace, says the farmer, I have oxen and dogs to perform those offices already, and I am resolved to provide for them first.

FROM AN OLD CHAP-BOOK.



SMOKE-WREATHS

THESE fading smoke-wreaths hold them all —
The dawns and dreams gone by,
The lights and shadows on the wall,
The gleams of open sky,

And all the vague, elusive things
That haunt the halls of life
With sense of vast o'ershadowing wings
And rumourings of strife.

How this small bowl of ruddy fire
Can people all the room
With strangers from the realm Desire
Beyond the gulfs of Doom,

Till all about me in the dusk
The silence is astir
With gleam of steel and breath of musk
And frankincense and myrrh,

While dream, adown the shifting breath
Of myth and love and war,
Lures from the hollow vault of death
Wild hearts that beat no more ; —

And Roland's bugle through the night
Sends forth its far, weird fall
Where weltering and dense the fight
Goes over Roncesvalles ;

Joan of Arc, and Heloise,
Swan Helen, fatal star,
And Dante's deep-eyed Beatrice
Go through the dusk afar ;

King Arthur of the weary quest,
Excalibur in hand,
Flashes, where'er is sorest pressed
His lion-hearted band ;

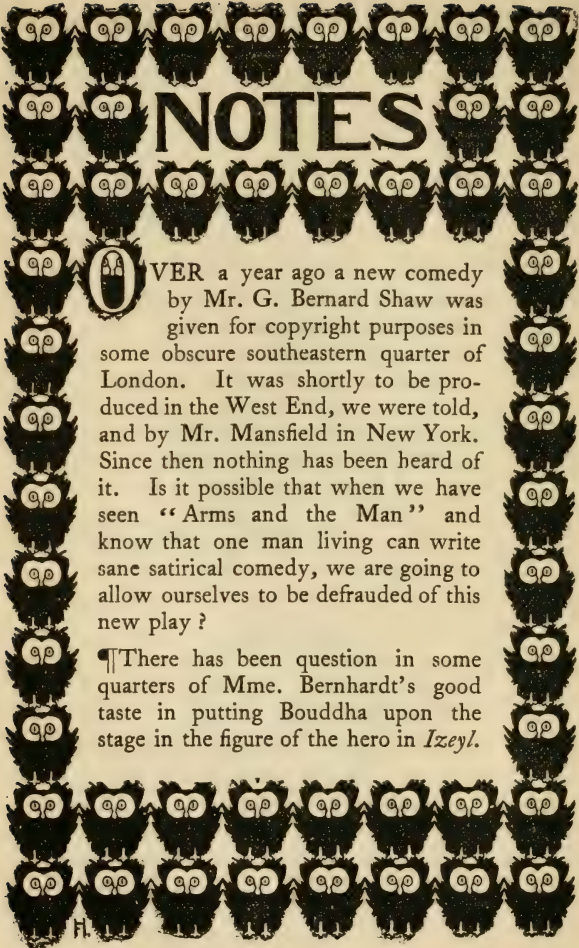
The joy of battle, fierce and strong,
Drifts through the deathly bars
While clash and swing of sword and song
Clang up among the stars,

And strange wild Sagas of the north
Pulse fire through all my veins
As where across the sky go forth
The Weird Lights' shaken skeins ;

Then slowly, as my pipe burns low,
Enchantments pale and fade,
Till in the ash of long ago
The last dear ghost is laid.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.





NOTES

OVER a year ago a new comedy by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw was given for copyright purposes in some obscure southeastern quarter of London. It was shortly to be produced in the West End, we were told, and by Mr. Mansfield in New York. Since then nothing has been heard of it. Is it possible that when we have seen "Arms and the Man" and know that one man living can write sane satirical comedy, we are going to allow ourselves to be defrauded of this new play?

¶ There has been question in some quarters of Mme. Bernhardt's good taste in putting Bouddha upon the stage in the figure of the hero in *Izeyl*.

There are many people who object to the play of the New Testament story at Oberammergau. With what horror would they hear of the performances said to be taking place for the diversion of the native populace of Cairo! A comic opera troupe is singing there in a series of "sacred operettas" from subjects in the Old Testament. "David and Goliath," "Solomon," "Judith," are all popular, but an especial favorite is one in which Moses sings a duet with God!

¶¶When lions are scarce it becomes necessary to work in some suitable understudies and lion-hunters are occasionally hard pressed for proof of the genus of their captives. Witness a story of John Drew's. In London, once, a lady, renowned for her devotion to the noble sport, introduced Mr. Drew to a gentleman named Montefiore. She set off Mr. Drew's abilities and triumphs to a marvellous extent; extolled his acting and his family's acting and so forth, and was lavish in her attributions of cleverness. After she had said all she knew about Mr. Drew, and a little more, she felt called upon to say some nice thing of Mr. Montefiore. She hesitated a moment and then turning to Mr. Drew in a very self-satisfied manner, remarked: "You may remember that his favorite uncle was so frightfully mangled on the underground last year."

¶¶It is a pleasure as well as a duty to chronicle the advance of women. First, the record of distinct achievements, conquests in the enemies' territory. In the *society column* of a Chicago paper I see that Mr. and Mrs. Louise C. Hughes are to be in Bar Harbor this summer. Where then will Mr. and Mrs. Sadie Marie Phillips be? What are Mr. Frances F. Cleveland's plans for duck shooting, and what of Mr. Alva Vanderbilt né Willie?

This is curious, but, after all, only a question of visiting cards.

More important is the tender solicitude for the care of husbands, which is coming to be a salient point in the "New Womanity." Women are coming to feel that something must be done to preserve for their husbands the purity of the home life, to keep for them that manly, unsullied innocence of mind which is so appealing to even the most depraved and vicious of women. I note in a London daily paper a rousing womanly letter of protest against a play called *Biarritz*, now running at the Prince of Wales' Theater. The writer admits that the performance is amusing, but she says, "It is not a play which is fit for our husbands to see."

In Buda-Pesth also, strenuous measures are being taken to protect the men in spite of themselves. Take it for example that a woman, in order to support her husband and children, is forced into an occupation which, while honorable and harmless to a strong, womanly woman, might have a contaminating and degrading effect on her husband were he brought in contact with it and its surroundings. Viewed in this light one cannot fail to see the justice of an imperial edict forbidding husbands or prima-donnas to go behind the scenes at the Royal Opera House, this right being reserved exclusively to subscribers to the boxes and stalls. These, I trust, are all women, else the edict might seem a discrimination in favor of a fast and aristocratic set of men by putting prima-donnal husbands out of the way.

¶ Mr. Edgar Fawcett apparently confounds recklessness with courage, and blundering, stupid crudeness with vigor and strength. Wishing to make a terrible indictment of the slums, he has put together a number of

unpleasant ideas with the same joy that a boy finds in scrawling lewd legends and pictures on a wall. Mr. Fawcett calls his composition *An Idyl of the Slums*. Just wherein it is idyllic I seek in vain to see, and the verse-form in which it is set, instead of making up for the unpoetic wording, only confirms an impression of the inappropriateness of the manner. I copy from the *Conservator*, which belies its name in printing such disgusting, weak stuff:

Daughter

How the stench reeks from that piled garbage there,
Out in the courtyard at the alley's end!
I can't sleep — Mother, are you still dead-drunk?

Mother

No. What's o'clock, Jess?

Daughter

Clock? We've got no clock.
You pawned it yesterday to buy more drink.

Mother

Yes, I remember.

Daughter

Mother, you believe
There's a God somewhere, don't you?

Mother

Go to sleep.

Daughter

I can't. I keep so wishing I was well,
Not stung with this dry cough that splits my throat,
Not lame of an ankle, not so cursed with scabs
On hips, breasts, eyelids. I'm half blind, sometimes,
The rank sores weigh and drag so. Mother, hark:
Is there a God? A God that cares, I mean.

PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



GRANT ALLEN

¶ Looking over some old numbers of *The Argonaut* a few days past, I came upon a story of Central American life by Edwin Lefèvre. Mr. Letèvre himself was born and bred in those countries, and he vouches for the authenticity of the following extraordinary decree, which I reprint in full:

The principal alcalde of the Town and Department of Santiago de Papasquero:

WHEREAS: *The Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the past two years only one shower of rain has fallen, and this winter it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Santiago de Papasquero, on which depends the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, and wherefore also the admirably directed mines of San Andres are on the point of closing down.*

THE ALCALDE DECREES:

Article I.

If within the peremptory period of eight days rain does not fall abundantly, no one shall go to mass or say prayers;

Article II.

If the drouth continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and all rosaries, missals and other objects of devotion shall be destroyed;

Article III.

If, finally, in a third period of eight days it does not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns and saints, male and female, shall be beheaded. And for the meantime permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sins, in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom he has to deal.

[Signed]

Sebastian Villareal.

¶ Monsieur Colonne at his Good Friday concert succeeded in a rare undertaking, that of shocking a Parisian audience. He arranged that during the intermission there should be a talk on the Apocrypha of the New Testament, and chose for speaker Monsieur Catulle Mendès. Now Monsieur Mendès and Armand Silvestre share the distinction of being France's first purveyors of erotic literature, and the contrast between subject and speaker was justly too great for the patience of an intelligent, art-loving audience. There was a wild uproar, mingled hisses and applause until Mendès was forced to abandon his project. It is so common to think of Paris as lacking in all sense of moral fitness that such an incident is a brisk and salutary reminder to the contrary.

¶ In the *Revue de Paris* is running a novel entitled *Cow-Boy* and written by Auzias Tarenne. The child-like naïveté with which the French took Buffalo Bill and his *scenes de la vie du Far-West* has resulted in this story, the most deliciously comic morsel that I have found for months. The opening is as follows :

“Hello, boys ! *voila un Francais, un damné Francais des vieux pays qui nous offre un eye-opener ! Hourra pour la belle France !*

“Twenty-sixth, *le colosse Canadien qui venait d'apostropher ainsi ses frères les cow-boys du T. O. T. ranch, fit executer une serie de bonds extraordinaires à son fidèle Bucking-Jimmy.*”

Do you recognize the style of *Beadle's Dime Library*? *Le damné Francais* is made to dance for *les boys du T. O. T.* at the point of a pistol after which they adjourn *au bar de Joe le Temperate* and drink cocktails. The hero announces his intention of becoming *un boy* and is forthwith started on the usual career of adventure.

He does very well and although *il est toujours considéré un peu trop dude*, he is soon able to say, "*je ne suis plus tenderfoot*." There is a sublime scene at a concert hall in Deadwood, where he defends an insulted French singer and engages in such a fight as even Deadwood had never seen.

There is in the story, of course, an English *Milord*, who owns the T. O. T. and who constantly ejaculates "Fancy, such a country." The humor of this remark is like that of the bands of revellers who parade the Paris boulevards at carnival-time crying in unison: "Oh, yes; Oh, yes, shocking; Oh, yes," to the screaming delight of the populace.

A delicious scene in *Cow-boy* is at the breakfast table of a Deadwood hotel.

Laura s'approche, nerveuse, et demande, au Milord.

"Steakbeefsteakrumpsteak and corn boiled — roasted-potatoesteakorcoffee?"

The local color is obviously correct and each page is peppered with colloquial expressions explained in foot notes. Bucking Jimmy becomes *Jacquot Saut de Mouton*, and Johnny Get Your Gun, *Jeannot prends ton fusil*. Two installments of this rigamarole have appeared in the most distinguished *Revue de Paris* and the end is not yet. The English of M. Auzias Tarenne is apparently as amusing to Parisians as was the French of Mr. Du Maurier to most Americans.

A NEW CHAPTER IN LITERARY
HISTORY ESPECIALLY DEDICATED TO THE CURIOUS

THE career of the Sar Joséphin Peladan offers to the recorder of the literary curiosities of these decadent days as amusing a task as he could well desire and a humorously inclined gentleman could make of it a magnificent chapter.

It is perhaps unfair to begin in this way a note on a man whose gifts are considerable and whose achievements are distinguished and lasting, but the foolish setting he has continually given to his actions and works is what first forces itself on one's conviction. Beneath the coattail there is doubtless real stuff, but it is difficult to straighten one's face long enough to examine it seriously.

The Sar Peladan has of recent years been to the trivial journalist of Paris what George Francis Train has been to the paragraphers of America. He has been saddled with every absurdity conceivable and any heroless story of senseless inanity which went the rounds was sure to be finally labelled with his name. A writer, visiting him one day, says: "I found him protected by the blade of an unsheathed sword whose mission it was to *disperse the fluids*. He greeted me with a prayer that 'the Elohim might have the grace to bless me.' He was gowned in a long red robe and his whole manner was ceremoniously decorative."

The appearance of the man need signify little, however, except in so far as it symbolizes his views and opinions. His work alone counts and from it will come the final judgment, whether the impression be of charlatanism and foolishness or of real merit. His writings



DRAWN BY CECIL CLARK

are as varied as they are extreme and unusual—and they are almost innumerable. He began his literary career in 1881 when he published a study of Rembrandt. His whole labor at that time was in art reviews, and with the salon of 1882, he wrote the first of a series of criticisms—careful analyses of the exhibitions and shrewd sensible judgments of their qualities. In these early days his opinions were along orthodox lines and although he created no great stir, he was coming to be looked upon as a clever writer on art subjects.

In 1884 he appeared as the author of “*Le Vice Suprême*,” his first novel, published under the patronage of Barbey d’Aurevilly. The book made a distinct impression and was widely commented upon; its author was for the moment much thought of. In his own words, *Le Vice Suprême* is “the moral and mental diathesis of the Latin decadence: *Mérodack* represents the summit of conscious will power, the type of absolute entity; *Alta*, prototype of the monk in contact with the world; *Courtenay*, insufficient man-destiny, immured by already existing social conditions; *L. D’Este*, extreme pride, the *grand style dans le mal*; *Coryse*, the true young girl; *La Nine*, hermaphrodite, better or worse, gynander; *Dominicaux*, consciously perverse, character of irremediability resulting from a wrong æsthetic theory for each vice, which destroys the knowledge and therefore the conversion.” The Sar has been at pains to scatter broadcast similar summaries of all of his books; it is doubtful whether they increase the sales; the very wording of them; the heavy philosophical scheme running through the whole series is truly appalling. *Le Vice Suprême* was the beginning; in the following year he published *Curieuse*. Aside from its mysticism and intermittent obscurity, it is an ordinary novel of the



LE SAR PELADAN

streets and prostitutes of Paris, remarkable in no way ; and it did much to counteract the good impression caused by its predecessor.

After that, Peladan issued year by year a dozen other volumes on *la décadence latine*, each more mystic, more extreme and more absurd than before. They are truly impossible books ; read off-hand and merely as stories they would not be uninteresting, but the constantly recurring mysticism, the introduction of unheard-of words ; the *androgynous* and *gynandrous* characters all combining to force the author's scheme upon one, do much to prevent any real interest. The series represents the worst of the decadent literature : its scenes are drawn from the lowest side of Paris and its pictures are revolting in the extreme. That the work is done with considerable power no one will deny, but it is equally certain that the Sar has made nothing but notoriously bad use of his talents.

Aside from his novels, he has obtained some reputation for his shortcomings as a dramatist. He is the author of the *Prince of Byzance*, "Drame Wagnerien en 5 actes, Refusé à l'Odéon et à la Comédie-Française," The *Son of the Stars*, "Pastorale Kaldéenne en 3 actes, Refusée le 3 mars, 1892, à la Comédie-Française," and others. Not content with slurring the Odéon and the Comédie-Française by stating that they refused his plays, the Sar goes a step farther and reprints in all of his books the letters from the managers of these theaters explaining why the plays were not accepted. "The situations in *The Prince of Byzance*" are frightfully immoral, the play is much too long, the language and sentiments are beyond the comprehension of the public ; the work is full of mysticism, neo-platonism, of abstractions and so forth, very pretty things, but appalling to the mass of spec-

tators. For these reasons," wrote M. Porel, "the Prince of Byzance could not be accepted by the Odéon."

For the "Son of the Stars" the letter was much the same, and, like the others, it is constantly reprinted in the front or back of the Sar's various books. It is doubtless intended as a damnation of the theater managers, but these gentlemen justify their refusal of the plays so well that the things react strongly against M. Peladan, and in the end one must believe that, after all, his plays are pretty bad.

Among his other plays are several which he has immortally distinguished as "Wagneries" — the word is funny enough in French.

Yet M. Peladan's eulogies of Wagner are forceful and undoubtedly sincere. The dedication to *La Queste du Graal* reads:

AV GRAND POÈTE
TRAGIQUE
A RICHARD WAGNER
SON SEUL ÉLÈVE
SAR JOSÉPHIN PELADAN
DÉDIE
CES EVMOLPÉES
COMME
AV PLUS SVBLIME
DEVIS SHAKESPEARE
ET CONSACRE
LES OEUVRES DRAMATIQUES
SOVS L'INVOCATION
DE
BAYREVTH

In 1890, the Sar dedicated his *Cœur en Peine* to the memory of his father, Chevalier Adrien Peladan:

"Mon Père, qui maintenant êtes aux cieux, de

Malchut, aidez-moi à tenter le victorieux effort en Yesod, à réaliser Hod en l'Amour pur; que Netsah m'élève grace aux prestiges conquis en Tipheret; sauf devant Géburath, accueilli par Chesed et lavé de toute indignité, que mon culte de Binah et le baiser d'Hochmah m'élèvent jusqu'à Kether, où vous êtes, le front lauré de pensées sublimes, sous le regard de Dieu."

His *Curieuse* was dedicated to his brother, Doctor Adrien Peladan, fils:

"Poisoned, the 29th of September, 1885, by the Chemist Wilmar Schwabe, of Leipzig, who had sent him—instead of a third decimal required—a first of strychnine, that is to say, the death of 1,250 persons."

The Sar's other works consist of three volumes issued under the head of the "Amphitheatre of Dead Sciences;" and several small books on the constitution and doctrines of the Rose † Croix. It is from his connection with the latter institution that most of his notoriety has come. He is the Grand Master of the Laical Order of the Rose † Croix of the Temple and of the Grail, "a brotherhood of intellectual charity, consecrated to the accomplishment of works of mercy according to the Holy Ghost of which it seeks to augment the glory and to prepare the reign." The creed of the order is very interesting and its seven intellectual objects are as follows:

I. To give a method and a synthesis to the spirits of two decades which seek a counter-poison for the academic style of instruction.

II. To apply to elegant life, incapable of virtues, the æsthetic norm.

III. To open to women the fairy way in compensation for the amorous activity which is stopped.

IV. To bring the pleasures and even *la mode* under the rule of Beauty.

V. To make each one share in the science of all by creating a corps of specialists in constant relation with him.

VI. To bring into the sacred order all of those things which religion rejects as profane.

VII. To æstheticise all of those things which the world abandons to the risk of temperaments and of manners and customs.

These seven intellectual objects manifest themselves along three lines of activity :

The Rose † Croix is the brotherhood of work-
ingmen.

The Temple—the assembly of the Voluntaries.

The Grail—the college of the Believing.

The first orthodoxy is Beauty.

The second orthodoxy is Charity

The third orthodoxy is Subtlety

These are differences rather than degrees; there is communion between the series, and not subordination.

It is only within the past few years that the secrets of the Rose † Croix have been made public. These extracts from the constitution give as clear an idea of the aims and character of the order as one can easily get. The requirements for admission to the brotherhood are not difficult. “Artists,” says the Sar, “Believe in the Parthenon and Saint Ouen, in Leonardo and the winged Victory of Samothrace, in Beethoven and Parsifal, and you will be admitted to the Rose † Croix.”

The order in its present form is entirely the creation of Sar Peladan: it represents him and his work. The movement in essence is much the same as that started by the Rossettis, Holman Hunt and the pre-Raphælite Brotherhood in England, although the development and the decorations are different. Had Rossetti been brought

up in the extreme Catholicism of the older Peladans, his enthusiasm would doubtless have carried the pre-Raphælites in the same direction as the Rosicrucians. The work of the Sar has had important results already : at a time when the whole tendency of art was realistic, he and his band of followers preserved something of the poetry and charm of older work : their own salon offered much that was exceptionally good, and among their number they counted many men who would have honored the other and greater exhibitions.

It is hard, however, to overlook the sentimental trash with which they have framed their work ; it is difficult to get beyond the impression if not of charlatanism, at least of consummate absurdity and it will be long before the productions of the Sar can claim our attention as serious efforts. In the meantime we are tempted to add an amen to one of the Sar's prayers :

“ We, by the divine mercy and the assent of our brothers, Grand Master of the Rose † Croix, of the Temple, and of the Grail ;

In Roman Catholic communion with Joseph of Arimathea, Hugues des Paièns and Dante ;

To all those of the century — that it may be memorable for ever ;

Prostrate before the Holy Ghost and imploring its light — we supplicate humanity and history to pardon our indignity.”

The Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

HERBERT STUART STONE, EDITOR

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"The above is one of the author's early 'Essays of the Road.' Why left unfinished I cannot remember or guess, for it seems to me one of the most pleasing and characteristic of its class. It records the first part of a walking tour of some seventy miles undertaken by Stevenson for health's sake (and with very good effects) between the 8th and 17th of January, 1876."



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MY mother bade me not to pass
Too near her shining looking-glass.
I thought it strange such things to say
To just a little girl at play ; —
And so one hour of mortal sin
I crept quite close and long looked in.
And, oh I saw within, I guess,
Something men call — a sorceress.
DOROTHEA MOORE.

SAVORY MEATS

IN THE bushy thicket the doe stood, trembling,
over the young one to which she had given birth
in the early part of the night. A light wind began to breathe just before dawn, and in its languid throbbing the slim twigs and half unfolded leaves from time to time rustled stiffly. Over the tree-tops, and from the open spaces in the wood, could be seen the first cold pallor of approaching day ; and one pink thread, a finger long, outlined a lonely fragment of the horizon. But in the bushy thicket it was dark. The mother could not see her little one, but kept feeling it anxiously and lightly with her silken nose. She was waiting till it should be strong enough to rise and nurse.

As the pink thread became scarlet and crept along a wider arc, and the cold light spread, there came from a far-off hillside the trailing echo of a howl. It was the cry of a wolf hunting alone. It hardly penetrated the depths of the bushy thicket ; but the doe heard it, and faced about to the point whence it came, and stamped angrily with slim, sharp hoof. Her muzzle was held

high, and her nostrils expanded tensely, weighing and analyzing every scent that came on the chill air. But the dread cry was not repeated. No smell of danger breathed in to her retreat. The light stole at last through the many-tangled branches. Then the little one struggled to its feet, its spotted sides still heaving under the stress of their new expansion; and the doe, with lowered head and neck bent far around, watched it with great eyes as it pressed its groping mouth against her udder and learned to feed.

Presently the sides of branch and stem and leaf, facing the dawn, took on a hue of pink. A male song-sparrow, not yet feeling quite at home after his journey from the south, sang hesitatingly from the top of a bush. A pair of crows squawked gutturally and confidentially in a tree-top, where they contemplated nesting. Everything was wet, but it was a tonic and stimulating wetness, like that of a vigorous young swimmer climbing joyously out of a cool stream. The air had a sharp savor, a smell of gummy, aromatic buds, and sappy twigs, and pungent young leaves. But the body of the scent, which seemed like the very person of Spring, was the effluence of the fresh earth, broken and turned up to the air by millions of tiny little thrusting blades. Presently, when the light fell into the thicket with a steeper slant, the doe stepped away and left her little one lying, hardly to be discerned, on a spotted heap of dead leaves and moss. She stole noiselessly out of the thicket. She was going to pasture on the sprouting grasses of a neighboring wild meadow, and to drink at the amber stream that bordered it. She knew that, in her absence, the little one's instinct would teach him to keep so still that no marauder's eye would be likely to detect him.

Two or three miles away from the thicket, in the heart of the same deep-wooded wilderness, stood a long, low-roofed log cabin on the edge of a narrow clearing. The yard was strewn with chips, some bright and new, the rest in varying stages of decay. A lean pig rooted among them, turning up the black soil that lay beneath. An axe and a black iron pot stood on the battered step before the door. In the window appeared the face of an old man, gazing blankly out upon the harsh-featured scene.

The room where the old man sat was roughly ceiled and walled with brown boards. The sunlight streamed in the window, showing the red stains of rust on the cracked kitchen stove, and casting an oblong figure of brightness on the faded patchwork quilt which covered the low bed in the corner. Two years earlier John Hackett had been an erect and powerful woodsman, strong in the task of carving himself a home out of the unyielding wilderness. Then, his wife had died of a swift congestion. A few weeks later he had been struck down with paralysis, from which he partly recovered to find himself grown suddenly senile and a helpless invalid. On his one son, Silas, fell the double task of caring for him and working the scant, half-subjugated farm.

Streaks and twines of yellowish white were scattered thickly amid the ragged blackness of the old man's hair and beard. The strong, gaunt lines of his features consorted strangely with the piteous weakness that now trembled in his eyes and on his lower lip. He sat in a big home-made easy chair which Silas had constructed for him by sawing a quarter-section out of a hogshead. This rude frame the lad had lined laboriously with straw and coarse sacking, and his father had taken great delight in it.

A soiled quilt of blue, magenta and white squares wrapped the old man's legs as he sat by the window watching for Silas to come in. His withered hands picked ceaselessly at the quilt.

"I wish Si 'd come! I want my breakfast!" he kept repeating, now wistfully, now fretfully. His gaze wandered from the window to the stove, from the stove to the window, with slow regularity. When the pig came rooting into his line of vision, it vexed him, and he muttered peevishly to himself:

"That there hog 'll hev the whole place rooted up! I wish Si 'd come an' drive him out of that!"

At last Si came. The old man's face smoothed itself, and a loving light came into his eyes as the lad adjusted the pillow at his head. The doings of the hog were forgotten.

Si bustled about to get breakfast, the old man's eyes following every movement. The tea was placed on the back of the stove to draw. A plate of cold buckwheat cakes was brought out of the cupboard and set on the clumsy table. A cup, with its handle broken off, was half filled with molasses for "sweetenin'," and placed beside the buckwheat cakes. Then Si cut some thick slices of salt pork and began to fry them. They "sizzled" cheerfully in the pan, and to Si, with his vigorous morning appetite, the odour was rare and fine. But the old man was troubled by it. His hands picked faster at the quilt.

"Si," said he, in a quavering voice that rose and fell without regard to the force of the words, "I know ye can't help it, but my stomach's turned agin the salt pork! It's been a-comin' on me this long while, that I could n't eat it no more. An' now it's come! Pork, pork, pork — I can't eat it no more, Si! But there, I

know ye can't help it. Ye're a good boy, a kind son, Si, an' ye can't help it!"

Si went on turning the slices with an old fork, till the quavering voice stopped. Then he cried cheerfully:

"Try an' eat a leetle mite of it, father. This 'ere tea's *fine*, an' 'll sort of wash it down. An' while I'm a-workin' in the back field this mornin' I'll try an' think of somethin' to kinder tickle your appetite!"

The old man shook his head gloomily.

"I can't eat no more fried pork, Si," said he. "Not if I die for it! I know ye can't help it. An' it do n't matter, fur I won't be here much longer, anyways. It 'll be a sight better fur you, Si, when I'm gone—but I kinder do n't like to leave ye here all alone. Seems like I kinder keep the house warm fur ye till ye come home! I do n't like to think of ye comin' in an' findin' the house all empty, Si! But it's been powerful empty, with jist you an' me, sence mother died. It useter be powerful good, Si, did n't it, comin' home an' findin' her a-awaitin' fur us, an' the hot supper ready on the table, an' the lamp a-shinin' cheerful? An' what suppers she could cook! D' ye mind the pies, an' the stews, an' the fried deer's meat? I could eat some of that fried deer's meat now, Si. An' I feel like it would make me better. It ain't no fault of yourn, Si, but I can't eat no more salt pork!"

Si lifted the half-browned slices of yellow and crimson onto a plate, poured the gravy over them, and set the plate on the table. Then he dragged his father's chair over to the table, helped him to tea, and buckwheat cakes, and molasses, and sat down to his own meal. The fried pork disappeared swiftly in his strong young jaws, while his father nibbled reluctantly at the cold and soggy cakes. Si cleared the table, fed the fire, dragged

his father back to the sunny window, and then took down the long gun, with the powder-horn and shot-pouch, which hung on pegs behind the door.

The old man noticed what he was doing.

"Ain't ye goin' to work in the back field, Si?" he asked plaintively.

"No, father!" said the lad. "I'm going a-gunnin'. Ef I do n't have some o' that fried deer's meat fur your supper to-night, like mother useter fix fur ye, my name ain't Silas Hackett!"

He set a tin of fresh water on the window-ledge, within reach of his father's hand, gave one tender touch to the pillow, and went out quickly. The old man's eyes strained after him till he disappeared in the woods.

Silas walked with the noiseless speed of the trained woodsman. His heart was big with pity for his father, and heavy with a sense of approaching loss. But instinctively his eyes took note of the new life beginning to surge about him in myriad and tumultuous activity. It surged, too, in the answering current of his strong young blood; and from time to time he would forget his heaviness utterly for a moment, thrilled through and through by a snatch of bird-song, or a glimpse of rose-red maple-buds, or a gleam of ineffable blueness through the tree-tops, or a strange, clean-smelling wind that made him stop and stretch his lungs to take it in. Suddenly he came upon a fresh deer-track.

The sorcery of spring was forgotten. His heaviness was forgotten. He was now just the hunter, keen upon the trail of the quarry. Bending low, silent as a shadow, peering like a panther, he slipped between the great trunks, and paused in the fringe of downy-catkin'd willows that marked the meadow's edge. On the other side of the meadow he saw the form of a doe, drinking.

He heard, on the wet air, the sharp, chiming brawl of the brook, fretted by some obstruction. He took a careful aim. The doe lifted her head, satisfied, and ready to return to her young one in the thicket. A shot rang out across the meadow, and she sprang into the air, to fall back with her slender muzzle in the stream, her forelegs bent beneath her, her hindlegs twitching convulsively for a moment before they stiffened out upon the grass.

As Silas staggered homeward he was no longer the keen hunter. He no longer heard the summons of the spring morning. All he thought of was the pleasure which would light up the wan and piteous face of the old man in the chair by the window, when the savory smell of the frying deer's meat should fill the dusky air of the cabin. As he crossed the chip-strewn yard he saw his father's face watching for him. He dropped his burden at the door, and entered, panting and triumphant.

"I've got it fur ye, father!" he cried, softly touching the tremulous hands with his big brown fingers.

"I'm right glad, Si," quavered the old man, "but I'm a site gladder to see ye back! The hours is long when ye're not by me! Oh, but ye do mind me of your mother, Si!"

Si took the carcass to the shed, dressed it carefully, and then, after cutting several thick slices from the haunch, stowed it in the black little hole of a cellar beneath the cabin floor. He put some fair potatoes to boil, and proceeded to fry the juicy steaks which the old man loved. The fragrance of them presently filled the cabin. The old man's eyes grew brighter, and his hands less tremulous. When the smoking and sputtering dish was set on the table, Silas again drew up the big chair, and the two made a joyous meal. The old man ate as

he had not eaten for months, and the generous warmth of the fresh meat put new life into his withered veins. His under lip grew firmer, his voice steadier, his brain more clear. With a gladness that brought tears into his eyes, Silas marked the change.

“Father,” he cried, “ye look more like yerself than I’ve seen ye these two year past!”

And the old man replied, with a ring of returning hope in his voice:

“This ’ere deer’s meat’s more’n any medicine. Ef I git well, ever, seems to me it’ll be accordin’ to what I eat or don’t eat, more’n anything else!”

“Whatever ye think’ll help ye, that ye shall hev, father,” declared Silas, “ef I hev to crawl on hands an’ knees all day an’ all night fur it!”

Meanwhile, in the heart of the bushy thicket, on the spotted heap of leaves and moss, lay the little fawn, waiting for its mother. It was trembling now with hunger and chill. But its instinct kept it silent all day long. The afternoon light died out. Twilight brought a bitter chill to the depths of the thicket. When night came, hunger, cold, and fear at last overcame the little one’s muteness. From time to time it gave a plaintive cry, then waited, and listened for its mother’s coming. The cry was feeble, but there were keen ears in the forest to catch it. There came a stealthy crackling in the bushes, and the fawn struggled to its feet with a little cry of glad expectation. Two green eyes, close to the ground, floated near. There was a pounce, a scuffle — and then the soft, fierce, whispering sound of a wildcat satisfying itself with blood.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



A BUCCANEER CHORUS

THEY say the Devil has fled from Hell
To sail on the Spanish Main ;—
By the yoke of the Spell—the Folk say well
When they say that the Devil has fled from hell.

From out the Sea-Born Sunset is cast a crimson
tinge,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men,—

The Gates of Hell yawn redly upon the
World's grey hinge,

And we sail to the Postern to see the Devils
cringe,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a band of Four-
score Men.

The Sea moans Dead Men's Dirges, Shapes
muster Soul on Soul,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men,—

There creeps a Cloud before us, an ashen
aureole—

The Beast of Hell has littered, and Morgan
is her foal!

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men.

And Life is but a Tavern, so let us stay and Sup,
With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men,—

And Death is in the Taproom and Hell is in
the Cup,

And Death's a Merry Gentleman, so drink
the potion up ;

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men.

For though Life is worth the Living, when Life
is on the Sea,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men,—

And it's worth the Devil's forfeit to let the arm
swing free,

And show the Spanish Dastards what Men
the Rovers be ;

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men.

Come, Death, you royal Gamester, and have a
final bout,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men,—

For we are growing weary of the Revel and
the Rout,

And while the Dice are rattling, go Snuff
the Candle out,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-
score Men.

They say the Devil has fled from Hell

To sail on the Spanish Main ;—

By the Thrice-sworn Spell—the Folk say well

When they say that the Devil has fled from Hell.

—EUGENE R. WHITE.



DRAWING BY RAYMOND CROSBY

A POSY

I LOVED my Love. The spring was fair,
The hedgerows gleamed with violets blue;
You doubt I loved — but I can swear
The violets knew!

I loved my Love. We met and kissed
Among the wheat where poppies grew;
They feigned to dream — but I insist
The poppies knew.

I loved my Love, but love grew cold.
The sunflower's face was wet with dew;
His gold crest drooped — you could have told
The sunflower knew.

I lost my Love. Amid the snow
We laid my Love whose heart was true.
And there, as flowers may weep and know,
The snowdrops knew.

BEATRICE ROSENTHAL.

A WINTER'S WALK IN CARRICK
AND GALLOWAY

AT the famous bridge of Doon, Kyle, the central district of the shire of Ayr, marches with Carrick, the most southerly. On the Carrick side of the river rises a hill of somewhat gentle conformation, cleft with shallow dells, and sown here and there with farms and tufts of wood. Inland, it loses itself, joining, I suppose, the great herd of similar hills that occupies the center of the Lowlands. Towards the sea, it swells out the coast-line into a protuberance, like

a bay-window in a plan, and is fortified against the surf behind bold crags. This hill is known as the Brown Hill of Carrick, or, more shortly, Brown Carrick.

It had snowed overnight. The fields were all sheeted up ; they were tucked in among the snow, and their shape was modelled through the pliant counterpane, like children tucked in by a fond mother. The wind had made ripples and folds upon the surface, like what the sea, in quiet weather, leaves upon the sand. There was a frosty stifle in the air. An effusion of coppery light on the summit of Brown Carrick showed where the sun was trying to look through ; but along the horizon clouds of cold fog had settled down, so that there was no distinction of sky and sea. Over the white shoulders of the headlands, or in the opening of bays, there was nothing but a great vacancy and blackness ; and the road as it drew near the edge of the cliff seemed to skirt the shores of creation and void space.

The snow crunched underfoot, and at farms all the dogs broke out barking as they smelt a passer-by upon the road. I met a fine old fellow, who might have sat as the father in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and who swore most heathenishly at a cow he was driving. And a little after I scraped acquaintance with a poor body tramping out to gather cockles. His face was wrinkled by exposure ; it was broken up into flakes and channels, like mud beginning to dry, and weathered in two colours, an incongruous pink and grey. He had a faint air of being surprised — which, God knows, he might well be — that life had gone so ill with him. The shape of his trousers was in itself a jest, so strangely were they bagged and ravelled about his knees ; and his coat was all bedaubed with clay as though he had lain in a rain-dub during the New Year's festivity. I will

own I was not sorry to think he had had a merry new year, and been young again for an evening; but I was sorry to see the mark still there. One could not expect such an old gentleman to be much of a dandy, or a great student of respectability in dress; but there might have been a wife at home, who had brushed out similar stains after fifty new years, now become old, or a round-armed daughter, who would wish to have him neat, were it only out of self-respect and for the ploughman sweetheart when he looks round at night. Plainly, there was nothing of this in his life, and years and loneliness hung heavily on his old arms. He was seventy-six, he told me; and nobody would give a day's work to a man that age: they would think he could n't do it. "And, 'deed," he went on with a sad little chuckle, "'deed, I doubt if I could." He said good-bye to me at a foot-path, and crippled wearily off to his work. It will make your heart ache if you think of his old fingers groping in the snow.

He told me I was to turn down beside the school-house for Dunure. And so, when I found a lone house among the snow and heard a babble of childish voices from within, I struck off into a steep road leading downwards to the sea. Dunure lies close under the steep hill—a haven among the rocks, a breakwater in consummate disrepair, much apparatus for drying nets, and a score or so of fishers' houses. Hard by, a few shards of ruined castle overhang the sea, a few vaults, and one tall gable honeycombed with windows. The snow lay on the beach to the tide-mark. It was daubed onto the sills of the ruin; it roosted in the crannies of the rock like white sea-birds; even on outlying reefs there would be a little cock of snow, like a toy light-house. Everything was grey and white in a cold and

dolorous sort of shepherd's plaid. In the profound silence, broken only by the noise of oars at sea, a horn was sounded twice; and I saw the postman, girt with two bags, pause a moment at the end of the clachan for letters. It is, perhaps, characteristic of Dunure that none were brought him.

The people at the public-house did not seem well pleased to see me, and though I would fain have stayed by the kitchen fire, sent me "ben the hoose" into the guest-room. This guest-room at Dunure was painted in quite æsthetic fashion. There are rooms in the same taste, not a hundred miles from London, where persons of an extreme sensibility meet together without embarrassment. It was all in a fine dull bottle-green and black; a grave, harmonious piece of colouring, with nothing, so far as coarser folk can judge, to hurt the better feelings of the most exquisite purist. A cherry-red half window blind kept up an imaginary warmth in the cold room, and threw quite a glow on the floor. Twelve cockle-shells and a halfpenny china figure were ranged solemnly along the mantelshelf. Even the spittoon was an original note, and, instead of saw-dust, contained sea-shells. And as for the hearth-rug, it would merit an article to itself, and a coloured diagram to help the text. It was patchwork, but the patchwork of the poor; no glowing shreds of old brocade and Chinese silk, shaken together in the kaleidoscope of some tasteful housewife's fancy; but a work of art in its own way, and plainly a labour of love. The patches came exclusively from people's raiment. There was no colour more brilliant than a heather mixture; "My Johnnie's gréy breeks," well polished over the oar on the boat's thwart, entered largely into its composition. And the spoils of an old black cloth coat, that had been many a Sunday to

church, added something (save the mark !) of preciousness to the material.

While I was at luncheon four carters came in — long-limbed, muscular Ayrshire Scots, with lean, intelligent faces. Four quarts of stout were ordered ; they kept filling the tumbler with the other hand as they drank ; and in less time than it takes me to write these words the four quarts were finished — another round was proposed, discussed and negatived — and they were creaking out of the village with their carts.

The ruins drew you towards them. You never saw any place more desolate from a distance, nor one that less belied its promise near at hand. Some crows and gulls flew away croaking as I scrambled in. The snow had drifted into the vaults. The clachan dabbled with snow, the white hills, the black sky, the sea marked in the coves with faint circular wrinkles, the whole world, as it looked from a loophole in Dunure, was cold, wretched and out-at-elbows. If you had been a wicked baron and compelled to stay there all the afternoon, you would have had a rare fit of remorse. How you would have heaped up the fire and gnawed your fingers ! I think it would have come to homicide before the evening — if it were only for the pleasure of seeing something red ! And the masters of Dunure, it is to be noticed, were remarkable of old for inhumanity. One of these vaults where the snow had drifted was that “black voute” where “Mr. Alane Stewart, Commendator of Crossraguel,” endured his fiery trials. On the first and seventh of September, 1570 (ill dates for Mr. Alan !), Gilbert, Earl of Cassilis, his chaplain, his baker, his cook, his pantryman, and another servant bound the poor Commendator “betwix an iron chimlay and a fire,” and there cruelly roasted him until he signed away his

abbacy. It is one of the ugliest stories of an ugly period, but not, somehow, without such a flavour of the ridiculous as makes it hard to sympathize quite seriously with the victim. And it is consoling to remember that he got away at last, and kept his abbacy, and, over and above, had a pension from the Earl until he died.

Some way beyond Dunure a wide bay, of somewhat less unkindly aspect, opened out. Colzean plantations lay all along the steep shore, and there was a wooded hill towards the centre, where the trees made a sort of shadowy etching over the snow. The road went down and up, and past a blacksmith's cottage that made fine music in the valley. Three compatriots of Burns drove up to me in a cart. They were all drunk, and asked me jeeringly if this was the way to Dunure. I told them it was; and my answer was received with unfeigned merriment. One gentleman was so much tickled, he nearly fell out of the cart; indeed, he was only saved by a companion, who either had not so fine a sense of humour or had drunken less.

"The toune of Mayboll," says the inimitable Abercrommie,* "stands upon an ascending ground from east to west, and lyes open to the south. It hath one principall street, with houses upon both sides, built of free-stone; and it is beautified with the situation of two castles, one at each end of this street. That on the east belongs to the Erle of Cassilis. On the west end is a castle, which belonged sometime to the laird of Blair-quan, which is now the tolbuith, and is adorned with a pyremide [conical roof], and a row of ballesters round it raised from the top of the staircase, into which they have mounted a fyne clock. There be four lanes which

*William Abercrombie. See "*Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*," under "Maybole." (Part III.)

pass from the principall street ; one is called the Back Vennel, which is steep, declining to the southwest, and leads to a lower street, which is far larger than the high chief street, and it runs from the Kirkland to the Well Trees, in which there have been many pretty buildings, belonging to the severall gentry of the countrey, who were wont to resort thither in winter, and divert themselves in converse together at their owne houses. It was once the principall street of the town ; but, many of these houses of the gentry having been decayed and ruined, it has lost much of its ancient beautie. Just opposite to this vennel, there is another that leads north-west, from the chiefe street to the green, which is a pleasant plott of ground, enclosed round with an earthen wall; wherein they were wont to play football, but now at the Gowff and byasse-bowls. The houses of this towne, on both sides of the street, have their several gardens belonging to them ; and in the lower street there be some pretty orchards, that yield store of good fruit." As Patterson says, this description is near enough even to-day, and is mighty nicely written to boot. I am bound to add, of my own experience, that Maybole is tumble-down and dreary. Prosperous enough in reality, it has an air of decay ; and though the population has increased, a roofless house, every here and there, seems to protest the contrary. The women are more than well favoured, and the men fine tall fellows ; but they look slipshod and dissipated. As they slouched at street corners, or stood about gossiping in the snow, it seemed they would have been more at home in the slums of a large city than here in a country place betwixt a village and a town. I heard a great deal about drinking, and a great deal about religious revivals : two things in which the Scottish character is emphatic and most unlovely. In particular,

I heard of clergymen who were employing their time in explaining to a delighted audience the physics of the Second Coming. It is not very likely any of us will be asked to help. If we were, it is likely we should receive instructions for the occasion, and that on more reliable authority. And so I can only figure to myself a congregation truly curious in such flights of theological fancy, as one of veteran and accomplished saints, who have fought the good fight to an end and outlived all worldly passion, and are to be regarded rather as a part of the Church Triumphant than the poor, imperfect company on earth. And yet I saw some young fellows about the smoking-room who seemed, in the eyes of one who cannot count himself strait-laced, in need of some more practical sort of teaching. They seemed only eager to get drunk, and to do so speedily. It was not much more than a week after the New Year; and to hear them return on their past bouts with a gusto unspeakable was not altogether pleasing. Here is one snatch of talk, for the accuracy of which I can vouch.

“Ye had a spree here last Thursday?”

“We had that!”

“I wasnae able to be oot o’ my bed. Man, I was awful bad on Wednesday.”

“Aye, ye were gey bad.”

And you should have seen the bright eyes, and heard the sensual accents! They recalled their doings with devout gusto and a sort of rational pride. Schoolboys, after their first drunkenness, are not more boastful; a cock does not plume himself with a more unmingled satisfaction as he paces forth among his harem; and yet these were grown men, and by no means short of wit. It was hard to suppose they were very eager about the Second Coming: it seemed as if some

elementary notions of temperance for the men and seemliness for the women would have gone nearer the mark. And yet, as it seemed to me typical of much that is evil in Scotland, Maybole is also typical of much that is best. Some of the factories, which have taken the place of weaving in the town's economy, were originally founded and are still possessed by self-made men of the sterling, stout old breed — fellows who made some little bit of an invention, borrowed some little pocketful of capital, and then, step by step, in courage, thrift, and industry, fought their way upward to an assured position.

Abercrummie has told you enough of the Tolbooth ; but, as a bit of spelling, this inscription on the Tolbooth bell seems too delicious to withhold : “ This bell is founded at Maiboll Bi Danel Geli, a Frenchman, the 6th November 1696, Bi appointment of the heritors of the parish of Maiyboll.” The Castle deserves more notice. It is a large and shapely tower, plain from the ground upward, but with a zone of ornamentation running about the top. In a general way this adornment is perched on the very summit of the chimney-stacks ; but there is one corner more elaborate than the rest. A very heavy string-course runs round the upper storey, and just above this, facing up the street, the tower carries a small oriel window, fluted and corbelled and carved about with stone heads. It is so ornate it has somewhat the air of a shrine. And it was, indeed, the casket of a very precious jewel, for in the room to which it gives light lay, for long years, the heroine of the sweet old ballad of “ Johnnie Faa ” — she who, at the call of the gipsies' songs, “ came tripping down the stair, and all her maids before her.” Some people say the ballad has no basis in fact, and have written, I

believe, unanswerable papers to the proof. But in the face of all that, the very look of that high oriel window convinces the imagination, and we enter into all the sorrows of the imprisoned dame. We conceive the burthen of the long, lack-lustre days, when she leaned her sick head against the mullions, and saw the burghers loafing in Maybole High Street, and the children at play, and ruffling gallants riding by from hunt or foray. We conceive the passion of odd moments, when the wind threw up to her some snatch of song, and her heart grew hot within her, and her eyes overflowed at the memory of the past. And even if the tale be not true of this or that lady, or this or that old tower, it is true in the essence of all men and women. For all of us, some time or other, hear the gipsies singing ; over all of us is the glamour cast. Some resist and sit resolutely by the fire. Most go and are brought back again, like Lady Cassilis. A few of the tribe of Waring go and are seen no more ; only now and again, at spring-time, when the gipsies' song is afloat in the amethyst evening, we can catch their voices in the glen.

By night it was clearer, and Maybole more visible than during the day. Clouds coursed over the sky in great masses ; the full moon battled the other way, and lit up the snow with gleams of flying silver ; the town came down the hill in a cascade of brown gables, bestridden by smooth white roofs, and spangled here and there with lighted windows. At either end the snow stood high up in the darkness, on the peak of the Tolbooth and among the chimneys of the Castle. As the moon flashed a bull's-eye glitter across the town between the racing clouds, the white roofs leaped into relief over the gables and the chimney-stacks, and their shadows over the white roofs. In the town itself the lit

face of the clock peered down the street ; an hour was hammered out on Mr. Geli's bell, and from behind the red curtains of a public-house someone trolled out — a compatriot of Burns, again ! — “ The saut tear blin's my e'e.”

Next morning there was sun and a flapping wind. From the street corners of Maybole I could catch breezy glimpses of green fields. The road underfoot was wet and heavy — part ice, part snow, part water ; and anyone I met greeted me, by way of salutation, with, “ A fine thowe ” (thaw). My way lay among rather bleak hills, and past bleak ponds and dilapidated castles and monasteries to the Highland-looking village of Kirkoswald. It has little claim to notice, save that Burns came there to study surveying in the summer of 1777, and there also, in the kirkyard, the original of Tam o' Shanter sleeps his last sleep. It is worth noticing, however, that this was the first place I thought “ Highland-looking.” Over the hill from Kirkoswald a farm road leads to the coast. As I came down above Turnberry, the sea view was indeed strangely different from the day before. The cold fogs were all blown away ; and there was Ailsa Craig, like a refraction, magnified and deformed, of the Bass Rock ; and there were the chiselled mountain tops of Arran, veined and tipped with snow ; and behind and fainter the low, blue land of Cantyre. Cottony clouds stood, in a great castle, over the top of Arran, and blew out in long streamers to the south. The sea was bitten all over with white ; little ships, tacking up and down the Firth, lay over at different angles in the wind. On Shanter, they were ploughing lea ; a cart foal, all in a field by himself, capered and whinnied as if the spring were in him.

The road from Turnberry to Girvan lies along the shore, among sand-hills and by wildernesses of tumbled bent. Every here and there a few cottages stood together beside a bridge. They had one odd feature, not easy to describe in words : a triangular porch projected from above the door, supported at the apex by a single upright post ; a secondary door was hinged to the post and could be hasped on either cheek of the real entrance ; so, whether the wind was north or south, the cotter could make himself a triangular bight of shelter where to set his chair and finish a pipe with comfort. There is one objection to this device : for, as the post stands in the middle of the fairway, anyone precipitately issuing from the cottage must run his chance of a broken head. So far as I am aware, it is peculiar to the little corner of country about Girvan. And that corner is noticeable for more reasons : it is certainly one of the most characteristic districts in Scotland. It has this movable porch by way of architecture ; it has, as we shall see, a sort of remnant of provincial costume, and it has the handsomest population in the Lowlands.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

[*The above is one of its author's early "Essays of the Road."* Why left unfinished I cannot remember or guess, for it seems to me one of the most pleasing and characteristic of its class. It records the first part of a walking tour of some seventy miles, undertaken by Stevenson for health's sake (and with very good effects), between the 8th and the 17th of January, 1876.

SIDNEY COLVIN.]



PORTRAIT OF ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

THE DEAD OAK

THE November day was drawing to a close. The shadows were deepening in the pine forest that lay on one side of the sandy road. On the other side, the corn stalks stood in level rows against the yellow of the sunset. My horse limped painfully, for he had cast a shoe several hours since, and my hurried ride through a thinly inhabited part of lower Maryland, with which I was unfamiliar, had so far brought me near no blacksmith's shop. Great, then, was my relief, on passing the wood, to find a three-cross roads, a small house with a shed from which rang the measured stroke of the anvil, while the square of the door was ruddy with the forge fire.

After calling loudly and waiting in vain for a reply, I dismounted. Just then the blacksmith came to the door, a big, low-browed, long-haired fellow, of few words. After examining my horse's feet, he announced that it would be necessary to replace not only the missing shoe, but also three others.

As he proceeded slowly to work, I saw that there was before me the prospect of a long wait which did not promise to be agreeable, for the man was either surly or stupid, and gave out monosyllabic replies in answer to my questions about the country. A dreary country it was, that through which I was passing; flat, sandy, impoverished, the virtue having been tilled out of the soil for two hundred years. Now that the old landed proprietors had departed to the cities, the majority of the inhabitants were miserable poor whites and negroes, principally fishermen and oystermen. Here and there one came across a relic of the past, an old manor house, ruined or deserted, the property generally of one man, a

former overseer, who seemed to own most of the country.

And yet there was a charm of the past over this low-lying land—a blaze of glory in the west, reflected in the broad river that almost lapped the roots of the huge pine forests that grew along its banks.

As I stood at the door of the smithy, looking eastward, I could see only one exception to this sombre monotony of pines. On the roadside, in the middle of a dense sweep of meadows, entirely isolated, stood a huge oak tree, the only one of its kind to be seen for miles around.

“That must be a pretty old tree,” I remarked.

“The Dead Oak? Many a hundred years old, I reckon.”

“It does n’t look dead to me,” I answered; “it has a dense foliage.”

“That’s what they call it—the Dead Oak. A man hung himself to it three years ago,” said the smith, with some show of animation.

“One of the neighborhood?”

“No; a stranger round here. Nobody ever could find out where he come from, Washington likely. The niggers say it’s ha’nted.”

“How is that?” I asked, much interested.

“Don’t know; just ha’nted,” said the man, gruffly, relapsing into silence amid a fire of sparks.

Leaving my taciturn companion, I sauntered down to the road, my steps turning intuitively in the direction of the old tree.

A chill wind came from the river, and a flight of crows with harsh cries arose from its branches, as it stood, the central landmark in the stretch of meadows. On one side of the road was a zigzag rail fence, and on the top-

most rail of this, under the tree, I seated myself. The lowest branches almost touched my head, and the dry and dense foliage rustled with every breeze.

Just beyond were two wooden posts, the entrance of a carriage-way leading through a corn-field to what I had not noticed before, a large house far back from the road. As I sat there, facing the afterglow of the sunset, I became aware of the figure of an old negro coming slowly through the corn-rows, through the gate,—a bent negro with bushy white hair. Taking off his rabbit-skin cap, with a courtly bow he seated himself on the roots of the tree.

For some moments we sat there in silence, the old man with his hands folded, gazing into the west.

“Good evening, uncle,” I ventured to remark. “Do you live near here?”

“Not far away—up dat a-way,” waving his hand indefinitely in the direction of the shadowy mansion.

“Have you lived here long?” I asked.

“Many an’ many a year,” he responded wearily. “Ebber sence I cum inter de world. I belonged to Mars’ Brooke up yonder.”

“Then you must know about the man who hung himself here three years ago?”

“He war n’t no man,” said the old darky sternly. “He wuz first quality, my young gen’leman. I ought ter know, kase I buried him bofe times.”

At these words, suddenly a thrill ran over me, a sense of mystery, something accursed brooding over this desolate spot.

“What do you mean?” I demanded. “Who was he?”

“Befo’ de Lord, boss, I don’ know, an’ nobody else does. It came about dis ’er’ way: De first time wuz

years an' years ago. Dar wuz good times in de country den. De quality had n't all gone away an' sol' de ole places to oberseers an' po' white trash. Mars' Harry Brooke wuz keepin' bachelor's hall up dar, an' many 's de high ol' times and junketings dey had. Well, one night dey had a gran' time, a-drinkin' an' a-carryin' on, he an' de udder young gemlemens. 'Bout day de party bruk up, kase de wuz sober enuff den ter ride home. I wuz a young chap den, an' I wuz runnin' on in front ter open de' gate, bar'footed, from de door, kase it war hot weather den, like Injum summer. When I open' de gate I scrich' out 'O Gord!' an' I like ter fall ter de groun', kase dar, wid his face all white an' orful 'gainst de red leabes, a-lookin' me right in de eyes, wuz a man tied to der branch, wid a white han'chif aroun' his neck. It did n't take me long ter jump fo'ward an' take him down, an' when de gemlemen rid up dar he wuz a-lyin' on de groun' an' me a-settin' right hyar on dis same stump wid his curly head on my knees. He war n't quite dead an' his han' kotch mine, an' his beautiful brown eyes closed a minute, an' he gasped like an' died. All de gemlemen dat came up an' stan' 'roun', dey say dey nebber see any one so handsom' ez my young man wuz, jes like one er de marble statues in de parlor, wid a eagle nose, an' a mouth many a young lady must 'a' kissed. But dose days wuz ober fur him fur ebber,— yes, mon.

“De quarest thing wuz, he did n't hab nuthin' on but a shirt, an' dat wuz de fines' quality, real linin, embroidered, but no mark or sign on it ter tell whar he cum from. Nobod'y aint nebber seed him befo' in dis part ob de kentry. Mars' Harry sont all ober the kentry, clar up ter Washin'ton an' Baltimor', but nobody cum fo'ward ter claim him, so he wuz buried. De parson say he can't be buried in de cons'crated groun', kus he mus'

a kill' hisself, so me an' anudder man buried him in de medder, under dis tree, right nigh whar you is a-settin'."

The old man's narrative ran on monotonously. It seemed as natural, as much a part of the scene, as the croaking of the frogs in the deepening twilight, in which it seemed that I could almost see that white face with its aquiline nose and large brown eyes.

"Dat wuz long ago, long ago," the old man resumed, "long ago. De War come an' went, an' Marse Harry wuz killed, an' de firs' people lef' de kentry and de kentry wuz like new-made sod, dirt up'ards; but I nebber fo'got my young gemleman, real quality, hangin' hyar in dis tree, away from all his people. Well, boss, many years parse, an' Mars Harry's oberseer done bought de ole place up dar. One night 'bout three years ago dey gib one er dese hyar big abricultural suppers, an' dey set dare all night eatin' an' drinkin', like dere betters used ter do. It wuz de same time er year, but misty an' damp, an' in de early mornin' I wuz comin' long de road an' I see a crowd gaddered aroun' de tree, jus' like it wuz dat udder mornin' long time ago. When I come up, boss, for Gord! dar wuz my young, beautiful gemleman a-lyin' on de groun', stiff an' stark, in his shirt, wid dat hankerchief 'roun his neck. I wuz glad ter see him ag'in, but he warn't nearly alive, like he wuz befo'. De doctor wuz dere, an' he felt him an' he say, 'Dis man bin dead fo' days. Who has hang dis corpse to dis tree? Who is de man?' Jes like dey say befo', 'Who is de man?' Nobody remember' him 'cept'n' me. De ole crowd dat wuz dere befo', de quality, dey all parsed 'way, what wid de War an' one thing ur nudder, all gone but me. But I nebber said nuthin' ter be called ole crazy nigger, — no, mon. Dare he wuz, shore 'nuff, de same eagle nose an' brown eyes an' curls, de same leetle

scratch, like de razor done scratch him on de chin. I knowed him, an' I cyarried him; none er dem common folks ain't tetched him. Dey abertised eberywhar, but nobody ain't answer. 'Case dey can't. Dey warn't nobody lef' ter answer 'cept me," and the old man gave an eerie chuckle. "De doctors an' de lawyers talk it all ober, but dey cayn't agree, an' de parson, one er dese hyar new kind, he say he kin be buried in de churchyard, but de people make a fuss, kase he mought er bin a su'cide. So I helped bury him ag'in. Seems like I wuz specially 'pinted ter be his body-sarvant; dis time it's right outside de churchyard, an' nobody don't know it's him but me, kase dey all passed away."

A pale, watery moon had emerged, the wind soughed among the pine trees, and away off an owl hooted.

"De nex' time I's gwine to bury him right in de churchyard. He gwine ter come once mo', an' I aint gwine ter die till den, an' dat time he's gwine ter be buried in the churchyard, an' he won't come no mo', an' den I'll pass away."

A shout came through the dusk from the smithy:

"Say, mister, come; here's your horse." The other words were indistinguishable. I arose and started up the road reluctantly, longing to know more of the mystery. The old man again removed his cap, and so I left him, motionless, seated in the shadows, facing the faint glow in the west. My horse was ready when I reached the forge, the blacksmith standing dark and massive in the doorway.

"An old negro has just been telling me a remarkable story," I said, after mounting; "that there have been two suicides found hanging to the old oak, one long ago."

"Can't say," answered the blacksmith, impassively and

stolidly. "Ain't lived here very long myself. Always been called the 'Dead Oak' ever since I knowed it."

"Well, do you know an old negro with a bushy white head and beard, who lives near the Brooke House? Who is he?"

"Might be old Sam, or Lige, or Cash. Lots of 'em round here," answered the man, and that was all he would say.

I mounted and rode off rapidly, for there were still six hours of travel before reaching my destination.

The moonlight was faint and chill, silvering the dry foliage of the old tree. I drew rein under it, and peered vainly into the shadows for the darker outlines of the old negro; he had disappeared, but it seemed to me he was still present, sitting on the gnarled root, with the pallid face of that young old corpse against his knee, waiting.

The owl hooted. A faint light shone from the dim mansion in the fields, and I pressed on through a belt of low pines. When some distance on my way I turned and looked back. The glow of the smithy was hidden. All the low stretch of land was folded in twilight, and against the pale sky the Dead Oak stood spectral and alone.

ANNA VERNON DORSEY.



SCHLOMA, THE DAUGHTER OF
SCHMUHL

“**A**BER, Schloma !”
Schmuhl spoke in an impatient tone to his daughter. It was less than an hour since he had chided her for stopping work to gaze out of the window, and already she had forgotten. She was a good girl, and the old Jew loved his child dearly, but her frivolity was a sore trouble to him. It boded ill for her future. The other tenants warned him time and again. They blamed him for having sent Schloma to the schools so long that with the English she had acquired the Christian love of pleasure. Sometimes they complained of her as a bad example to the other women and children.

That very morning, when Schmuhl returned from prayers, one of the men downstairs met him at the pump in the hall and remonstrated with him about his daughter's conduct. She had been singing all the while he was gone, and so loudly that her voice rang throughout the tenement. They were Schickse (Christian) songs too.

“Pass auf, Schmuhl,” the man had said, shaking his head. “Look out, my friend, or your daughter will be bad. Let her labor long and be silent, that her son's sons may sing songs.”

Schloma had wept bitterly when her father repeated to her what had been said. But she was soon smiling again and humming street songs over her sewing. Her light spirit was irrepressible. The old man sighed, and at intervals he scolded her all day long. For everything that passed outside their rear window distracted her attention from the work. Once, when tears were still glittering in her eyes, she had laughed outright ; and at what ?

Just because the pigeon-thief who had his traps on the Ludlow Street roofs fell off one house on to another.

Schmuhl was relieved when it grew so dark that they had to light the lamp. He set it on the table, as far as possible from the window, and after supper the work went better. Both father and daughter wished to finish a dozen "pants" that night, he to get the pay, she for the pleasure of carrying them through the lively streets to the "sweater." For two silent hours their hands moved eagerly. Then the task was done, and they rose together and stretched the stiffness out of their joints. Schmuhl knelt to bind the bundle on the floor, while Schloma hurried into her dress. When she was ready, she bent her back, and her father lifted and adjusted the load. He opened the door for her, bade her a "baldigst" Wiederkehr," and, as she disappeared, he stood there reckoning under his beard :

"Zwelve in der bundle, done in a' Tag ; achtzig cent. In sex Tag' four dollar' achtzig. Der week, also, a' dollar forty, sechzig — wenn Schloma's good, dann a dollar eighty to capital. Ach !"

Schloma was singing again. Her cheerful voice came back from the dark stairs like a blow to his heart. He threw up his hands in despair.

"Ach, wei d' Schuh, wei d' Schuh !" he cried. "Will mein' Tochter be bat ? Weh, Schloma, Schloma, mein Kind, mein Kind !"

The old man sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands, weeping.

Schloma sang joyously and thoughtlessly. If she had thought, she would not have sung at all, for she knew and dreaded the scorn she and her cheerfulness aroused in her neighbors. For years they had looked at her "over the shoulder." The children regarded her with wonder and

vague suspicion. The women stared with fierce female malice at her. And the men, with an eye to their women, muttered curses on her head. But Schloma could not remember. The universal disapproval depressed her dreadfully, but she could not confine her gaiety long, and sometimes her spirit rebelled secretly against her surroundings.

She had three floors of sweat-shops to pass before she could reach the street. The doors of all stood open, gaping for air. Her song, dancing on ahead of her, struck into the groups of sullen labor, and mocked the dismal discontent like a laugh.

When the girl stepped into the hall on the third story, she saw the buttonhole-makers were watching for her. Her heart quailed from the sight she could not help but look in upon. There they all sat, men, women, and children, silent, motionless, upright, and glaring their withering hatred at her. The song was choked in her throat; its spirit died in a sob.

But the killing light was quickly passed, and in the dark she lifted her voice again. It cost an effort for pride to keep up even the pretense of a song, for she thought now of the others below. Somehow the dread was greater to-night than ever. Still she sang on, determined not to see.

She had to hear, however. As she approached the pressers' door, the sound of suppressed giggling and scoffing comments reached her. She sped through the bar of light, shrinking together as if every ray were a human sneer. Then, as she fled, she caught, hissed through a woman's teeth after her, the word "Schickse."

"A Christian! She a' Schickse? Nay, oh nay."

Schloma could have cried, so deeply was she wounded. Hot indignation helped her now, however, and she marched boldly down the stairs to where the finishers were.

They stood crowded up to the doorway to humiliate her.

"There she is," said a woman with a child in her arms.

The others laughed and pointed their bony fingers at the trembling girl.

"Shame, shame! Du unverschämtes Weib, shame!"

It was awful. They had never gone so far as that in their wrath before. Schloma was silenced. She was about to scream and run when some young girl, raising her voice above the rest, shouted:

"Schickse, Schickse — Nafke! Pfui!"

Then Schloma sang defiance back, and strode down into the street.

It was Essex Street, near Grand. The crowd and the darkness were comforting to the harassed girl, who stood there still now and dizzy in the human stream. Around her flowed the tired shop-workers, a sluggish, serious tide, which sparkled here and there with the merry troops of youthful idlers out for fun. She saw nothing.

"Hello, Schloma, komm doch mit."

They were street-girls she used to know, who hailed her.

"Ya, Schloma, komm. Es is' besser as packen pants."

But Schloma did not hear.

"Schickse! Nafke! *Nafke!* Ach!" she cried, repeating the horrid words she had heard. Her street friends thought she meant them.

"Es is' besser wie packen pants," they replied in scorn, and passed with a laugh and a song.

The poor girl saw what she had done, and bitter tears rose to her eyes.

"Cha, es ist better — better as alles oben," she thought; "besser wie alles is' ever gewese."

The bundle was heavy. Slowly she turned, and like an animal instinctively went her way toward the "sweater's." Again and again girls and young men she knew called to her greetings and invitations. But Schloma did not heed them. She plodded on through Essex Street to Hester, where her "sweater" lived. He took the roll, inspected it piece by piece, counting to himself. Then he grumbled a while and paid the girl. He saw her tears, but he said nothing, and she went away.

With the load off her back, Schloma's heart grew lighter. Her face was set toward home, but her eyes were on the lookout for the next group of friends.

They came with a scamper, tittering out of a dark side street, and burst into laughter and shouts as they landed in the light.

"Ei, was ! du, Schloma ? So a' Glueck. Ge's' d' mit ? Na, come."

And Schloma went.

At midnight her father, old Schmuhl on the fifth, and the weary workers below, were looking out of the windows back across the courts. Through the clothes-lines they could see, in a room on the next street rear, a merry troop of men and girls, drinking and singing and laughing and dancing.

"Schma b'ni," muttered the neighbors. "Schloma, the daughter of Schmuhl, is bad. Let the women work and be silent that our sons' sons may be glad."

And Schmuhl, the aged, wept and rent the hem of his shirt, crying "Ei wei, wei d' Schuh ! Mein child is' a' Schickse, a' Nafke ! Pfui !"

J. L. STEFFENS.



SUMMER

NOTES

¶ Next autumn is to see the publication of a new drama by Ibsen, and we are also promised the farce of keeping its title a profound secret until the very day of publication. This clever advertising scheme was tried with "Little Eyolf," and the newspapers reported the admirable sight of the master weeping crocodile tears over the fact that a printer had disclosed the secret, and thereby ensured the book an extra column or two in nearly every journal in Christendom.

¶ In Sweden, Augustus Strindberg, whose reputation in his own country is almost as great as Ibsen's in Norway, has given up writing, and is engaged in extensive researches in chemistry. His day has come and gone, and we as yet know nothing of him here. I had expected that he might engage our attention for a few months at least—we are sadly in need of new fads. But, so far as I know, he has never been translated except in one volume of youthful stories, published avowedly as erotica by a Chicago house.

It is curious that the lists of such publications are often catholic in range and supply a knowledge of foreign literature not otherwise obtainable. An incident happened about a year ago which illustrates this. Mr. William Heinemann, the well-known English publisher, was preparing to issue in his Pioneer Series a book called *Woman's Folly*, a translation from the Italian of Gemma Ferrugia. The story as to morality is neither better nor worse than a hundred novels of the last two years which we have all read. As to force and dramatic power it is measurably the superior of most of them. Furthermore, the volume was enriched and sanctified by an introductory essay from

the pen of Edmund Gosse, than whom there is no one more respectable.

Now, by a chance combination of circumstances, this book failed to find an American publisher, and was issued in English unprotected by a copyright in America. It was immediately seized upon by an adventurous house and put forth in lurid paper covers, which, together with the publisher's name, suggested its unfitness for publication. It remains unknown and scorned, while, with copyright and cloth covers, it might have hoped for the distinguished consideration of ladies' book-clubs.

¶ By way of prelude to the extraordinary tale of graphomania which follows, I must recall to the minds of habitual readers of the CHAP-BOOK some verses in the May 15th issue. They began thus :

“The joy in me rises, rises ;
And will not be suppressed,
The joy in me rises, rises
Into my throat and breast.”

I have now on my desk a letter written in a ladylike hand on Marcus Ward & Co.'s Irish linen stamped with a genteel crest. It is as follows:

EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK :

Dear Sir :—I have just read the “Spring Song” in the first number of the fifth volume of THE CHAP-BOOK. I do not wish to be intrusive or inquisitive, but being a young housekeeper and so much interested in baking powders, I would be so pleased to know the kind of powder used by Eleanor B. Caldwell, as it must possess such wonderful rising qualities. An answer would much oblige a seeker after the best in all forms.

May 31, 1896.

As I said, the appearance of the letter suggests that

the writer is a female of distinction, which goes to make this exhibition of depravity all the more harrowing. It is well nigh incredible that any sane person could waste five minutes, paper, and two stamps (one enclosed for reply) on such a deliberate and well considered inanity. She could scarcely have hoped that her letter would be printed, so that desire for notoriety cannot be alleged to excuse her. She cannot have thought that she would gain my esteem or the reputation of having a pretty wit. It is a shameless case of love of writing for the love of writing.

¶ An actress, reading late at night the announcement of a new tale by Anthony Hope called "Phroso," rises with the dawn and flies to the office of the author's agent,



casting gold at his feet, and demanding the dramatic rights of the contemplated story. She finds, however, that six months ago they were sold, before the story was more than a will-o'-the-wisp in its author's mind.

This is a decorative example of the present state of literary affairs. Not a single novel or a play by a well-known author is brought fairly to the market and judged on its merits. Every editor or theatrical manager is forced into a frantic struggle for a pig in a poke, and he would better sit on the Delphic tripod than at his reading desk, for a spirit of prophecy is needed for his work rather than literary judgment. His problem will be something like this: Dr. A. Conan Doyle has agreed to have a long story of one hundred thousand words ready for the autumn of '98.

Before that time he has contracted for a volume of short stories, autumn of '97; a serial story of seventy-five thousand words for the spring of '98; a novelette for the autumn of '96; two plays for the winter of '96-'97, and something, possibly historical, which must be done meanwhile. The story for '98 "may be," says Dr. Doyle's agent, "the novel based on Chinese Gordon's life, which Doyle has for so long wanted to write," or "it may not be." On this very definite information the editor must decide what the probable quality of the story is, and what will be the vogue of its author after that length of time and these various other productions. Meanwhile, he is informed that rival magazines are eagerly outbidding each other to secure the prize. He buys the story. This is what is called editing; it appears to me to be vastly more like a gambling game, where in all cases the public "stands to lose." For I cannot believe that an author can say to himself: "At exactly 11:15 to-day I will feel inspired to write a sonnet, and by the 12th of September, two years from now, I shall have written the best story of my life, on a subject as yet unknown and to a length of ninety-five thousand five hundred and sixty words."

There is a scene in an old play which, as often happens in old plays, is very modern in spirit. It is a snatch of conversation from "Every Man in His Humour," by Ben Jonson, and is between Master Stephen, a country gull, and Master Matthew, a town gull. I can fancy it between two authors who habitually sell their work long before it is written.

S.: My name is Master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

M.: But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

S.: Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

M.: Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir! Your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

S.: Truly, sir, and I love such things, out of measure.

M.: Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

S.: I thank you, sir; I shall be bold, I warrant you. Have you a stool there to be melancholy upon?

M.: That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in them, when you see them.

S.: Is it well? Am I melancholy enough?

And you, good Master Anthony Hope, have you perchance a stool to be witty and romantic upon?

¶ *The Bookman*, in its "Chronicle and Comment," is becoming frivolous, and, what is more, cock-sure. All this is inconsistent with its size and the dignity of Mr. Lowell's name on the cover. The pontifical tone in criticism is only allowed to the small magazines of *les jeunes* and to Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. It should be denied a journal measuring 7 x 10. I earnestly recommend to *The Bookman* that it become more ponderous.

¶ There are several magazines whose desire it has been to bring to public notice some of the younger writers whose names were not to be found in the pages of the older journals. In small measure they have accomplished this. Not to seem lacking in immodesty, *THE CHAP-BOOK* itself has tried to make its own "finds" of genius. Success



PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR MORRISON

has not, however, waited on its efforts in such measure that it has been enabled to dispense entirely with well known names.

So it is befitting that I should compliment the *Black Cat* on never having a name on its title page which any one has heard before or ever will hear again. Each new issue drags before us a new group of authors and consigns to eternal oblivion the unfortunates who were slaughtered to set before the public last month's banquet. I do not follow the frolics of the *Black Cat* too assiduously, yet I cannot remember twice to have seen the same name in a contents table. Some one has told me that the *Black Cat* is, in fact, written by a few clever hack-writers, who are engaged at a regular salary, and who write stories and invent imaginary authors for them. The system is not necessarily a bad one. If Mr. Marion Crawford, or Miss Adeline Seargent, could be secured, the *Black Cat* would need only one employé. Either of these persons would, however, have the good sense to invent plausible names. Take the issue of June for an example: McPherson Frazer has a flavor of reality about it, but can one possibly believe in Leo Gale, Mabell Shippie Clarke, Clarice Irene Clingham, or Geik Turner?

¶ Audiences at the Alhambra in London are being delighted by the dancing of two young girls who were born at Irkutsk in Siberia, and who moreover learned their steps and prancings there. It is a picturesque fact; no one had suspected the existence of a taste for the variety stage in Irkutsk. Yet a slight feeling of injury accompanies the discovery. The advantages and comforts of civilization are always more widely distributed than we think or even desire. Even when physically comforting, it is a downfall to metropolitan pride to find good hotels

in waste places, express trains on branch railroads, and variety shows in Irkutsk. We feel that there ought to be special compensations for those forced to live in the ordinary and commonplace regions.

¶ It seems likely that M. Zola's *Rome* will assume at once the position of auxiliary guide-book to the Celestial City. Like *The Marble Faun*, it will be produced in "luxurious editions richly embellished with half-tone pictures of all the leading sights of the city." As supplementary reading, it will have the position that Howells' *Venetian Life* has in Venice, or *Romola* in Florence.

That the stay of a few weeks in Rome should have given even M. Zola's encyclopædic mind such a grasp of the aspect and special atmosphere of modern Rome is remarkable; and that a man so busy has found time to acquire accurate and full knowledge of so many details of Rome's past is as much to be wondered at. Even a Baedeker guide-book is more than a mere compilation—it is rather the construction of a master mind. This power of ranging details and marshalling facts is admirable, no less in Zola than in Baedeker. Of the story, however, little is to be said; it is scarcely more than an incidental relief to the monotony of description.

¶ The author of *Rome* cannot be happy to see his novel relegated from the class of fiction to that of special and technical works. Yet if something of this sort were not occasionally done, the task of reading either contemporaneous or classical literature would be more nearly hopeless than it is now. It was Mr. Gosse, I think, who made the ingenious suggestion that classics of the language were being constantly put into school book form. From that moment, he said, no one felt it in any way

his duty to read them, and place was made for some new book as a *sine qua non* of cultured reading. This process has already engulfed most of the Greek and Latin writers, and in these days it threatens especially Shakespeare, who is "taught" in every primary class-room.

¶ The publication of Mr. Henry Fuller's book, *The Puppet Booth*, affords most of its readers an opportunity to make the entirely superfluous criticism that, for a real

theatre these little dramas are impossible. The fact was self-evident. The plays are for the closet if anything ever was. If you prefer a more modern expression and know the works of Maurice Maeterlinck you may call them plays for marionettes.

I suppose when we began to read Maeterlinck we were most of us told that his was a theatre not for real people but for puppet actors. The idea was so startling that we half

believed, but in the end it came to seem pitifully ludicrous and impossible. We shall welcome, therefore, M. Maeterlinck's own statement, in a book to be issued by Stone & Kimball, that he had in mind no creatures of wire and wood. The apparent inconsistency of this position he explains in a manner as ingenious as it is over-subtle.

As author he felt that human beings buried in the depths of primeval forests or in the cavernous vaults of Middle-Age castles would chant their monotonous Maeterlinckian speech only to be ridiculous. The ordinary



puppet would do as badly. In short, the new drama wanted a wholly new protagonist, and, instead of frankly calling this creature a figment of the reader's imagination, he dubbed it "marionette."

The possibilities of the puppet show are so little known in this country that we were more startled and less easily deceived by this choice of name than the compatriots of M. Maeterlinck and Europeans in general. We have but one drama, *Punch and Judy*, and this has palled on the adult spectator, as, in the end, all farce comedy must. In Latin countries the repertory of these midgets is more varied.

In Geneva I remember being spell-bound while *les guignols* enacted a soul-stirring melodrama called *La Dame Blanche*, in which there was a haunted castle, an apparition, and a ghostly warning.

In Italy the *marionetti* are of almost life size, hung from above and worked with wires. The powers they display are at least equal to those of the average traveling company. Indeed, in our own Boston, not long ago, in a squalid room in North Street, there was a troupe of marionettes, giving in Italian "The Most Tragical History and Adventures of the King, Charles the Great, and his Paladins." Before the staring eyes of a few Italian newsboys and an occasional thrice happy Harvard student this tale of woe and courage was bravely played. The third act was a battle, and not until the stage was piled three feet deep with the corpses of the entire company did the curtain fall.

In Italy one occasionally sees really beautiful performances. I remember a scene in one at Florence, representing the carnival at Venice. There was a ballet, and I can swear that the pirouettes of the *première danseuse* recalled the days of Fanny Ellsler.

¶ *The Critic* reprints in an advertisement, and thus stamps with its approval, the following from *The Illustrated London News* :

“The *New York Critic* makes a point of the fact that it has never allowed into its columns any reviews of books by members of its staff, and that no reviews have ever appeared of books by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, solely because he is the brother of the editors. This is a claim which those who are in the habit of sneering at the freedoms of American journalism will do well to bear in mind. In our own country there is no such diffidence among editors.”

The Critic appears well satisfied, but it seems to me that a clear case of cowardice and mean, small thinking has been proven against it. The inference is that in case *The Critic* were personally interested it would be incapable of judging justly, or at least of printing anything but praise. In other words, it cannot conceive of praise as other than truckling and log-rolling for the benefit of friends.

Now, the publication of a book by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder may not be a great event. It is, however, an event which must of necessity be recorded in a journal as seriously devoted to literature as *The Critic* purports to be. It is an insult to the author not to praise his book, insinuating that the public will not believe sincere praise possible.

Why does Miss Gilder's system stop with her brother and the *Critic* staff? How does she dare to mention a book if she has dined with its author? Or, if Mr. George Meredith were to marry Miss Gilder, would *The Critic* henceforward never mention the name of our greatest novelist?

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The Chap Book



THE CHAP-BOOK

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¶ *The publishers beg to announce that the series of stories about historical characters, by Mr. Frankfort Moore, of which two, entitled "Nell Gwyn" and "A Question of Art," have already appeared, will be continued throughout the summer. A new novelette by Mr. Henry James is among the contributions for the early autumn.*



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ON WHITE CARNATIONS GIVEN ME FOR MY BIRTHDAY

EXQUISITE tufts of perfume and of light,
Fair gifts of Summer unto Autumn borne,
Were but the years ye calendar as white,
As sweet, as you, Age could not be forlorn.

Yet, beauteous symbols of my only gain —
Love, portioned from your givers' envied share;
Honor, whose laurel at their feet hath lain —
Make me this night of Life's waste unaware!

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING WELL

"La simplicité divine de la pensée et du style."

—*Paul Verlaine.*

IN OUR day, as it now flies, there are fine films of distinction to be considered, notably in literary art.

The merest gossamer of verbal indication must be respected in the behalf of style, lest a shade of meaning, no matter how vague, be lost from paragraph or phrase. The thing to be said is of no importance, we are told; but how it is said, that is the great matter.

If the title of the present paper be seriously studied it will prove puzzling to the average critic. It is a charming sentence, rich in possibilities of meaning. The last two words, like the tail of a bee, bear honey and poison on the same spike, or in sacs close by. Which shall you receive, a sweet drop or an enraging prick? What, indeed, does "saying nothing" mean? And nothing

well said, does that mean a well-said nothing? or shall we understand that anything has been poorly said?

Behold how easily a pen slips into hopeless obscurities of mere ink! I see that I am gone wool-gathering, and that my verbal distinctions just attempted do not distinguish. Was it Horace who said this?

“Non in caro nidore voluptas summa, sed in te ipso est.”

The “precious smack,” however, goes a long ways when there is nothing else to be had. The art of saying nothing well is the art of the bore or the art of the decadent, as you may interpret it. But a voice at my elbow quietly suggests that the distinction is still without a difference. The decadent, being always a bore, whether he has a precious smack or a smack of preciousness, has the art of saying nothing well and everything ill.

The good old days, when men who wrote were impressed with the value of original thought, were hard on brains, but easy on dictionaries. A tremendous idea was set for all time in a few words grabbed at random from a scant vocabulary. Even after “art for art’s sake” had come to stay, the great early poets were stingy in their verbal dealings with art. It is surprising to note how meager is the vocabulary of Sappho, or of Theocritus, or of Pindar. And yet what incomparable riches of expression! The masters were in a flux of imagination, and to them a word had no value beyond its fitness to stand as a perfect sign of what the brain originated. But not so with us; we chase the word for the word’s sake. We imagine that there is something precious in verbal style quite independent of what it may be used upon. A cheese, although rotten, is made sweet enough, we think, by being wrapped in an artistic poster.

We are quite familiar with the phrase “good litera-

ture," which has come to mean nothing and that wordy, or a good thing and that well written, according to the individual taste of the critic deciding the matter. But most generally we now take for granted that there is really nothing worth saying on account of its intrinsic value. As a new woman said of her kind the other day, "Oh, the female form is but a clothes-horse nowadays. A woman is suggested, not seen, by what she wears," we may well say of thought; it is a mere word-rack, a peg upon which to hang attractive diction. Not unfrequently the thought is quite dispensed with and the phrasing hangs upon nothing.

If you have nothing to write, of course write it well. Good literature, like Homer's and Chaucer's and Shakespeare's, was well enough before Theophile Gautier invented style, but since then there has come a change, and now we demand, not new matter, but always a new manner. As for durability, we are satisfied with a season's run; permanency is not desirable. Fame, which once was a thing to die for, has taken on the form of a spring jacket or summer cravat; you wear it till the next change in the weather. The art of saying nothing well is as fickle as the moon; for nothing and woman pride themselves upon varying their fashions; and what is good literature now but woman and nothing? Aminta and her George Meredith strut before us as if they owned the earth; but to-morrow there will be another woman and a new nothing.

The happiest literary folk in all the world must be those in Paris, who actually took Paul Verlaine seriously and are now making obeisance to Stéphane Mallarmé. They seem to be, if we leave out certain provençal dialect writers and our own American critics, the only litterateurs upon earth who would heroically die rather

than be right. M. Mallarmé expresses perfectly in a single phrase the whole ambition of his literary flock: "d'abord et toujours et irrésistiblement Verlaine." But how charming a thing literature is in the hands of these *poètes maudits*, as Verlaine styled them! To be sure, it is naught but nothing well said. Verlaine may have been right when he wrote his eulogy: "Absolus par l'imagination, absolus par l'expression, absolus comme les Reys Netos des meilleurs siècles;" there is much to be said about nothing, and more about such writers as Corbière, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, and Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, who have served to amuse a blasé crowd of the best fellows that ever lived, the Alexandrian Greek poets doubtfully excepted.

What Sir Walter Scott called "the big bow-wow" is not suited to the perfect expression of nothing. Browning's diction gets on better at a pinch, when the poet has to resort to a dazzling display of blank verbal cartridges; for sometimes it is almost impossible to distinguish a meaningless whiff of word-wind from a whizzing bullet of thought. We dodge with delight when either clips too near us. The other day I was auditing the book-bills of *Narcissus*, and found myself delicately and deliciously charmed by what under different circumstances would have been a mere lack of assets to back the paper. Style never went further nor came back with a more fragrant and savory load of nothing. From paragraph to paragraph one glides over a meandering smoothness. It is like bicycling on imaginary asphalt between immaterial clover fields. One hears bumblebees and sheep and kine; but never is there any visible or tangible matter of delectation: only a lulling composite noise; *vox et præterea nihil*. This voice of the hollow sphere and this dripping of melodious word-showers, to change

the figures, combine to high perfection in the latest good literature. Think of what a fascination a style can have, when a young girl fresh from Vassar flings down a volume by William Sharp, or one by I. Zangwill, and rapturously exclaims: "Shakespeare and Scott are not in it for a minute longer!" How delightful to do good that evil may come!

It would be hardly fair to wring into this paper a consideration of the art of writing nothing ill. Walt Whitman and Stephen Crane have given practical demonstrations of what may be done at a venture in that field. Here again my own style persists in obscurity. Nothing to write, and the poorest imaginable style, is not exactly the same with plenty to write and not a sentence ill written. The art of writing nothing and writing it ill might, however, be admirable in the hands of a master. For example, there is Andrew Lang's eulogy of H. Rider Haggard's stories, which I might cite in any part of this essay with perfect propriety and unqualified approval, as being strictly in point. When Mr. Lang has absolutely nothing for subject he is alluringly objective and revels in good literature. He is singularly expert in writing nothing ill.

But the art of writing nothing well, of writing so that nothing is well said, or whatever I mean, offers difficulties not readily foreseen by the ambitious candidate for authorhood. Nothing must ever be dressed up to look like a great something with an honorable ancestry and a congenital lease upon posterity, unless we accept the other interpretation of my caption. What could, on the other hand, be reasonably described as the bloomer costume style of writing, by which effeminate imaginings are made to masquerade as virile and of the major origin, demands serious and exhaustive study. To achieve it

William Watson has, we hope, a long life of self-reform before him; but some are born to it. Austin Dobson would not, apparently, give a penny to have it, albeit some of his best work neatly grazes the goal. Happy accident has done much on this score for Henry James, reading whose latest work one might exclaim with Mr. Sherburne Hardy: "But yet a woman!" And Mr. Howells should never go near a Shaker village if he has any regard for what old friends think of his style. It makes him say nothing with unusual delight.

When I get back to my Greek, as I usually do at the earliest moment, an essay like Aristotle's on poetry makes me wonder how it has lived so long and kept so well, seeing that it says something without regard, at any point, to "lightness of touch" or to preciousness of phrasing. It is not good literature, measured by the standard of Robert Louis Stevenson's style; but in its gnarls of diction are thoughts hard bound with fibers that are indestructible. Aristotle was too busy inside of his brain to have much respect for exterior frills; but where shall we find solider phrases than he snatched out of his stinted vocabulary? It is tough reading, almost as bad as Browning's best, and the words grate together like teeth with sand between them; still, something is said. You remember his turns of diction by associating them with his thoughts; but you never dream of regarding him as a writer with a style-charm. His fascination comes from deep down, as if sent up by roots squeezed between boulders.

And it is true that a permanent fascination of style is always due to something more than nothing well said. The attempt has been made in American criticism to stow a poem like Poe's "Raven" away in the lumber garret as a mere word-trick; but there is something

tremendously human in the spiritual adumbration by which that great poem sustains itself. Style is there, superb styles and the clutch of grim sorrow, the pang of despair, and the helplessness of a soul in the presence of fate, are there as well. Poe could not command Stevenson's nimble diction, nor could he even understand what humor like Lowell's was. The power in his work came from behind his lines out of a wellspring hidden in a strange and original mind. He "played with dictionaries" and feigned abstruse learning; but he said new and impressive things in a new and impressive style.

The deepest truth connected with the permanency of art is that there must be style, which does not stand for the same thing as diction, nor for the same thing as characteristic stroke, manner or tone. Mere deftness with the brush, mere cleverness with the fiddle-bow, mere facility in the doing of word-jugglery, cannot pass into permanent art, and this is the lesson we need to-day. We take verbal style too seriously when we reckon with it as of more importance than fresh thought and enlarged ideals. It is not the art of saying nothing well that wins in the long run; it is the art of saying a great thing with a simple charm of style which does most to enrich literature. Indeed, great things are themselves simple, the greatest the simplest. Nothing is well said when nothing is said.

MAURICE THOMPSON.



THE RED ROSE.

WHAT is that on your breast, my lady ?
Burning — with lips apart ?
“ Oh, that is a rose,
The fairest that grows,
And the thorn is in my heart.”

Why are its lips so red, my lady ?
“ I for its sake have bled;
My life-blood glows
In the life of the rose;
Therefore its lips are red.”

Why is its breath so sweet, my lady,
Hastening my pulse's beat ?
“ My deep love flows
Through the lips of the rose;
Therefore its breath is sweet.”

Why does it wither and die, my lady ?
“ There is the stinging smart:
The red rose dies,
But forever lies
That cruel thorn in my heart.”

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.





DRAWING BY TOM HARRIS

A QUESTION OF ART

“**L**IST! good Mr. Johnson, to the proposition of Mr. Garrick. He says that I should be held accountable for the tameness in the acting of the part of a jealous woman by Miss Hoppner, who is to appear in the tragedy on Tuesday week.”

It was Mrs. Margaret Woffington who spoke as she poured out a cup of tea for Mr. Samuel Johnson, whom she and Garrick, on returning to their house in Bow Street, after rehearsing the new tragedy at Drury Lane, had found waiting for them.

“I do not doubt, madam, that you should be held accountable for the jealousy of many good women in the town,” said Mr. Johnson; “but it passes my knowledge by what sophistry your responsibility extends to any matter of art.”

“Mrs. Woffington has not told you all, sir,” said Garrick. “She is, as you may well suppose, the creature in the tragedy who is supposed to excite the bitter jealousy of another woman. Now, I submit that the playgoers, when they perceive that the woman who is meant to be stung to a point of madness through her jealousy of a rival, is scarce moved at all, will insensibly lay the blame upon her rival, saying that the powers of the actress were not equal to the task assigned to them by the part.”

“And I maintain, sir, that a more ridiculous contention than yours could not be entertained by the most ignorant of men—nay, the most ignorant of actors, and to say so much, sir, is to say a great deal,” cried Johnson. “I pray you, friend Davy, let no man know that I was once your teacher, if you formulate such foolishness as this; otherwise it would go hard with me in the world.”

“Ah! sir, that last sentence shows that you are in perfect accord with the views which I have tried to express to you,” said Garrick. “You are ready to maintain that the world will hold you accountable for whatever foolishness I may exhibit. The playgoers will, on the same principle, pronounce on the force of Mrs. Woffington’s fascinations by the effect they have, not upon the playgoers themselves, but upon Miss Hoppner.”

“Then the playgoers will show themselves to be the fools which I have always suspected them of being,” said Johnson, recovering (somewhat ungracefully) from the effects of hastily swallowing his cup of tea.

“Ay, but how are we to fool them? that’s the question, Mr. Johnson,” said Peggy. “I have no mind to get the blame which should fall on the shoulders of Miss Hoppner. I would fain have the luxury of qualifying for blame by my own act.”

“What! you mean, madam, that before receiving the punishment for sinning you would fain enjoy the pleasures of sin? That is, I fear, but indifferent morality,” said Johnson, shaking his head and his body as well with even more than his accustomed vehemence.

“Look you here, Mrs. Woffington,” said Garrick. “You are far too kindly to Miss Hoppner. That would not be bad of itself; but when it induces her to be kindly disposed to you, it cannot be tolerated. She is a poor fool, and so is unable to stab with proper violence one who has shown herself her friend.”

“She cannot have lived in the world of fashion,” remarked Johnson.

“Lord! Would you have me arouse the real passion in the good woman for the sake of the play?” cried Peggy.

“He would e’en degrade Nature by making her the

handmaid of Art. Sir, let me tell you this will not do, and there 's an end on 't," said Johnson.

"Then the play will be damned, sir," said Garrick.

"Let the play be damned, sir, rather than a woman's soul," shouted Johnson.

"Meantime you will have another cup of tea, Mr. Johnson," said Peggy, smiling with a witchery of that type which, exercised in later years, caused her visitor to make a resolution never to frequent the green-room of Drury Lane — a resolution which was possibly strengthened by the failure of his tragedy.

"Mrs. Woffington," said he, passing on his empty cup, "let me tell you that I account it a pity so excellent a brewer of tea should waste her time upon the stage. Any wench may learn to act, but the successful brewing of tea demands the exercise of such judgment as cannot be easily acquired. Briefly, the woman is effaced by the act of going on the stage, but the brewing of tea is a revelation of femininity."

He took three more cupfuls.

The tragedy of "Oriana" was by an unknown poet, but Garrick had come to the conclusion, after reading it, that it possessed sufficient merit to justify his producing it at Drury Lane. It abounded in that form of sentiment which found favour with playgoers in an age of artificiality, and its blank verse was strictly correct and impressive.

It contained an apostrophe to the Star of Love, and eulogies of Liberty, Virtue, Hope, and other abstractions, without which no eighteenth century tragedy was considered to be complete. Oriana was a Venetian lady of the early republican period. She was in love with one Orsino, a prince, and they exchanged sentiments in the first act, bearing generally upon the advan-

tages of first love, without touching upon its economic aspects.

Unhappily, however, Orsino allowed himself to be attracted in the direction of a lady named Francesca, who made up in worldly possessions for the absence of those cheerless sentiments which Oriana had at her fingers' ends, and the result was that Oriana ran her dagger into the heart of her rival, into the chest of her faithless lover, and into her own stays. The business was carried on by the sorrowing relations of the three, with the valuable assistance of the ghosts of the slain, who explained their relative positions with fluency and lucidity, and urged upon the survivors with considerable argumentative skill the advisability of foregoing the elaborate scheme of revenge which each side was hoping to carry on against the others from the date of the obsequies of the deceased.

The character of Oriana was being rehearsed by Miss Hoppner, an extremely handsome young woman, whom Garrick had met and engaged in the country, Mrs. Woffington being the fatally fascinating Francesca, and Garrick himself the Prince Orsino.

The tragedy had been in rehearsal for a fortnight, and it promised well, if the representative of the jealous woman could only be brought to "put a little life into the death scene"—the exhortation which the Irish actress of the part of Francesca put to her daily, but ineffectually.

Miss Hoppner neither looked the part of a tragically jealous woman, nor did the stabbing of her rival in anything like that whirlwind of passion with which Garrick, in spite of the limping of the blank verse of the poet, almost swept the rest of the company off the stage when endeavoring to explain to the actress what

her representation lacked, on the day after his chat with Mrs. Woffington on the same subject.

Poor Miss Hoppner took a long breath, and passed her hand across her eyes, as if to get rid of the effects of that horrible expression of deadly hate which Garrick's face had worn, as he had craned his head forward close to hers to show her how she should stab her rival—the slow movement of his body suggested the stealth of the leopard approaching its victim, and his delivery of the lines through his teeth more than suggested the hissing of a deadly snake in act to spring.

“Ay, do it that way, my dear madam,” said Mrs. Woffington, “and the day after the tragedy is played you will be as famous as Mr. Garrick. ’Tis the simplest thing in the world.”

“You have so unnerved me, sir, that I vow I have no head for my lines,” said Miss Hoppner.

But when by the aid of the prompter the lines were recovered, and she had repeated the scene, the result showed very little improvement. Garrick grumbled, and Miss Hoppner was tearful, as they went to the wardrobe room to see the dresses which had just been made for the principal ladies.

Miss Hoppner's tears quickly dried when she was brought face to face with the gorgeous fabric which she was to wear. It was a pink satin, brocaded with white hawthorne, the stomacher trimmed with pearls. She saw that it was infinitely superior to the crimson stuff which had been assigned to Mrs. Woffington. She spoke rapturously of the brocade, and hurried with it in front of a mirror to see how it suited her style of beauty.

Mrs. Woffington watched her with a smile. A sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she gave a little

laugh. After a moment's hesitation she went behind the other actress and said :

"I am glad to see that you admire my dress, Miss Hoppner."

"Your dress?" said Miss Hoppner. "Oh, yes! That crimson stuff. 'Tis very becoming to you, I'm sure, Mrs. Woffington, though, for that matter, you look well in everything."

"'Tis you who are to wear the crimson one, my dear," said Peggy. "I have made up my mind that the one you hold in your hand is the most suitable one for me in the tragedy."

"Nay, madam; Mr. Garrick assigned this one to me, and I think 't will suit me very well."

"That is where Mr. Garrick made a mistake, child," said Peggy. "And I mean to repair his error. The choice of dresses lies with me, Miss Hoppner."

"I have yet to be made aware of that, madam," said Miss Hoppner. Her voice had a note of shrillness in it, and Garrick, who was standing apart, noticed that her colour had risen with her voice. He became greatly interested in these manifestations of a spirit beyond that which she had displayed when rehearsing the tragedy.

"The sooner you are made aware of it the better it will be for all concerned," said Mrs. Woffington, with a deadly smile.

"I shall make bold to assure you, madam, that I shall be instructed on this point by Mr. Garrick, and Mr. Garrick only," said the other, raising her chin an inch or two higher than she was wont, except under great provocation.

"I care not whom you make your instructor, provided that you receive the instruction," sneered Peggy.

"Mr. Garrick," cried Miss Hoppner, "I beg that

you will exercise your authority. You assigned me the brocade, did you not, sir?"

"And I affirm that the brocade will be more suitably worn by me, sir," said Peggy. "And I further affirm that I mean to wear it, Mr. Garrick."

"I would fain hope that the caprice of a vain woman will not be permitted to have force against every reasonable consideration," said Miss Hoppner, elevating her chin by another inch as she glanced out of the corners of her eyes in the direction of the other actress.

"That is all I ask for, madam, and as we are so agreed, I presume that you will hand me over the gown without demur."

"Yours is the caprice, madam, let me tell you. I have right on my side."

"And I shall have the brocade on mine by way of compensation, my dear lady."

"Ladies," cried Garrick, interposing, "I must beg of you not to embarrass me. 'Tis a small matter, this of dress, and one that should not make a disagreement between ladies of talent. If one is a good actress, one can move an audience without so paltry an auxiliary as a yard or two of silk."

"I will not pay Miss Hoppner so poor a compliment as would be implied by the suggestion that she needs the help of a silk brocade to eke out her resources as an actress," said Peggy.

"I ask not for compliments from Mrs. Woffington. The brocade was assigned to me, and ——"

"It would be ungenerous to take advantage of Mr. Garrick's error, madam."

"It was no error, Mrs. Woffington."

"What! You would let all the world know that

Mr. Garrick's opinion was that you stood in need of a showy gown to conceal the defects of your art?"

"You are insolent, Mrs. Woffington."

"Nay, nay, my dear ladies; let's have no more of this recrimination over a question of rags. It is unworthy of you," said Garrick.

"I feel that, sir; and so I mean to wear the brocade," said Mrs. Woffington. "Good Lord! Mr. Garrick, what were you thinking of when you assigned to the poor victim of the murderess in the tragedy the crimson robe which was plainly meant to be in keeping with the going intentions of her rival?"

"Surely I did not commit that mistake?" said Garrick. "Heavens! Where can my thoughts have been? Miss Hoppner, madam, I am greatly vexed——"

"Let her take her brocade," cried Miss Hoppner, looking with indignant eyes, first at the smiling Peggy and then at Garrick, who was acting the part of a distracted man to perfection. "Let her wear it and see if it will hide the shortcomings of her complexion from the eyes of the playgoers."

She walked away with a sniff before Peggy could deliver a reply, which she felt sure Peggy had ready.

"Pray what trick have you on your mind now?" asked Garrick, when he was alone with Peggy. "What was that caprice of yours?"

"Caprice? You are a fool, Davy. You even forget your own precepts, which your friend, Mr. Johnson, in his wisdom, condemned so heartily yesterday."

"Good Lord! You mean to——"

"I mean to make Miss Hoppner act the part of a jealous woman to perfection."

And she did so. The next day, at the rehearsal, Garrick, as well as every member of the company, was

amazed at the energy which Miss Hoppner contrived to impart to the scene in the play where, in the character of Oriana, she stabbed her successful rival. She acted with a force that had scarcely been surpassed by Garrick's reading of the scene for her instruction, the previous day.

"Faith, Peggy, you have given her a weapon for your own undoing," said Garrick, as he walked home with Mrs. Woffington. "She will eclipse you if you do not mind."

"I'll e'en run the risk," said Peggy.

Alas! the next day, Miss Hoppner was as feeble as ever — nay, the stabbing scene had never been so feebly gone through by her, and Garrick grumbled loudly.

Miss Hoppner did not seem to mind. At the end of the rehearsal, she sought Peggy, and offered her her hand.

"Mrs. Woffington," she said, "I am desirous of asking your pardon for my curtness in the matter of the dress. I owe so much to your kindness, madam, I feel that my attempt to fix a quarrel upon you was the more base. Pray forgive an unhappy creature, who only seeks to retain the honour of your friendship."

"Ah, you goose!" said Peggy. "Why are you so foolish as to desire to make friends with me? You should have hated me — been ready to kill me — anything for the sake of becoming an actress."

"You will not refuse me the forgiveness which I implore?" said Miss Hoopner.

"Nay, nay; I was in the wrong; it was my caprice, but carried out solely on your behalf, child," said Peggy.

"On my behalf? Ah, you are quite right. I was beginning to forget myself — to forget that I was but a provincial actress."

"Ah, you poor good-natured creature!" cried Peggy. "I'll have to begin all over again."

They had reached the stage door by this time, and

were standing together in the long passage, when a tall and good-looking man was admitted, enquiring for Miss Hoppner. Peggy did not fail to notice the brightening of the colour of her companion as the gentleman advanced and took off his hat with a low bow. It was with a certain proprietary air that Miss Hoppner presented him to Peggy, by the name of Captain Joycelyn, of the Royal Scots.

"Captain Joycelyn is one of your warmest admirers, Mrs. Woffington," said Miss Hoppner.

"Sir, I am overwhelmed," said Mrs. Woffington, with a deep courtesy.

"Nay, madam, I am your servant, I swear," said the gentleman. "I have often longed for this honour, but it ever seemed out of my reach. We of the Royal Scots consider ourselves no mean judges of your art, and we agree that the play-houses, without Mrs. Woffington, would be lustreless."

"Ah, sir, you would still love Mrs. Clive," suggested Peggy.

"Mrs. Clive? You can afford to be generous, madam," laughed Captain Joycelyn.

"She is the most generous of women alive," said Miss Hoppner. "She will prove herself such if she talks with you here for five minutes. I was going away forgetting that I had to talk with the wardrobe mistress about my turban; I shall not be more than five minutes away."

"I protest it makes no demand upon my generosity to remain to listen to so graceful a critic, though I admit that I do so with a certain tremor, sir," said Peggy, with a charming assumption of the fluttered miss.

"A certain tremor? Why should you have a tremor, dear madam?" said the officer.

“Ah, 'tis the talk of the town that all hearts go down before the Royal Scots, as the King's enemies did in the Low Countries.”

“An idle rumour, madam, I do assure you.”

“I might have thought so up till now, but now — I think I would do wisely to retreat in order, Captain, while there is yet time.”

She looked up in his face with a smile of matchless coquetry.

“Nay, madam, you shall not stir,” said he, laughing.

“It is not the conqueror that should retreat. I am too conscientious a soldier to permit so gross a violation of the art of war. Seriously, why should you fly?”

“I am a poor strategist, but I have a sense of danger! Is Miss Hoppner a special friend of yours, sir?”

“A special friend? Well, we have been acquaintances of nigh half a year.”

“I thought I had seen her by your side at Ranelagh. She looked very happy. I daresay I should be ashamed to confess it, but I envied her.”

Peggy's eyes were turned upon the ground, with a demureness that represents the finest art of the coquette.

“You — you envied her?” cried the officer.

“How humble must be your aspirations, sweet creature. If I should not be thought to be over-bold, I would offer — ah, I fear that so brief an acquaintance-ship as ours does not warrant my presumption —”

“And yet you do not look like one who would be likely to give offence by your presumption, Captain.”

“I should be sorry to do so, madam. Well, if you promise not to flout me, I will say that if you will accept my escort any night to the Gardens, you will do me great honour.”

“Ah, sir, your graceful offer overwhelms me. But

alas ! all my evenings are not my own. I am free but this evening and to-morrow evening."

"Then why not come this evening, madam?"

"Why not, indeed? Only — is it not too sudden, Captain? Ah, the dash of the Royal Scots cannot be resisted."

At this moment Miss Hoppner returned, and Peggy cried to her :

"My dear child, your friend is Mercury — the messenger of the Elysian Fields ; he has invited us to accompany him to Ranelagh to-night."

"Indeed ! That is kind of him," said Miss Hoppner, without any great show of enthusiasm. "And you have accepted his invitation?"

"Ah ! Who could refuse?" cried Peggy. She had not failed to notice Captain Joycelyn's little start at her assumption that Miss Hoppner was also to be of the party. "You will not mar our enjoyment by refusing to come, my dear?" she added.

"Nay, if 't is all settled, I will not hold aloof," said Miss Hoppner, brightening up somewhat.

They went out together, and before Peggy had parted from the others, the manner and the hour of their going had been arranged for.

They went up to the Gardens by boat. Their party numbered four, for Miss Hoppner had so pouted when left alone with Captain Joycelyn that he had promised to bring with him a brother officer to add symmetry to the party. But if she fancied that this gentleman, who was one Ensign Cardew, was to be the companion of Mrs. Woffington, she soon became sensible of her mistake. By some strange error which only Peggy could account for, the couples got parted in the crowds, Peggy and the Captain disappearing mysteriously, and only meeting the Ensign and his companion at supper time.

The merriment of Peggy at the supper, and the high spirits of Captain Joycelyn, who allowed himself to be spoon-fed by her with minced chicken, were powerless to disperse the cloud which hung over Miss Hoppner. She pouted at the supper, and pouted in the boat, and made only sarcastic replies to the exclamations of enjoyment addressed to her by the volatile Peggy.

The next day, before the rehearsal of the tragedy, Miss Hoppner said to Peggy, who was renewing her protestations of the enjoyment she had had on the previous evening:

“I think it right that you should know, Mrs. Woffington, that Captain Joycelyn had made a proposal of marriage to me, which I accepted.”

“Good creature, what has that to do with me?” asked Peggy. “Captain Joycelyn certainly said nothing to me on that particular subject last night, and why should you do so now?”

“I am desirous of playing a fair game, madam,” cried Miss Hoppner.

“And I am not desirous of playing any game, fair or otherwise,” said Peggy. “Lord! Miss Hoppner, do you fancy ’t is my duty to prevent the straying of the lovers of the ladies of Mr. Garrick’s company? I vow I took upon me no such responsibility. I should have no time for my meals.”

The woman whom she addressed looked at her with flashing eyes, her hands tightly clenched, and her teeth set, for some moments. Once her lips parted: she seemed about to speak; but with an evident struggle she restrained herself. Then the fierce light in her eyes flamed into scorn.

“Words were wasted on such a creature,” she said in a whisper that had something of a hiss in its tone, as she walked away.



Peggy laughed somewhat stridently and cried :

“ Excellently spoke, beyond doubt. The woman will be an actress yet.”

Not a word of complaint had Garrick reason for uttering in regard to the rehearsal of the scene in the tragedy this day, and on the way homewards he remarked to Peggy, smilingly :

“ Perhaps in the future, my dear Peggy, you will acknowledge that I know something of the art and methods of acting, though you did not hesitate to join with Mr. Johnson in calling my theories fantastic.”

“ Perhaps I may,” said Peggy, quietly ; “ but just now I protest I have some qualms.”

“ Qualms? Qualms? An actress with qualms !” cried Garrick. “ What a comedy could be written on that basis ! The actress with qualms, or letting ‘ I dare not ’ wait upon ‘ I would ! ’ Pray, madam, do your qualms arise from the reflection that you have contributed to the success of a sister actress ? ”

“ The tragedy has not yet been played,” said Peggy. “ ’T were best not to talk of the success of an actress in a play until the play has been played.”

That night Mrs. Woffington occupied a box in the theater, and by her side was Captain Joycelyn. Miss Hoppner was in a box opposite, and by her side was her mother.

The next day Peggy greeted her quite pleasantly, as she came upon the stage to rehearse the tragedy ; but she returned the greeting with a glance of scorn far more fierce than any which, in the character of Oriana, she had yet cast at her rival in the scenes of the play.

Peggy’s mocking face, and the merry laugh in which she indulged, did not cause the other to abate any of her fierceness ; but when the great scene was rehearsed for

the last time previous to the performance, Mrs. Woffington became aware of the fact that not only was Miss Hopper's representation of the passionate jealousy of the one woman real, but her own expression of the face on the part of the other woman when she saw the flash of the dagger was also real. With an involuntary cry she shrank back before the wild eyes of the actress, who approached her with the stealthy movement of a panther measuring its distance for a spring at the throat of its victim.

Garrick complimented both ladies at the close of the scene, but they both seemed too overcome to acknowledge his compliments.

"By my soul, Peggy," said Garrick when they met at the house in Bow Street, "you have profited as much by your teaching of that woman as she has. The expression upon your face to-day as she approached you gave even me a thrill. The climax needed such a cry as you uttered, though that fool of a poet did not provide for it."

She did not respond until some moments had passed, and then she merely said:

"Where are we to end, Davy, if we are to bring real and not simulated passion to our aid at the theater? Heavens! sir, we shall be in a pretty muddle presently. Are we to cultivate our hates and our jealousies and our affections for the sake of exhibiting them in turn?"

"'T would not be convenient to do so," said Garrick. "Still, you have seen how much can be done by an exhibition of the real and not the simulated passion."

"Depend upon it, sir, if you introduce the real passions into the acting of a tragedy, you shall have a real, and not a simulated, tragedy on the stage."

"Psha! that is the thought of a woman," said Garrick. "A woman seeks to carry an idea to its furthest

limits ; she will not be content to accept it with its reasonable limitations."

"And being a woman, 't is my misfortune to think as a woman," said Mrs. Woffington.

The theatre was crowded on the evening when "Oriana" appeared for the first time on the bills. Garrick had many friends, and so also had Margaret Woffington. The appearance of either of the two in a new character was sufficient to fill the theatre ; but in "Oriana" they were both appearing, and the interest of playgoers had been further stimulated by the rumours which had been circulated respecting the ability of the new actress whom Garrick had brought from the country.

When the company assembled in the green-room, Garrick gave all his attention to Miss Hoppner. He saw how terribly nervous she was. Not for a moment could she remain seated. She paced the room excitedly, every now and again casting a furtive glance in the direction of Mrs. Woffington, who was laughing with Macklin in a corner.

"You have no cause for trepidation, my dear lady," said Garrick to Miss Hoppner. "Your charm of person will make you a speedy favourite with the playgoers, and if you act the stabbing scene as faithfully as you did at the last two rehearsals your success will be assured."

"I can but do my best, sir," said the actress. "I think you will find that I shall act the stabbing scene with great effect."

"I do not doubt it," said Garrick. "Your own friends in the boxes will be gratified."

"I have no friends in the boxes, sir," said the actress.

"Nay, surely I heard of at least one—a certain officer in the Royal Scots," whispered Garrick.

"I know of none such, sir," replied the actress, fixing her eyes, half-closed, upon Peg Woffington, who was making a jest at Macklin's expense for the members of the company in her neighbourhood.

"Surely I heard—" continued Garrick, but suddenly checked himself. "Ah, I recalled now what I heard," he resumed in a low tone. "Alas! Peggy is a sad coquette, but I doubt not that the story of your conquests will ring through the town after to-night."

She did not seem to hear him. Her eyes were fixed upon Peggy Woffington, and in another moment the signal came that the curtain was ready to rise.

Garrick and Macklin went on the stage together, the former smiling in a self-satisfied way.

"I think I have made it certain that she will startle the house in at least one scene," he whispered to Macklin.

"Ah, that is why Peggy is so boisterous," said Macklin. "'Tis only when she is over-nervous that she becomes boisterous. Peggy is beginning to feel that she may have a rival.

But if Peggy was nervous, she certainly did not suggest it by her acting. She had not many opportunities for displaying her comedy powers in the play, but she contrived to impart a few touches of humour to the love scenes in the first act, which brightened up the gloom of the tragedy, and raised the spirits of the audience in some measure. Her mature style contrasted very effectively with the efforts of Miss Hoppner, who showed herself to be excessively nervous, and thereby secured at once the sympathies of the house. It was doubtful which of the two obtained the larger share of applause.

At the end of the act Captain Joycelyn was waiting at the back of the stage to compliment Peggy upon her acting. Miss Hoppner brushed past them on her way to her dressing-room, without deigning to recognise either.

Curiously enough in the next act the position of the two actresses seemed to be reversed. It was Mrs. Woffington who was nervous, whereas Miss Hoppner was thoroughly self-possessed.

"What in the world has come over you, my dear?" asked Garrick, when Peggy had made an exit so rapidly as to cause the latter half of one of her lines to be quite inaudible.

"God knows what it is," said Peggy. "I have felt all through the act as if I were going to break down — as if I wanted to run away from an impending calamity. By heavens, sir, I feel as if the tragedy were real and not simulated."

"Psha! You are but a woman after all," said Garrick.

"I fear that is the truth," said she. "Good God! that woman seems to have changed places with me. She is speaking her lines as if she had been acting in London for years. She is doing what she pleases with the house."

Garrick had to leave her to go through his great scene with the Oriana of the play, and Mrs. Woffington watched as if spell-bound the marvellous variety of his emotional expression as, in the character of the Prince Orsino, he confessed to Oriana that he no longer loved her, but that he had given his heart to Francesca. She saw the gleam in the eyes of the actress of the part of the jealous woman, as she denounced the perfidy of her lover and bade him leave her presence. Then came Francesca's long soliloquy, in which she swore that the

Prince should never taste the happiness which he sought at her expense.

“ I have a heart for murder, murder, murder !

My blood now surges like an angry sea,
Eager to grapple with its struggling prey,
And strangle it as I shall strangle her.

With these hands hungering for her shapely throat,
The throat on which these kisses have been flung.

Give her to me, just God, give her to me,
But for the time it takes to close my hand

Thus, and if justice reign supreme above,
The traitress shall come hither to her doom.

(*Aside*)

[*Enter FRANCESCA.*

“ My prayer is answered. It is Jove’s decree.”

So the passage ran, and it was delivered by the actress with a fervour that thrilled the house.

After her aside, Oriana turned, according to the stage directions, to Francesca with a smile. In Miss Hoppner’s eyes there was a light of triumph — or gratified revenge, and before it Margaret Woffington quailed. She gave a frightened glance around, as if looking for a way of escape ; there was a little pause, and then upon the silence of the house there fell the half-hissed words of Oriana as she craned her head forward, facing her rival :

“ Thou thinkest to ride to triumph o’er my corse —

The corse which his indecent feet have spurned
Into the dust. But there’s a God above !

I tell thee, traitress, ’t is not I shall lie

For vulture-beaks to rend — but thou — thou — thou !
Traitorress abhorred, this knife shall find thy heart !”

“ My God ! the dagger — it is real !” shrieked Peggy ; but before she could turn to fly, the other had sprung upon her, throwing her partly over a couch, and holding her by the throat, while she stabbed her twice.

A hoarse cry came from Peg Woffington, and then she rolled off the couch and fell limply to the stage, her arms rapping helplessly on the boards as she fell.

The other actress stood over her for a moment with a smile, then she looked strangely at the dagger which glistened in her hand. Then, with a hysterical cry, she flung the dagger from her, and fell back.

The curtain went down upon the roar of applause that swept from every part of the theatre. But, though the applause was maintained, neither of the actresses responded to the call. Several minutes had passed before Garrick himself appeared, and made a sign that he wished to speak. When the house became silent, he explained to his patrons that both actresses had swooned through the great demands which the scene had made upon them, and would be unable to appear for the rest of the evening. Under these melancholy circumstances, he hoped that no objection would be made to the bringing on of the burletta immediately.

The audience seemed satisfied to forego the enjoyment of the ghost scenes of the tragedy, and the burletta was proceeded with.

It was not thought advisable to let the audience know that Mrs. Woffington was lying on a couch in her dressing-room, while a surgeon was binding up a wound made in her side by the dagger used by the other actress. It was not until Garrick had examined the weapon that he perceived it was not a stage blade, but a real one, which had been used by Miss Hoppner. Fortunately, however, the point had been turned aside by the steel in Peg Woffington's stays, so that it had only inflicted a flesh wound.

In the course of a couple of hours, Peggy had recovered consciousness, and though very weak, was still able

to make an effort to captivate the surgeon with her witty allusions to the privileges incidental to his profession. She was so engaged when Garrick entered the room, and told her that Miss Hoppner was weeping outside the door, but that he had given orders that she was not to be admitted.

“Why should the poor girl not be admitted?” cried Peggy. “Should such an accident as that which happened be treated as though it were a murder? Send her in the room, sir, and leave us alone together.”

Garrick protested, but Peggy insisted on having her own way, and the moment Miss Hoppner was permitted to enter, she flung herself on her knees at the side of the couch, weeping upon the hand that Peggy gave to her.

* * * * *

When Garrick entered with Captain Joycelyn a short time afterward, Peggy would not allow him to remain in the room. The Captain remained, however, for some minutes, and when he left Miss Hoppner was on his arm. They crossed the stage together, and that was the last time she entered that or any other stage, for Captain Joycelyn married her within a month.

“Ah, friend Davy,” said Peggy to Garrick, “there was, after all, some sense in what Mr. Johnson said: ‘We actors are, doubtless, great folk; but ’t were presumptuous to turn Nature into the handmaid of Art.’ I have tried it, sir, and was only saved from disaster by the excellence of the art of my stays-maker. Nay, the stage is not Nature — it is but Nature seen on the surface of a mirror, and even then I protest, only when David Garrick is to the front, and Shakespeare’s the poet.”

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.



QUESTION

My weapon is exceeding keen
Of which I think I well may boast
And I 'll encounter Colonel Green
Together with his mighty host
With me they could not then compare
I conquer them both great and small
Tho' thousands stood before me there
I stood and got no harm at all

ANSWER

A man mowing of Grass with a Scyth, which took all before it.

From "The True Trial of Understanding."

THE DROWSING ROAD

THE Drowsing Road is a shaded lane
Descending down to the Slumber-land;
It turns and twists and it turns again
Across the Reverie Hills that stand
Around the depths where the valleys lie,—
The silent plains where a vapor teems,
Too dense for vision, excepting by
The glimmering lightning-flash of dreams.

A haze on Drowsing forever hides
Unwelcome shapes from the weary eye,
But spots where beauty or grace abides
In sunbeams smile as I wander by;
And clear as crystal in Drowsing air
I see a figure of queenly grace,
For Drowsing crosses a hillock where
My love and I have a trysting-place.

The Drowsing Road is the only place
My sweetheart ever appears to me.
With smiles enwreathing her gentle face,
We stroll together as I and she
Recall the love of a distant day,—
Her words caress as I kiss her hand,
Then mists arise and I lose my way
In drifts of fog from the Slumber-land.

LAYTON BREWER.



THE BUREAU OF LITERARY
REVISION

OUR beloved friend Charles Lamb once wrote of his *Essays of Elia* :

“ One of these professors, on my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me on the method by which the young gentlemen in his seminary were taught to compose English themes.”

When, with the solemn thoughts brought to each soul at the “turn of the year,” we recount to ourselves our many mercies, let us never fail to remember with gratitude that the magnanimous offer of that seminary professor was never accepted.

We do not have to wait to-day for chance offers from solemn professors of instruction and revision in literary composition ; “the method by which young gentlemen in the seminary are taught to compose” is thrust upon us at every hand. “Bureaus of revision” and “Offices of literary criticism” abound and thrive and become opulent through examining, correcting and revising the work of confiding authors. We are told with pride that in one bureau alone three thousand manuscripts a year were thus revised. Among those three thousand young fledgelings of authors there may *not* have been a Charles Lamb, but the lamentable thought also will arise that there *may* have been a Charles Lamb, and that his unmethodical little “sketches” may have been pruned or amplified, or arranged and revised till they proved true “English themes.”

There is a wearying monotony in the make-up of many of our periodicals, some of those even of large

circulation. There is a lack of literary color, a precise and proper formation of each sentence, and a regularity of ensemble which is certainly grammatical but is fully as uninteresting as grammar. A surfeit of these exactly formal "English themes" has made the gasping public turn to some of our literary freaks and comets with a sensation as if seeking an inspiration of fresh air after mental smothering.

I attribute this too frequent monotony, and even stultification of composition, to the "literary reviser"—the trail of the serpent is over all our press.

And what does this literary revision offer for the large fees paid? One alleged benefit is the correction of punctuation. It certainly performs this service; but the editor and proofreader in any responsible publishing-house will, as a duty, correct with precision the punctuation of any paper or book printed by the house. A benefit alleged by one circular is "a pruning of too riotous imagination." I groaned aloud as I read this threat. Too riotous imagination to-day! when we long for imagination and long in vain; when a wooden realism thrusts its angular outlines in our faces from every printed page. "To curb the use of adjectives," is another of the reviser's duties. The meager style too often seen of late may arise from this curbing.

The most astonishing aspect of this bureau of revision is shown in the patience with which authors endure its devastations. They confidingly send into this machine the tenderly nourished children of their brains, dressed with natural affection in all the frills and ruffles of rhetoric, and receive them home again with ornaments torn away, laid in a strait jacket which has been cut with rigid uniformity, and made with mathematical precision—and

yet they kiss the rod that turned the natural children of their brains into wretched little automatons.

I would not judge all revision bureaus by one; but I must give my experience at the hands of a very reputable one. I had written four books of more than average sale, and had been ever commended by the press for my grammatical construction, when I sent to a bureau for criticism a short magazine-paper. It was returned to me full of very large and legible corrections—or rather alterations such as these: Where I wrote of my heroine being *dressed in*, etc., my reviser placed *gowned in*; where I wrote *the little child*, the reviser altered to *the young babe*; where I said *nothing happened after this*, to my horror, in heroic blue-penciled letters, I read my pet aversion, *nothing transpired*. Where a compound sentence contained several clauses with verbs in the past tense, all dependent clauses were made participial in form; not always to the advantage in elegance, never of moment or indeed of real difference in grammatical construction.

I must confess that I did not send to this bureau my real name, as palpably too well known to men of literary ilk. My three dollars' worth of advice was contained in a single sentence: "Your style is fair, but commonplace; if you practice literary composition you may succeed; but this article is, in our judgment, not salable."

I had the pleasure of sending the paper immediately to a well-known magazine and receiving therefrom in payment a check for fifty dollars.

A DEGENERATE.



A NEW BALLAD OF TANNHÆUSER

“**W**HAT hardy, tattered wretch is that
Who on our synod dares intrude ? ”
Pope Urban with his council sat ;
And near the door Tannhæuser stood.

His eye with light unearthly gleamed ;
His yellow hair hung round his head
In elflocks lustreless : he seemed
Like one new-risen from the dead.

“ Hear me, most Holy Father, tell
The tale that burns my soul within.
I stagger on the brink of hell :
No voice but yours can shrive my sin.”

“ Speak, sinner ! ” — “ From my father’s house
Lightly I stepped in haste for fame ;
And hoped by deeds adventurous
High on the world to carve my name.

“ At early dawn I took my way ;
My heart with peals of gladness rang ;
Nor could I leave the woods all day,
Because the birds so sweetly sang.

“ But when the happy birds had gone
To rest, and night with panic fears
And blushes deep came stealing on,
Another music thrilled my ears.

“ I heard the evening wind serene
And all the wandering waters sing
The deep delight the day had been,
The deep delight the night would bring.

- “ I heard the wayward earth express,
In one long-drawn, melodious sigh,
The rapture of the sun's caress,
The passion of the brooding sky.
- “ The air became a boundless flood
Of music streaming overhead :
A cry — a cry rose in my blood :
I followed where the music led.
- “ It led me to a mountain-chain
Wherein, athwart the deepening gloom,
High hung above the wooded plain,
Appeared a summit like a tomb.
- “ Aloft a giddy pathway wound
That brought me to a darksome cave :
I heard, undaunted, underground
Wild winds and wilder voices rave.
- “ And plunged into that stormy world :
Cold hands assailed me impotent
In the gross darkness ; serpents curled
About my limbs ; but on I went.
- “ The wild winds buffeted my face ;
The wilder voices shrieked despair ;
A stealthy step with mine kept pace,
And subtle terror steeped the air.
- “ But the sweet sound that throbbed on high
Had left the upper world ; and still
A cry rang in my blood — a cry !
For, lo, far in the hollow hill

- “ The dulcet melody withdrawn
Kept welling through the fierce uproar.
As I have seen the molten dawn
Across a swarthy tempest pour,
- “ So suddenly the magic note,
Transformed to light, a glittering brand,
Out of the storm and darkness smote
A peaceful sky, a dewy land.
- “ I scarce could breathe, I might not stir,
The while there came across the lea,
With singing maidens after her
A woman wonderful to see.
- “ Her face—her face was strong and sweet ;
Her looks were loving prophecies ;
She kissed my brow ; I kissed her feet —
A woman wonderful to kiss.
- “ She took me to a place apart
Where eglantine and roses wove
A bower, and gave me all her heart —
A woman wonderful to love.
- “ As I lay worshipping my bride,
While rose-leaves in her bosom fell
And dreams came sailing on a tide,
Of sleep, I heard a matin-bell.
- “ It beat my soul as with a rod
Tingling with horror of my sin ;
I thought of Christ, I thought of God,
And of the fame I meant to win.

- “ I rose ; I ran ; nor looked behind :
The doleful voices shrieked despair
In tones that pierced the crashing wind ;
And subtle terror warped the air.
- “ About my limbs the serpents curled ;
The stealthy step with mine kept pace ;
But soon I reached the upper world :
I sought a priest ; I prayed for grace.
- “ He said, ‘ Sad sinner, do you know
What fiend this is, the baleful cause
Of your dismay ? ’ I loved her so
I never asked her what she was.
- “ He said, ‘ Perhaps not God above
Can pardon such unheard-of ill :
It was the pagan Queen of Love
Who lured you to her haunted hill!
- “ ‘ Each hour you spent with her was more
Than a full year ! Only the Pope
Can tell what heaven may have in store
For one who seems past help and hope.’
- “ Forthwith I took the way to Rome :
I scarcely slept ; I scarcely ate :
And hither quaking am I come,
But resolute to know my fate.
- “ Most Holy Father, save my soul. . . .
Ah God ! again I hear the chime,
Sweeter than liquid bells that toll
Across a lake at vesper time. . . .

“ Her eyelids drop. . . I hear her sigh . . .
The rose-leaves fall. . . She falls asleep. . . .
The cry rings in my blood — the cry
That surges from the deepest deep.

“ No man was ever tempted so !
I say not this in my defense. . .
Help, Father, help ! or I must go !
The dulcet music draws me hence ! ”

He knelt — he fell upon his face.
Pope Urban said : “ The eternal cost
Of guilt like yours eternal grace
Dare not remit : your soul is lost.

“ When this dead staff I carry grows
Again and blossoms, heavenly light
May shine on you.” Tannhæuser rose :
And all at once his face grew bright.

He saw the emerald leaves unfold,
The emerald blossoms break and glance :
They watched him, wondering to behold
The rapture of his countenance.

The undivined, eternal God
Looked on him from the highest heaven,
And showed him by the budding rod
There was no need to be forgiven.

He heard melodious voices call
Across the world, an elfin shout ;
And when he left the council-hall,
It seemed a great light had gone out.

With anxious heart, with troubled brow,
The Synod turned upon the Pope.
They saw ; they cried : “ A living bough!
A miracle! a pledge of hope ! ”

And Urban trembling saw. “ God’s way
Is not as man’s,” he said. “ Alack !
Forgive me, gracious Heaven, this day
My sin of pride. Go, bring him back.”

But swift as thought Tannhæuser fled,
And was not found. He scarcely slept ;
He scarcely ate ; for overhead
The ceaseless dulcet music kept

Wafting him on. And evermore
The foliate staff he saw at Rome
Pointed the way ; and the winds bore
Sweet voices whispering him to come.

The air, a world-enfolding flood
Of liquid music poured along ;
And the wild cry within his blood
Became at last a golden song.

“ All day,” he sang — “ I feel, all day,
The earth dilate beneath my feet ;
I hear in fancy far away
The tidal heart of ocean beat.

“ My heart amasses as I run
The depth of heaven’s sapphire flower ;
The resolute, enduring sun
Fulfills my soul with splendid power.

“ I quiver with divine desire ;
 I clasp the stars ; my thoughts immerse
 Themselves in space ; like fire in fire
 I melt into the universe.

“ For I am running to my love :
 The eager roses burn below,
 Orion wheels his sword above,
 To guard the way God bids me go.”

At dusk he reached the mountain-chain,
 Wherein, athwart the deepening gloom,
High hung above the wooded plain
 The Hørselberg rose like a tomb.

He plunged into the under-world ;
 Cold hands assailed him impotent
In the gross darkness ; serpents curled
 About his limbs ; but on he went.

The wild winds buffeted his face ;
 The wilder voices shrieked despair ;
A stealthy step with his kept pace ;
 And subtle terror steeped the air.

But once again the magic note,
 Transformed to light, a glittering brand,
Out of the storm and darkness smote
 A peaceful sky, a dewy land.

And once again he might not stir,
 The while there came across the lea,
With singing maidens after her,
 The Queen of Love so fair to see.

Her happy face was strong and sweet ;
Her looks were loving prophecies ;
She kissed his brow ; he kissed her feet —
He kissed the ground her feet did kiss.

She took him to a place apart
Where eglantine and roses wove
A bower, and gave him all her heart !
The Queen of Love, the Queen of Love.

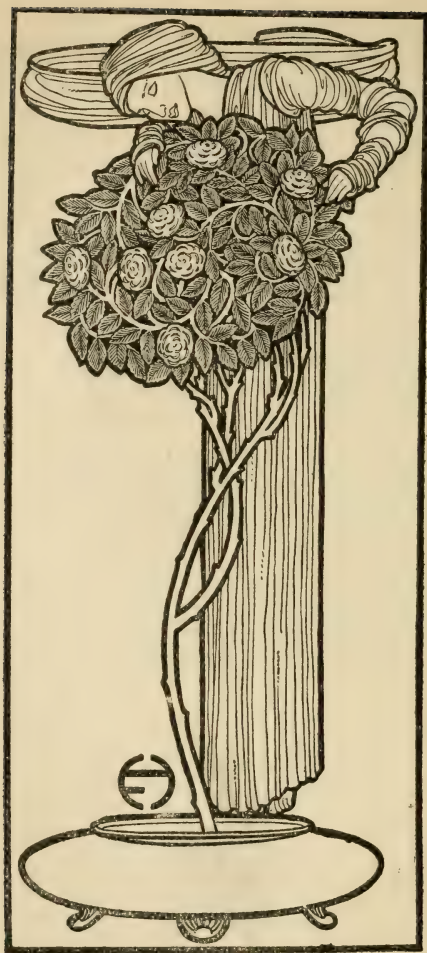
As he lay worshipping his bride
While rose-leaves in her bosom fell,
And dreams came sailing on a tide
Of sleep, he heard a matin-bell.

“ Hark ! Let us leave the magic hill,”
He said, “ and live on earth with men.”
“ No ; here,” she said, “ we stay, until
The Golden Age shall come again.”

And so they wait, while empires sprung
Of hatred thunder past above,
Deep in the earth, forever young,
Tannhæuser and the Queen of Love.

JOHN DAVIDSON.





THE ROSE TREE



¶ The erudite person who conducts the department of book reviews in *Munsey's Magazine* has either been in the business but a short time or he has been curiously unobservant of literary events of the past few years. In a notice in the June issue he begins by informing us that Mr. Harold Frederic has made his *début* as a novelist with a book entitled "The Damnation of Theron Ware," and he goes on to say that "Mr. Frederic is favorably known to us by his foreign letters to the *New York Times*, and those who have followed his work closely will not be surprised to find in his first novel that he is entitled to high rank in literature."

It is a subject of no slight regret that even in a magazine where text is obviously subordinate to illustrations, where literature is but "letterpress" to the pictures, such pitiful ignorance should be tolerated.

It does seem as if any one of ordinary intelligence might know of Mr. Frederic's earlier works. It is hardly demanding too much to ask a man to remember "In the Valley," since it ran in *Scribner's Magazine* for nearly a year, and had no small success, or "Seth's Brother's Wife," or "The Lawton Girl," for both attracted attention on their appearance. And yet the literary editor of a magazine boasting hundreds of thousands of readers comes forth, and with condescending

complacency greets Mr. Frederic as a new novelist. Surely the decadence is upon us, and the Philistines speak truth.

¶ The popular song has seemed an impregnable stronghold of morality. No higher praise could be given than "a song of home and mother." Loyalty to woman and love of kindred, unselfishness and courage, have been celebrated in a thousand ephemeral ditties every year. Think of a few later songs: "I believe it, for my mother told me so;" "I'll stick to the ship, lads; you save your lives;" "Molly and I and the baby," etc. They have encouraged the student of humanity in moments of depression, and half persuaded him that after all the great public's heart was in the right place. Novels and problem plays might treat of marital infidelity, self-indulgence and cowardice, but they were only, so he told himself, for the upper classes; below in the ranks the sturdy common virtues survived. But now the trail of the serpent is over the popular song. There may be some who will think the fact of no moment, but to me it seems portentous that a new song already widely popular should contain a story of cheerful indifference to marriage vows. "Ma Onliest One," by Fay Templeton, is destined to be as widely known as "I Want yer, ma Honey." The singer in the first stanza is infatuated with Clorinda Johnson, a lovely "yaller gal," in the second he is married to her, while in the third he turns the very title of the song to ridicule. Another "yaller gal" comes to live in the same street, and the singer of the ballad, forgetting Clorinda, expresses himself forcibly if not elegantly, "I know it's wrong, but, gee, I wants to own yer!" The sentiment is coincident with that of the hero of many a problem play, and it is the most horrifying proof of the degeneracy of the age which has yet been offered us.

¶ If the desire of the American public for English authors is as great as we are constantly being told it is, I think it passing strange that no one on this side brings out Emma Jane Worboise's novels.

The writings of this lady are little known here ; few Americans have even heard her name. I am sure I, for one, never did until the other day, when I saw in a London literary journal the welcome intelligence that a uniform edition of her collected works was preparing and would shortly be ready in thirty-eight volumes at three shillings and sixpence the volume.

We all long in vain for Kipling in a uniform edition, so it is grateful to have at any rate Emma Jane Worboise. It is to be regretted, however, that the publishers have not made the edition a complete one. An edition which contains *Thornycroft Hall*, *Millicent Kendrick*, *Violet Vaughan*, *The Fortunes of Cyril Denham*, *Lady Clarissa*, *Warleigh's Trust*, *Esther Wynne* and thirty-one other masterpieces should surely include *Maude Bolingbroke*, *Amy Wilton*, *Helen Bury*, *Our New House* ; or, *Keeping up Appearances*, *Married Life* and *Hearts Ease in the Family*, all of which are only to be had in the three-shilling edition. *Charles Eversley's Choice*, indeed, is not to be procured except in the cheap eighteen-pence form.

¶ Judged by some standards, Emma Jane Worboise may seem an exceptionally productive writer. But Mrs. George Corbett, if her health continues good, seems likely to eclipse Miss (or Mrs.) Worboise. It is true that she has only published twenty works so far, but the present year will do much toward bringing up her score. Two novels began serially early in the year, *The Prince Physician*, and *The Vindication of Olive Trevethick*. June has two more started, and before the year is out we shall have three more, and Mrs. Corbett will have made a

respectable showing of seven in one year. If a few more like Mrs. Corbett could be found I would suggest a novel-writing contest as a unique attraction for next season's parlor entertainments. Even now we might give Miss Adeline Sergeant the advantage of a small handicap and with Mrs. Corbett as scratch the match would be exciting.

¶ The portrait of Ibsen in 1860, which appeared in the May 15th issue, was taken from a new Parisian magazine entitled "*L'Aube*," to which credit should have been given.

¶ The newspapers of a day or two ago contained the following dispatch. Comment seems superfluous.

[SPECIAL CABLE BY JULIAN RALPH.]

London, June 23.—Among the passengers on the *Lucania*, which sailed for New York Saturday, are Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Harold Vanderbilt, with a valet and two maids and Richard Watson Gilder.



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THE MILLER'S SONG

ONCE *she was dainty Dorothy,
Dorothy of the Mill,
Sweet as a thorny wild-rose,
That dews of evening fill;
Now she folds tattered petals
Around a wounded heart,
And oh, her sister Roses
They shrink from her apart!*

Do you remember, Dorothy,
Days that have flown away
With rose, and lilac, and hawthorn
Fled with a parted May?
Do you remember kisses
Snatched by the eldertree?
Vows that were made, and broken—
Dorothy, Dorothy?

Since you were sweet-and-twenty
Many a rose has died;
Many a rosebud broken
Her jealous sheaths aside.
And who was Queen of Roses
Is changed, and pale of blee:
No man now seeks Maid Marian,
All men seek Dorothy.

Allan-a-Dale is singing
To-night in Avalon :
And there 's no horn could waken
Scarlett or Little John ;
Only the Miller wanders
The silent ways of Shere,
And would that he were lying
Dead of your thorns, my dear.

NORA HOPPER.

THE USES OF PERVERSITY

HERE French must lend its subtler and more penetrating aroma. A stronger spice must brace the good old English toned-down flavour. The word must be supposed invigorated, for the thing it is to mean is forcible. Waywardness is not the humour of this perversity, and it has more of the perverted than of the perverse. Surface hits at cussedness, facile thrusts at contrariness, leave it unscathed; for it goes deeper than whimsicality and underlies the quaintness sharp wit picks out of little things gone wrong. Perversity, thus for a space restored to its unemasculated meaning, is a twisted distortion of root and branch, not a gentle deflection of airy twigs. To paint a French thing the word must assume a Gallic hue, and as the thing is deep-dyed, so the word must borrow for the nonce a fuller tone.

Words, indeed, are but things. The names on which French thought has thrived have been true tokens of its moods, and word-changes have meant revolutions of fact, for the facts here are the words. Realism worsting Romanticism, the newest Decadence undoing Realism,

are evolutions in speech which cover a progression in life. The sentimentality of Art meant gush in practice and the attitudes of literature were struck in reality. Dissection in fiction argued an actual habit of analysis, and materiality was most lived for when it was most written about. The reaction in words has ushered in a revolution of fact, or, which comes to the same, the new literature has sprung from the new life. From paroxysm to anti-climax has been the way of this parallel progression, as it is of every change. The pendulum has swayed from Realism and struck the opposite beam. But the earth turned while we swung, and we have landed, not on Romance again, whence we had leaped to Realism, but on Perversity, whence a lucky spring may eventually set us down on something wiser and better. Yet there are books in the running brooks, and there may be sermons in even the troubled streams that water this new land of our discovery. The inner reaction in men and things which the outer anti-climax of names and words betokens is no barren waste, and yields experience a plentiful harvest. The fruits are not seldom ill-flavoured, but the flavour is strong, and the uses of this new perversity are not insipid, though they be but bitter-sweet.

Idealism is our perversion, and the Soul depraves us. We are drinking the dregs of the immaterial and have touched the dingiest bottoms of purity. The relativity of the object has turned our heads, and we are soul-mad. Apotheosis of soul and annihilation of body, the only seemly pegs on which well-thinking "jeunes" can now hang their periods, which once the bait-hook of "analytical observation" alone could catch, are the principles of our disintegration. Their work is swift, for the fear of lagging in the race for modernity speeds it, and it is wholesale. Nature and common sense crumble, and

sincerity has long since withered away. Cabaret conversations are of the stupidity of sex, and small-talk in drawing-rooms runs on the idiocy of love. Mating is a platitude, begetting an absurdity, and motherhood has the quaintness of things obsolete. The abolition of sex is the new crusade, and the last religion is of the future, when the aristocracy of the intellect shall, Jupiter-like, eschew animality, and engender its children in a thought. Literature foretells the time, and art paints the soul with daring straightforwardness on canvas, using microscopic brushes dipped in gold and devoting years to the task, for psychic delineation is minute and precious.

Soul gives form, and the ethereal must take outward shape. Hence the new attitude. A virginal appearance and the candour of an "*enfant de cœur*" are its necessary conditions. The hair, dark for women, preferably golden for men, is long, forlorn and parted. Complexions are of wax when feminine; when masculine, of pale peach-blossom! A cherub's smile plays on the lips, and eyes must within the bounds of feasibility show the vacuity of an infant's. In voice and gesture, being more easily practised, is the new puerility most felicitously expressed. The secret lies in the suppression of both. The voice must be "white," and every accent, every shade of tone that gives but the faint image of a colour, is a flaw. A still grosser imperfection would be aught of hasty or unmeasured in gesture or movement. In small-talk anent the Soul, as in the impressive elocution of nursery rhymes, carnal oblivion must be ensured by immovableness of limb, and further than the uplifting of a finger the soulful do not venture. The golden-haired youth lisping with the "*voix blanche*" of white-robed "*premières communiantes*" pictures the perversion of purity.

As at once a sign of health and a stigma of decay

there comes amid this struggling for a Soul the fitful yet eventual triumph of the flesh. The trampled body turns and fells its oppressors, and this is Nature's victory, claiming, after all, her own. But it is also Nature's revenge, for she bestows not of her best on those who have spurned the boon, and her gifts are cruel to her prodigal sons. Passion is vouchsafed generously anew to some few who abjured it, but it has to pay its penalty. The actress who (not for respectability's sake—this care is unknown in her Bohemia—but as a tribute to the new perversion) had renounced the flesh, and the poet who had made dying all the rage and relegated mere living to the lumber-room, have to screen the simplest of idylls, not from the stare of the puritan, but from the prying of the last decadence. More often a yet heavier penalty is paid. The flesh will out, and, stifled by the perversion of purity, breaks impurely forth. The fat little Marseillais poet who may be heard of an evening in his popular part of the prophet of the new renunciation anathematising the scurrility of sex and execrating the ugliness of love, the golden-haired painter whose boast is his choir-boy appearance, are rivals in innuendo and salaciousness when the work of life is over and play-hours begin. In the daytime even the test of a bottle of champagne or of but a half pint of beer is one the new purity will hardly stand. The slender youth whom you have heard preaching the gospel of asceticism amid a circle of amused and half-deceived ladies goes with you to sip a "quart" at the Café de la Place Blanche, upstairs, and shows surprising intimacy with the feminine element of that particular world, and no little experience of fleshly doctrines.

The uses of perversity wander wide in seriousness and in theory, and return to Nature in practice and at

play. But the return is by a yet muddier way than the digression, and a cleaner and wholesomer path must be opened up before the straight line can be struck again.

LAURENCE JERROLD.

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

THE sunlight dies with a sickening glare,—

What went ye out for to see?—

And the vultures are darkening the upper air, —

What went ye out for to see?

Oh ! the soldiers were strong and brave and bold,

And the red blood of life ran hot, ran cold,

With the fruitage of death for the grave's dark
mold,—

What went ye out for to see?

They have gathered them up with moan and
groan,—

What went ye out for to see?—

He lies with his brow to the quiet skies,

With heaven's blue in his open eyes,

And a shadow falls as a vulture flies,—

What went ye out for to see?

He lies in the light of the rising moon,—

What went ye out for to see?—

For the life of the charge, death came too soon,—

What went ye out for to see?

Ah ! the solemn shadows come and go,

And the vagrant winds through the brown locks
blow :

But he died with his brave young face to the foe,—

What went ye out for to see?

But pitiless death, in the ghostly gleam, —

What went ye out for to see? —

Hide, pitiful moon, from the ghastly dream,—

What went ye out for to see?

For the locks are bright as a baby's hair,

And under the blood-stained jacket there

Is the breast of a woman, soft and fair,—

What went ye out for to see?

Ah! fearful the breach that she strove to fill,—

What went ye out for to see? —

And fearful the force, the strength of will,—

What went ye out for to see?

A lily cast in the leaden hail?

A dove in the teeth of the whistling gale?

God pity the cause, that such faith should fail! —

What went ye out for to see? —

What matters it whether she wore the gray,—

What went ye out for to see? —

Or died in victorious blue, that day,—

What went ye out for to see?

For valor will heed when 'tis valor that calls,

And the gap was filled—'tis the story that palls,—

For over the past God's sunlight falls,—

What went ye out for to see?

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.





THE ENVIOUS BLACK-HAIR'D QUEEN

FRANK HAZENPLUG

THE ORACLE

“OH! MR. FENSHAW!!”

“Milli — Miss Drew.”

“You would have ——”

“There’s such a crowd ——”

“But ——”

“And my glasses — dropped them on the stairs. You know the Duchess of Heavytowers?”

“Slightly.”

“No, quite the reverse, fifteen stone — as blind as myself. Ground to powder — the glasses, you know.”

“How sad!”

“Yes — my aunt, Lady Greenbury, has been signalling me for the last twenty minutes to take her down to supper, and I cannot see her. Shall we sit down?”

“What a charming ——”

“Is n’t it? The ferns, the lights and — and you really go to-morrow?”

“Yes, papa ——”

“Oh, the selfishness of these parents. Their pleasures are always placed first in ——”

“Their duties, Mr. Fenshaw. Parliament ——”

“The club ——”

“Do you think so? And another fortnight would have been so nice, would n’t it?”

“Heavenly.”

* * * * *

“I got your message this afternoon, Mr. Fenshaw.”

“Oh — yes!”

“I have been wondering ever since what you wanted to say.”

“I — I — want to tell you — that — is — to — say, I wish ——”

“Yes — yes!”

“ Bother ! There are some people watching us — when they have gone —— ”

“ Where are they ? ”

“ Lean this way and you ’ll see. ”

“ Why, that —— ”

“ By Jove ! He almost took her in his arms. I wish I could see who it is. They have spotted us now and are talking most sedately. I tell you what, Miss Drew, I should n’t be a bit surprised if that fellow was n’t wishing me at Jericho. ”

“ But why ? ”

“ Perhaps he wants to say something to the girl — she may be going away to-morrow, you know. ”

“ Yes ; she may. ”

“ Of course it is a mere hazard on my part, but I — really it would not surprise me if the poor beggar does n’t want to propose, and is only waiting for a chance —— ”

“ Had n’t we better go, then ? ”

“ Oh ! — Well, she does n’t appear to be giving him much encouragement, so perhaps if we stay he will be prevented from speaking, which will save him from a disappointment. ”

“ She may like him — awfully. ”

“ Well, she ought to be less standoffish. ”

“ What can she do ? ”

“ Hello ! She turned towards him just then most pleadingly. And—do look—she has put her hand in his. ”

“ Oh ! ”

“ He appears to be squeezing it. ”

“ He is, indeed. ”

“ Now he is telling her that he is frightfully smitten with her, and she — and she only listens as though he were saying that it was a fine wet night. Can this be a portent ? ”

“Of what?”

“Oh, nothing. I mean I am dreadfully superstitious, and what with to-day being Friday, and so on, I have grave doubts about entering on any undertaking, especially if——”

“I am sure she loves him. I——”

“Ah! that was better; she really showed some signs of interest in him. If Friday was not such an unlucky day, I swear——. Ah, she has returned to her old apathetic attitude: it’s all up with him, poor chap. I hope I shall see you when I come up to town, Miss Drew.”

“Oh, I hope we shall meet somewhere, Mr. Fenshaw.”

“May I venture to call on you?”

“Mother will be delighted if you will; we are at home every day—every day except Fridays, Mr. Fenshaw.”

“And this is really ‘good-bye’?”

“I suppose so.”

“If it had n’t been a Friday——”

“If it had n’t——”

“I would have chanced it if she—— Bless my soul! if the brute has n’t made the girl cry: she’s got her handkerchief up to her eyes.”

“Has he?”

“And he sits staring straight in front of him, paying her no attention. I say! I really believe she cares for him a bit. She nestles towards him—lifts her head—I believe she is going to kiss—— Millicent!”

“You goose! It is a mirror all the time.”

“Say a portent. The gods are for us, Millicent. The oracle——”

“Has spoken.”

H. M.

TOO LATE

Words by
HARRIET P. SAWYER.

Music by
WILLIAM MARC CHAUVENET.

Too late, my love, too late! Too late for love and thee!

The first system of the song is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G minor, with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Day will no lon - ger wait. . . . Dawn's pearls are on the sea, . . .

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

p
A - cross the eyes of night, The hands of day are

The third system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

pressed, Thine eyes are pale with light; Rest, my be-lov - ed, rest.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

THE MAKING OF MONSIEUR LESCARBOT'S BALLAD

IT WAS a stormy evening of March, 1611. All day snow had fallen in a white whirlwind on Port Royal, winning one by one its points of vantage, and submerging each in turn relentlessly, till now the tiny colony had almost vanished in the drifts.

Signs of outline there were none. The great stone gateway at the southeast, carved above with the fleur-de-lis, was dim and shapeless even to the sentry in the guard-room beside it; the bastion to the southwest, its four cannon quite buried, melted vaguely into the darkness. Snow lay everywhere. The gabled houses were turned into white misshapen monsters, and strange fantastic mounds stretched across the Square. Even the flag of France in the centre, beneath which the Seigneur of Port Royal stood each year to greet his vassals, had suffered with the rest, the wind having wrapped it tightly about its staff, and the interminable flakes blotted out its lilies.

It was ten by the clock, and the colonists long since abed, so that, save for the blink of the sentry's candle, a stranger passing by the guard-room would have seen no sign of life. But that was only because a giant drift hid the great hall of the seigneurie from sight, for there a few of them were still awake and drinking deep, in honour of the coming to Acadie of the duc de Montpelier, cousin of the king.

Within the long wainscoted room, Poutrincourt, Seigneur of Port Royal, sat musing before a huge log fire, with his thin white hands spread out to the mellow heat. His face, delicately contoured and crossed by many lines, gleamed with a ruddy hue while the flames

roared up the high-arched chimney ; when they sank low again, it had the likeness of an ashen mask against the blackness of his silken doublet. He was clad entirely in black, even to his ruffles. His head was sunken on his breast. And thus he sat gazing at the fire, his shadow on the wall behind keeping time grotesquely to the leaping flames.

To his left Marc Lescarbot, the poet of the colony, listened across a bowl of muscat to one of Imbert's endless stories. He was tall and thin, with dreamy grey eyes ; there were girlish dimples on his cheeks. Just now, however, his face was flushed and his fingers played nervously about his girdle, for Imbert, after a fashion of his own, was emphasising the narrative with reckless flourishings of his naked sword. But even then, with the point almost upon his breast, Monsieur Lescarbot by no means lost his urbanity, for his smile, albeit a trifle anxious, was still most wondrous sweet. As for Imbert, the story he was telling had excited him beyond control. It was as if his wild sea-roving days had returned. His black eyes flashed fiercely from out his red, scarred face ; his rubicund lips were protruded ; his massive left hand was twined in the coarse black hair that overhung his forehead. As the firelight danced athwart him he seemed to Lescarbot, always fanciful, much like the gods on the bowls of the Indian lobster-claw pipes, so broad was his short, squat body and so flaming red his face.

On the right at a small table the Seigneur's son, Biencourt, and the duc de Montpelier played at dice ; the one eagerly, as if mindful of his growing pile of pistoles, the other in listless unconcern. And this difference the appearance of the two enhanced, for while Biencourt was tall, blue-eyed, and smooth and fresh of face, the duc

was short and dark, with glittering black eyes and a pale, wearied countenance. And whereas Biencourt was bravely dressed in doublet and hose of soft blue satin, the duc wore a black velvet that harmonized sombrely with his paleness and his listlessness. He had but that day reached Acadie from France, yet the sight of the forest life about him, the fur-clad lackeys and strange Indian relics, seemed scarcely to stir his pulses. Instead he sat in silence by the table, carelessly toying with his white, ringed hands.

The round ended and Biencourt swept in his gains. "Doubles?" he cried.

The duc nodded and pushed forward his stake.

"It was then the English came aboard us, Monsieur Lescarbot," roared Imbert, waving his sword, "and I leave you to judge how fierce the fighting was with half our men already dead. The deck was a red shambles, and in the midst stood Pierre Euston, blood from head to heel."

"It is worthy of a ballad," murmured his hearer.

The duc shivered and drew nearer the fire. "Do ballads flourish in this frozen land?" he asked, with a languid lift of his black eyebrows.

Poutrincourt started from his reverie. "Lescarbot is a famous poet, monsieur le duc. For a ballad or love-song I know few to equal him."

A blush reddened the poet's dimpled cheeks. "The wilderness is full of subjects," said he, modestly.

The wind was rising higher and the stout oaken door rattled clamourously to the white gusts. His highness the duc de Montpelier shivered again and looked about him somewhat curiously at the quaintly carven doors and the bearskins and heads of deer that hung upon the dark wainscoted walls.

“It was then I came up from the lower deck,” went on Imbert, “and side by side Pierre Euston and I charged together. Ah! Pierre was a brave fighter in those days, I warrant you, and together we swept the decks before us. And droll enough work it was, with the wounded dogs of English laying their swords about our heels as we passed.”

“It was scoundrelly work,” broke in Biencourt, balancing his dice-box on his fingers. “Nothing would please me better than a meeting with this droll gentleman, this Pierre Euston.”

Half seriously, half amusedly, the quondam pirate shrugged his great shoulders. “Tush! I was but a lad,” he said in a tone of apology, “and I took no share beyond the fighting.”

The dicing went on. The duc threw and lost again and impassively as ever filled his silver flagon from the pitcher on the long oaken table behind him. “To your next ballad, Monsieur Lescarbot,” he said, politely. But the wine was scarce half way to his lips ere there came a strange interruption. The door opened slowly from without, and a woman entered, an infant in her arms.

In after years, when alone with Imbert in the ruined fort, that scene came back to Biencourt with startling vividness. Once again he beheld the long room dyed red in the glow of the fire; once more he saw them as they started to their feet and stood staring blankly at the stranger. And much cause was there to stare, for women in Port Royal this winter there were none — least of all grand, ladies such as each movement showed this to be — while beyond the fort lay naught but a savage, unbroken wilderness. And Biencourt remembered standing thus while one might slowly count ten.

The duc was the first to speak. "You are cold, madame," he said softly. "You must drink some wine." And, flagon in hand, he approached her.

But the newcomer, who was blue-eyed and most marvellously fair of face, waved him curtly back. "I have come to ask shelter for myself and babe, from the lord of the seigneurie, monsieur, not to drink wine." Then, pausing as if for breath, she stood erect beside the door, slender and lissome, a multitude of snow-flakes slowly melting in the red-gold of her hair.

For a moment Poutrincourt was silent. Idly his thoughts travelled the endless forest wastes of Acadie, snow-clad and inhospitable, where, this winter of 1611, was no white settlement beside his own. He had even passed up the great river to Quebec, where his friend Captain Samuel Champlain had three years before planted the banner of the fleur-de-lis, when with a start he became aware the woman's eyes were fixed haughtily upon him. Then, mindful of his duty, he stepped forward, bowing low, and bade her welcome to his seigneurie of Port Royal, brushing the snow from her long fur mantle with his own white hands. And in an instant more the stranger was ensconced in a chair before the fire.

Biencourt and the duc resumed their gaming, Monsieur Lescarbot took out his tablets preparatory to verse-making, and Imbert busied himself mulling wine for the conclusion of the evening's potations, which in Port Royal were wont to be of the deepest. But no one ventured to mar the hospitality of Port Royal with a question, and the newcomer proved more taciturn than would have been expected from the laughing curves of her lips, sitting moment after moment silent in the glow of the fire.

The wind still battered at the door and muttered angrily in the chimney, but to Biencourt the room was filled with a new light—a strange radiance that seemed to emanate from the stranger's golden head or the crimson kirtle which she wore. He forgot his game. He watched only her drooping lashes, with a vague hope that soon she might raise them. And as he watched, the pile of money before him lessened rapidly.

“I fear you bring me ill-luck, madame,” he cried at last, ruefully smiling toward her. “These pistoles have a sorry trick of vanishing since you came.”

The stranger raised her lashes, as he had hoped. She smiled back responsively, and her eyes caught an amber light from the leaping flames. “Would you turn me into the night again?” she asked, jestingly, yet with a strange inflexion in her voice as though speaking to some one far away.

Biencourt shook his head. “This may bring me fortune,” he said, in eager tones. And rising and striding to her side, he stooped down and made the sign of the cross above the baby's forehead—a simple superstition, but evidently not to the newcomer's liking, for she said with some hauteur, “I, monsieur, am of the reformed faith,” and leaned back coldly in her chair.

“Methinks, madame, you cannot have journeyed far,” broke in Poutrincourt, who had been staring into the fire. “Your cloak had little snow for much travel, and, besides, there was the babe.”

Madame's face lost its haughtiness, and she smiled once more.

Poutrincourt rubbed his slender hands softly together. “All about us is the endless forest, and lo! as if by magic you appear! Are you sure there be no witchcraft in it?”

The stranger's laugh rang through the hall, dying faintly amid the armour in the far corner. "Mayhap I sailed hither in some sea-rover from the Spanish lands, or perhaps" — and here she smiled demurely — "I hid myself in yonder vessel that this day came from France. Perchance I dared the drifts alone, or I may have bribed some of the red savages to carry me. But where'er I came from, the sentry at the gate is not to blame. The night is dark, and the snow has heaped an easy road from outside over the bastion."

"I am waiting, Monsieur Biencourt," broke in the duc, with an impatient glance at his opponent, who was still standing by the stranger lady's side. There was such anger in his tone that the other men, remembering his former listlessness, glanced curiously at him.

His pale face was even paler than before; tiny drops of moisture glittered on his forehead; one hand was clenched above his winnings; in the other his dice-box trembled. "Does he love his pistoles after all?" thought the poet, pausing in his poem. The wine was mulled at last and the goblets filled. The Seigneur of Port Royal drank slowly and reflectively, in small sips, glancing alternately from the fair-haired mother to her dark-eyed, cooing child. I have thought about your lodging, madame," he said at last, tilting his goblet to and fro.

"Here you would have no rest, else would I give you my own apartments. This evening we are something quieter than usual, but oftener the noise of revelling disturbs the forest far into the night. The hall is full of men in leathern hunting suits, the red savages sit smoking by the fire, there is gaming and wine-drinking, and in the intervals we sing the songs of France. But without the fort, a half-mile beyond the gate, are two disused

huts. One of these I give you to inhabit. And that you suffer insult from none, a protector shall go with you, who shall answer for your honour with his own. There be two huts, and each shall have one. But this night you will lodge here."

The stranger leaned forward. Her slender fingers touched his arm. "You have forgotten to name the one who is to guard me," she said hastily, a curious thrill vibrating through her voice.

The Seigneur pointed at Biencourt, and her face, which had seemed strained and eager, relaxed again. "We shall be brave allies, shall we not?" she cried, turning her blue eyes toward him. Biencourt laughed. "None better," he responded in great good-humour.

The storm was growing fiercer as the night went on. The door rattled more noisily, and the flames in the great chimney waved to and fro in the sudden gusts. The space on the other side of the table, feebly lit by two candles in brazen candlesticks, became a battleground of shadows from the group before the fire. The stranger lady, seeming not to mind the storm, looked dreamily about her at the strange antlers on the walls, and at the motto of the lords of Port Royal, carved above the oaken mantel, shielding her baby's face the while from the glare of the flames. Presently her eyes met Biencourt's.

"You are brave. Is it not so?" she asked with a laugh and a toss of her head that spread her golden hair in sunshine over her shoulders.

Imbert answered in his place. "Very brave, and a fine swordsman!" cried the old pirate, while his black eyes flashed. "All Port Royal knows the young admiral and his famous wrist-play."

"Admiral!" Again the blue eyes looked into his,

and again Biencourt had the same strange feeling, as if the speaker's thoughts were far away, and she were merely toying with the words.

"Aye," went on Imbert, coming nearer and laying his monstrous hands upon the mantel, "the late King Henry made him an admiral for these waters months ere his martyrdom. And since then he has swept the freebooters from the coast."

His highness the duc de Montpelier leaned lazily backward in his chair, raising his black eyebrows. "So my good cousin Henry of Navarre chose for his admirals beardless boys," he said very softly and very languidly.

There was an instant hush throughout the room, in which the clatter of the door rose almost to a scream. Imbert drew in his breath with a sharp, hissing sound; the poet looked up from his tablets and Poutrincourt from the fire. These latter were just in time to see Biencourt leap to his feet and draw his sword, and almost before they understood the cause the fight had begun.

The first of the encounter was much in the duc's favour. He fenced so strongly behind a certain affectation of disdain, and his thrusts came so subtly home that ere five minutes had passed, Biencourt was bleeding from a wound in his left shoulder. The duc lowered his sword and surveyed his opponent. "Are you satisfied, monsieur?" he asked placidly.

"Not yet," cried Biencourt angrily.

Imbert drew near and examined the wound. "A scratch!" he called contemptuously. Then with a warning look he lounged back to his position by the mantel. The room was very still as the two faced each other again — the duc dark and pale; Biencourt, with a crimson flush upon his cheeks.

There was the same writhing of swords, the same chilly music of steel, and once again the duellists swayed to and fro. Then for the second time the duc's sword found its mark; this time not far below the heart.

Biencourt leaned back, ashen white, upon Lescarbot's shoulder. His blood flowed fast and his eyes were closed as if in pain. The duc himself approached and surveyed him, leaning the while a trifle wearily upon his sword, for the last bout had been a fierce one.

"It was a brave fight," he said slowly.

At the sound of his voice Biencourt's blue eyes opened. "Can you stay the bleeding?" he asked huskily of Imbert, who with the deftness of an old campaigner was binding a mass of soft cloths about the wound.

Imbert nodded.

"Then a moment more and I am ready."

"But, monsieur," the duc courteously interposed, "your wound is deep and you have already done enough for honour. Believe me you have this night shown a swordsmanship I never saw before—I who have met and conquered every maître d'armes in France. It was but by using all my skill I touched you."

But with the duc's insult still rankling at his heart Biencourt was in no mood for fine speeches. "I can try once more," he answered rather grimly, "and I warn you to be on your guard. Let no gleam of the stranger's golden hair tempt you from your watchfulness or ill may well betide you."

At this the duc's pale face flushed and he shook his head in fiercest anger. But he spoke no word. Then the two faced each other again.

Poutrincourt's oval face was grey and haggard; Lescarbot looked on half eagerly, half sullenly; Imbert,

his hands twined in his shaggy black hair, alone was imperturbable. And at one side, with head averted, the stranger leaned idly in her chair, smoothing her baby's forehead with her hand.

This time there was no respite. The two pressed each other fiercely, their swords flashing in the candlelight like twin twining snakes. To and fro they swayed ; a dozen times each saved his life as by a miracle ; their breath came in quick and quicker gasps, and still they fought on. The duc's face was now fiery red with passion, and it was evident no thought of mercy lingered in his mind. And for the first time he became uncertain of the result, for Biencourt was fighting with a dogged persistence that boded ill. Try as he would, his thrusts were parried so that presently he began half doubtfully to wonder if at last he had met his equal. And while these thoughts lingered in his mind, giving to his wounded adversary's face a look of pale foreboding, the infant in the stranger's arms began crying shrilly. For an instant the duc glanced hastily toward the chair in which she sat, his guard failed, and Biencourt, fainting from loss of blood, ran him through the chest.

* * * * *

It was months ere Biencourt and the duc de Montpelier met again. Then one June afternoon, when Acadie lay in a yellow swoon, the duc appeared before the two solitary huts, leaning heavily on a stick.

"We shall not quarrel again, I hope," he said gaily, bowing to Biencourt, who was lounging in the shadow of the forest. "Of a truth I have no mind to stay longer in bed. And I have come, monsieur, both to make amends for my discourtesy on the evening of our meeting, and to beg the honour of your friendship."

And having thus spoken, he bowed low again and

waited, a short yet stately figure set against a background of deep green spruce. But his face, as Biencourt sprang forward to grasp his hand, showed haggard and drawn as if through pain.

This was the beginning of a strange friendship. Lescarbot had turned the duel into a ballad of Homeric proportions, variegated here and there with choice allusions to the "listless lady by the fire." This the two read together, seated side by side on a rustic seat Imbert had arranged in the shadow — all except the ending, which the poet, despite his skill, had not yet been able to fashion to his mind. Beneath them the bay sparkled in the sunshine; to the right lay the fort, with its gleaming cannon; in the distance a purple mountain ridge reared itself softly against the sky. Of this scene the duc seemed never to weary. Morning after morning he lounged for hours on the rustic seat, idly drinking in its beauty. It was at the second of these meetings he asked Biencourt about his charge.

"You have no trouble with these Port Royal gallants?" he queried.

Biencourt shook his head.

"And how does madame — Manette, the Seigneur told me was her name — how does madame relish her forest life?"

"She is thinner and her cheeks are pale. Since her child died I fear she grieves."

For a time the duc sat silent, carelessly digging with his scabbard in the moist, black earth. "One may not see her?" he said at last, doubtfully.

"Why not? Without doubt you will respect her honour, and she seems lonely."

On the duc's lips a faint smile trembled. For a

moment he seemed about to laugh. But he only repeated, "So she seems lonely."

Biencourt rose and knocked at the door of the adjoining hut. "Does madame please to walk?" he called.

There was a reply from within, inaudible to the duc's ears, and in another moment the stranger lady, whose plain name of Madame Manette ill consorted with her stately air, appeared equipped for walking. The duc sauntered near.

"Madame Manette," said Biencourt, "I have the honour to present to your notice his highness monsieur le duc de Montpelier."

The duc's plumed hat swept the earth in greeting. "Methinks the climate suits us strangers ill," he said, gaily. "From your face it steals the roses; me it hinders too long of recovery."

Madame Manette shrugged her fine shoulders. "Are you in danger?" she asked, politely. The subject was evidently uninteresting.

The duc shook his head and smiled. His black eyes were full of a strange light, and his lips quivered so that Biencourt, watching him, feared he might be in danger of overtaxing his new-found strength. Then the three set out through the forest, loitering along quaint foot-paths brown with fallen pine needles, or stooping to gather wild flowers in the shelter of anciently bearded trees, where was naught but primeval stillness.

The walk that day, however, was a short one, for Madame Manette was weary, so that presently they found themselves again before the log hut, with its thatched roof and mossy walls. Vines of Imbert's planting were beginning to twine about the doorway, and in the air floated the dreamy scent of bursting pine buds.

A half-mile in the distance the four cannon on the bastion of Port Royal flashed brightly in the sunshine, and the flag of France flaunted civilization and progress in the face of the hoary forest ; in a neighbouring glade the conical wigwams of an Indian camp stood brown and lonely in the shadow.

At the doorway Madame Manette paused a moment before saying adieu, and as she leaned listlessly against the door, with her eyes fixed on the distant fort, the duc asked a question.

“Your baby !” he cried abruptly. “Where may its grave be ?”

Madame Manette's blue eyes were scanning the great stone gateway, and for a moment it seemed she had not heard. Then, without turning her head, she said, slowly: “It is buried where you stand. Your feet, monsieur, are above its heart.”

Her questioner moved hastily aside, a deep pallor on his cheeks, and Madame Manette went on calmly: “It was my own choice it should lie there, and my feet, passing over it each day, do but make it rest the sweeter.” Then, bowing slightly, she retired within.

Next day the duc joined in the walk, again and on many succeeding days; which was very natural, since he and Biencourt were constantly together. Indeed, now that he had shaken off his listlessness, he had become a most fascinating companion. To Biencourt he talked for hours of the court and its affairs ; Imbert he held under a respectful spell with stories of his campaigns in the frozen north, where men perished by squadrons in the snow-storms. But his fascinations could hardly be said to extend to Madame Manette, who treated him throughout with a certain chilling disdain. His remarks she answered in monosyllables ; the flowers he gave her

she languidly let fall ere five minutes had passed. But without a sign of discomfiture he next day gathered more and talked on, unconcerned. Very frequently, too, he made excuses to speak to her alone, when the morning stroll was ended and before she had entered the hut. On these occasions—which generally ended in her abrupt withdrawal—he betrayed a curious dread of stepping upon the unmarked grave, standing always much to one side.

The summer waxed and waned upon the hillside, dying day by day in blood-red spots among the hardwood trees, and still Madame Manette lingered in Acadie. Her seclusion was more rigid than before; it might be that she was thinner, but that was all. At intervals, as vessels left for France, the Seigneur called to offer her passage home, which each time she smilingly refused, accompanying her refusal, however, with such liberal gifts to the colony's poor as sent Poutrincourt away in a maze of wonder. She took pleasure in her seclusion, she told Biencourt one day, when they were for an instant alone, and in their daily ramblings through the forest. It had been a strange experience—this summer on the very skirt of savagery—and her baby's grave had bound her to the place. But with the first snow she would return to France. And so time went on.

But after many mornings there at length chanced one when Madame Manette was indisposed, and there was no walking. Next day the same thing happened, to the evident annoyance of the duc, who paced for hours up and down before her door. On the succeeding morning, however, she appeared again, looking very white and frail. She declined to walk, on account of weariness, and spent an hour idly in the rustic chair.

“You are weak madame,” cried Biencourt eagerly,

as they walked back to her hut. "You need aid. Indeed, you seem to grow ever frailer and more weary."

Madame Manette turned on the threshold of her domains and surveyed her two escorts with deliberation. There was a faint, shadowy smile upon her lips, and her marvellous hair lay in a golden blaze against the white hollows of her cheeks. "He dreams — does he not?" she asked, addressing the duc.

"I fear his dreams are true." And Biencourt, glancing at him, thought he had never looked so ghastly since his wound. His lips were aquiver and his words came from them with a strange tremour.

But Madame Manette shook her head. "You are both over anxious," she said lightly, though even as she spoke her voice faltered wearily. Then, with a bow and a glance at some wild-fowl flying near, she closed the door behind her, leaving the two gazing at each other with a mute, fearful questioning.

That night Biencourt chanced to be favoured by a visit from Lescarbot. The poet had been wandering about the forest, vainly striving to fashion an ending to his famous ballad, and was consequently in a state of great depression. His figure drooped; his grey eyes stared moodily before him. And thus for hours he sat, while the moon rose above the trees and paled the solitary candle with her rays.

"There will never be an end," he cried at last, rising pettishly and flinging the door open wide. "For months have I thought upon it — the wild storm, the dicing, the newcomer and the duel — and each time I reel back, baffled like a child at the entrance of a gloomy forest. For who can paint the motive that daily forms itself beneath his gaze? And here is that which came perhaps from far."

Monsieur Lescarbot's troubled face relaxed. His analysis evidently pleased him well, for he stepped briskly into the moonlight flung across the doorway.

Biencourt made no answer. He was busy with a long epistle, which a vessel on the morrow would carry to a certain black-eyed maid of honour at the court of France, and scarcely heeded what the poet said.

"From far! Who knows how far?" Lescarbot went on dreamily. "Perchance from the royal" — here he paused and crossed himself hastily, as heavy footsteps sounded near by. They came nearer still, and the poet drew in from the doorway, falling upon his knees in prayer. Biencourt sprang in wonder to his feet, and there, in the brilliant moonlight, a few feet from the hut, saw what had so transfigured his companion, a man bending labouriously beneath a heavy load — a load with lifeless limbs, and loose hair waving in the night wind. Then he knew, as the poet had known, it was the duc de Montpelier with the dead form of Madame Manette upon his shoulders.

A moment only the duc paused before he staggered across the threshold, and, shivering violently, laid the body on the floor. Yet in that moment the thought of his broken trust stung Biencourt like a lash, and half unconsciously his sword flashed in the moonlight. But ere he could frame the question surging to his lips, it was answered.

The duc sank down beside the body, his left hand resting on the ashen face. "You will seek to know the meaning of the riddle," he said mechanically, without lifting his eyes from off her rigid form. "It is very simple. She was my wife. Nay, do not start, monsieur" — as Biencourt made a gesture of amazement. "It is as I say, and this is the body of Madame la duchesse de

Montpelier, wife of a prince of the blood, and — a Huguenot. And know you not” — and here the duc spoke lower and his words came slowly, while he made the sign of the cross — “know you not the Holy Father can disannul such marriages if it be the interest of the Truth? And among all the Huguenots of France — fierce and bitter as they have been and are — is there none more relentless than the comte, her father.”

For an hour the duc spoke no word more. With his arms tightly clasped about his wife's stiffening form, he crouched beside her on the floor. And at the table near by the two unwilling spectators sat watching.

Finally the duc spoke again, still with the same mechanical tone and with his eyes still fastened on her face. “She came to Acadie without my knowledge, by the connivance of some of her own faith at Rochelle, as she herself told me; hiring a swift trading bark that dogged our course all the way, and landed her in the darkness below the fort. And ever since our meeting here has she been most bitter to me. She gave me no reproaches. She was too proud, if you understand, but each morning her eyes rested scornfully on me, as we left her at the door. Often, too, in the evenings, would I wander about her hut, watching her shadow pass to and fro across the window. Once I tapped lightly at the door, giving a secret signal we had often idly used in France, and she bade me depart so sternly I never ventured signal more. To-night it chanced I was standing not far from the window, when suddenly I heard her fall. In an instant I was within, but Manette was already dead. And now she is dead, monsieur,” went on the duc, his eyes glittering feverishly as he tossed the golden hair caressingly to and fro, “now she is dead, she is mine again. And I will bury her this night in a

secret place I last week learned of, so that alien faces shall look on her no more, and where she shall slumber by the dust of dead Indian chiefs, and near the noise of a rushing stream. For it was by a brawling brook on her father's estate that we first met, and ever she loved its noises well."

The rest of the night to Biencourt was always like a half-forgotten dream. Together he remembered they had borne the icy body the distance of a hundred yards, when, wearied from their recent wounds, he and the duc had come perforce to a sudden stop. It was then he had left the duc and Lescarbot with their burden, and, running to the fort, brought Imbert, yawning, to their aid. After that the journey was easy, for Imbert poised Madame Manette's body on his giant shoulders, easily as a mother might raise her child, and mile after mile bore it on through the waving forest. Port Royal, its bastion and palisades swimming in yellow moonlight, was left behind; the forest closed over them, dark and sullen, and still they pressed on. The duc went first, leading the way without hesitation, for the path was well marked, though in shadow, and even to a stranger impossible to miss. And by this the others knew they were going to the ancient sepulchre of the Indian chiefs — a place of mysteries, where strange influences had their hiding-places.

The grey light of dawn was filtering coldly into the rocky well of sepulchre when they arrived. On all sides were niches in the walls, each niche a grave; and, drowning all voices in a hoarse clamour, a tiny stream fell thirty feet adown the rock into a murky pool below, whence a chasm in the cliff led it downward to the sea.

It was here they buried Madame Manette, erstwhile duchesse de Montpelier, the duc praying long and fer-

vently. And that none might look upon her face again, Imbert, going higher up the stream, changed its course by means of massive rocks, so that now and forever that brawling stream flows down across her grave. And here, with the vagrant spray falling thickly upon their faces, did the duc bind them by a fearful oath to guard his secret well from all save Poutrincourt.

Then, while the sun rose, they went slowly back to Port Royal through the lightening forest. The duc staggered weakly ; his eyes were sunken ; there was a grey-ness upon his face much like the grey-ness of the dead face he had looked at so long. Nor did he speak until the great gate of the fort loomed in sight, when, rousing himself as if from slumber, he said musingly, "It is the ending of — a ballad, Monsieur Lescarbot."

WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, JR.

ADRIFT

THE calm horizon circles only me,
The center of its measureless embrace,—
A bubble on the bosom of the sea,
Itself a bubble in the bound of space.

JOHN B. TABB.



A RIDDLE QUESTION

Once hairy scenter did transgress,
Whose dame, both powerful and fierce,
'Tho' hairy scenter took delight
To do the thing both fair and right,
Upon a Sabbath day.



ANSWER

An old woman whipping her Cat for Catching Mice
on a Sunday.

From the "The True Trial of Understanding."

STEVENSON'S WEIR OF HERMISTON.

MR. HENRY JAMES, speaking of the quarrel between Alan Breck and David Balfour in *Kidnapped*, declares that he knows of "few better examples of the way genius has ever a surprise in its pocket—keeps an ace, as it were, up its sleeve." And in *Weir of Hermiston* we have a surprise of an even higher order from Stevenson's pocket; that pocket which during his lifetime seemed like the proverbial small boy's—almost inexhaustible, stuffed full of a delightfully heterogeneous mass, sometimes of jingling trinkets, and sometimes of the oddest and rarest treasures. It may seem rash to declare a half-finished and half-revised book the greatest achievement of an author who had so high a passion for finality as Stevenson, but many will unhesitatingly declare *Weir of Hermiston* Stevenson's best book.

In the first place, the plot of the book is the most convincing that he ever conceived. As the book ends abruptly, before we have more than half of the tale, Mr. Colvin, although he considers it a concession to Philistia, gives, at the request of the publishers, "the intended argument, so far as it was known at the time of the writer's death to his step-daughter and devoted amanuensis, Mrs. Strong." The reason why Mr. Colvin considers this explicitness a concession to Philistia is plain when one reads the book, and yet a few may think that Philistia was justified in clamouring for the concession. Stevenson's plots, it must be admitted, are, as is often the case in romantic fiction, sometimes highly adventitious. You will find a delightfully fantastic example of what I mean in the factitious careers of that specialist in the adventitious, the charming Mrs. Desborough, *née*

Luxmore, *alias* Aserath Fonblanque, *alias* — well, I forget the rest ; even in the career of the Master of Ballantrae, where Stevenson was not joking — or rather, where, if he was joking, as I sometimes suspect, it was the most amazingly grim foolery — there is a racy element of the unexpected ; and finally, David Balfour's fortunes and misfortunes, in two volumes, however absorbing, are not particularly inevitable. This, of course, to the devoted romanticists and to the lovers of Stevenson, matters little, for the author's surprises are always delightful, and no one possessed to a finer degree what Mr. James calls Stevenson's talent "for seeing the familiar in the heroic, and reducing the extravagant to plausible detail."

In *Weir of Hermiston*, however, there is little, if anything, adventitious. There is something inevitable, an almost Greek quality, in the tragedy of the plot ; granted the characters of the Lord Justice-Clerk and of his son Archie, the conflict before them is foreseen from the beginning ; and when one leaves off abruptly at the Weaver's Stone, it is with the feeling one might have if dragged away from a rapidly sputtering fuse attached to a keg of powder. The reviewer's perhaps over-lyrical appreciation is, however, somewhat modified by the story of the Four Black Brothers ; although this is inserted clearly to show the temper of Kirstie's family and to make the rescue of Archie possible, it is, nevertheless, too episodic, and as it stands, too much out of proportion. Furthermore, the heroic tale bears every mark of haste and some evidence of a lack of revision. One cannot help thinking that Stevenson, working over the book, would have cut it down.

And right here we are between the horns of a critical dilemma: for if we criticise the book frankly as we have

it, at least half of Clan Stevenson, still mourning the death of the beloved chieftain—and each one declaring, like Mrs. Gummidge, that he feels it more than most—will rise and cry out that it is unfair to pick flaws in an unfinished, unrevised book; and the other half, the knowing ones, will resent the particular allowances we make and call us confoundedly oracular. Now, while it is possible, after Mr. Colvin's kind explicitness, intelligently to criticise the plot or fundamental conception of the book, it is not so easy to discuss the individual characters, for one or two of them had not grown to their full stature when the pathetic final words of the volume were written. And yet Hermiston, the Lord Justice-Clerk, and Kirstie, in spite of the fact that their portraits are unfinished, will seem to many—the reviewer among them—the finest characters, if we except Alan Breck, that Stevenson ever created. “The character of the hero, Weir of Hermiston,” says Mr. Colvin, “is avowedly suggested by the historical personality of Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield. This famous judge has been for generations the subject of a hundred Edinburgh tales and anecdotes. Readers of Stevenson's essay on the Raeburn exhibition, in *Virginibus Puerisque*, will remember how he is fascinated by Raeburn's portrait of Braxfield . . . nor did his interest in the character diminish in later life.” Indeed, a sentence in this same essay I should apply to the author's own portrait of Hermiston. “If I know gusto in painting when I see it,” Stevenson writes, “this canvas was painted with rare enjoyment.” Stevenson had, as we know from his letters, an endearing habit of congratulating himself when he had done a good thing, and I can see him mentally shaking hands with his brain when he came to the end of the chapter entitled “The Hanging of Duncan Jopp.”

The final scene between Archie and his father is the strongest, the most powerfully sympathetic thing of its kind I have ever read. Let me quote but two scraps of it :

“ Archie was now dominated. Lord Hermiston was coarse and cruel ; and yet the son was aware of a bloomless nobility, an ungracious abnegation of the man’s self in the man’s office. At every word, this sense of the greatness of Lord Hermiston’s spirit struck more home ; and along with it that of his own impotence, who had struck — and perhaps basely struck — at his own father, and not reached so far as to have even nettled him.”

“ ‘ I will do my best,’ said Archie. ‘ Well, then, I’ll send Kirstie word the morn, and ye can go yourself the day after,’ said Hermiston. ‘ And just try to be less of an eediot !’ he continued, with a freezing smile, and turned immediately to the papers on his desk.”

Surely, as Archie says later to Lord Glenalmond: “ He struck me—I cannot deny that he struck me as something very big.” Mr. Colvin, in his editorial note, gives what reads suspiciously like an apology for the speech and manners of the Lord Justice-Clerk to those readers “ who are not all acquainted with the social history of Scotland.” Now our cisatlantic ears are not so keen as this would imply, and our knowledge of the “ social history of Scotland,” because of the recent literary invasion of the Scots, is, I am afraid, scandalously confused, and so it seems to me rather finical to object to Hermiston as an anachronism, when he has so many of the ear-marks of immortality. What he would have been had Stevenson been able to keep up the initial pace and given us the scene of Archie’s trial, is too severe a test of the reader’s imagination.

But if Lord Hermiston strikes you as “ something

very big," Kirstie, the elder, will strike you as something even bigger, for in what is given us of this golden-haired sister of the Black Elliotts we have, I think, Stevenson at his highest level. Not the least masterful part of his handling of her is the way she gradually emerges from the inconspicuous moorland housekeeper of the Rutherfords of Hermiston to the heroic incarnation of the tragedy of love and age. It would be difficult nowadays to find anything finer than the subtle, sympathetic analysis of Kirstie's feelings, so surely and swiftly given in the chapter called "Winter on the Moors," or anything more heroically moving than the scene between Kirstie and Archie at night. Read how this woman, nearing middle age, went to young Archie Weir: "She tore off her nightcap, and her hair fell about her shoulders in profusion. Undying coquetry awoke. By the faint light of her nocturnal rush, she stood before the looking-glass, carried her shapely arms above her head, and gathered up the treasures of her tresses. She was never backward to admire herself; that kind of modesty was a stranger to her nature; and she paused, struck with a pleased wonder at the sight. 'Ye daft auld wife!' she said, answering a thought that was not; and she blushed with the innocent consciousness of a child." One cannot quote a whole chapter, but even after this bit comment on Kirstie seems almost an impertinence.

Archie Weir, so far as we have him, is hardly less fine than his father and Kirstie, and probably, if Stevenson had been permitted to finish him, would have equaled the others — although the *jeune premier* is always, at best, a difficult creature to manage. But the most finely conceived part of Archie — and it is the greater part — is that which he inherits from his mother, herself a wholly admirable sketch. Indeed, the character of Archie, the

way in which the strands of heredity from Mrs. Weir and the Lord Justice-Clerk are drawn and closely knit together in the son foredoomed to revolt, is shown with a convincing, a fatal, precision of touch. Of the others, Lord Glenalmond, as perhaps befits a minor personage, belongs to the clan of walking-gentlemen, although an attractive specimen. Innes, however, is little more than satisfactory, and the reason is, I suppose, that in real life the type which he represents is not altogether convincing. But Kirstie the younger — “Miss Christina, if you please, Mr. Weir” — I refuse as yet to believe in, charming little piece of millinery that she is, for Stevenson had not, so far, succeeded in outlining her distinctly, — she apparently bewildered him as much as she did Archie that clear morning in church.

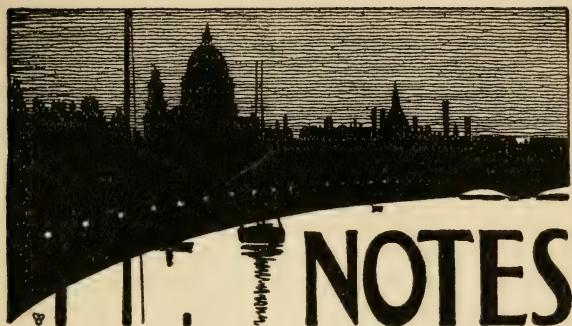
But, after all, the style of the book is what justifies one in calling it Stevenson's best; here, at last, he has triumphed, and we feel (as we began to feel in *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*) that here the style *nascitur, non fit*. What I have dared to imply will seem to many people the rankest heresy; and yet Stevenson's kindest critics have said, time and again, that his work smells of the lamp — to use the stock phrase. Even Mr. Kipling wrote, some years ago: “There is a writer called Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson who makes the most delicate inlay-work in black and white, and files out to the fraction of a hair.” Here I think we have indicated what has so often been one of Stevenson's limitations; for a style so rarely attenuated as is his at times cannot be ranked among the greatest. But in *Weir of Hermiston* there is none of this attenuation; there are no marks of the file; the style has a great rhythmic breadth, a spontaneity, a clear, masculine vigor, that the author never before so completely attained. How Stevenson, an

invalid on the eve of his death, could finally express himself in a style so amazingly vigorous, so full of a thrilling vitality, is a question nothing less than confounding.

Since Stevenson went to Samoa a mob of literary gentlemen from over the border have taken up their Highland pipes and so deafened us with their skirling that we have clapped hands to ears, swearing, with Bob Acres, "Odds! jigs and reels!" But high and clear above this din comes the swan-song of the greatest son of Scotland since the great Sir Walter. Let the incredulous read that marvelous chapter, "A Nocturnal Visit," and the critic will put down his pen with the conviction that there is nothing more to be said.

PIERRE LA ROSE.





¶ I have often wondered if future generations would find as much that is curious and amusing in our newspapers and magazines of to-day as we now find in the periodicals of a hundred and more years ago. The outlandish phrasing and quaint conceits of the reporters and advertisers of old time are so wonderfully ingenious that it would be immodest in us to claim equality ; yet if the things which are now so humorous to our eyes and ears were but natural to them, it is no more than reason to suppose our tritest manners will fill our descendants with surprising merriment.

In a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731, I came across the following news :

“ Moscow, Jan. 8. Advices from *Derbent* say, that the Princes of *Georgia* passed that place in their way home, much pleased with the honours they have received from this Court, and that one of them, who lives near *Mount Ararat*, had promised to send the Empress a relique of *Noah's Ark*.”

¶ A passionate love for thieving is almost sure to be satisfied, and in no walk of life is this more true than in the trade of publisher. There are, moreover, so

many whimsical forms of theft that the act is one perpetually delightful. This moral reflection is engendered by *The Penny Magazine*, which prints a poem by a Henry B. Fuller. It having become known that it is not the Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani, it is now fitting to enquire which or what Henry B. Fuller it is. That there may be a hundred Fullers whose name is Henry B. I could not deny, but the temerity of the unknown writer who filches the honor of a well known name, and the scrupulous honesty of his editor, is at least problematical. To paraphrase, both are thieves and not merely wags, as they perhaps want to be considered.

Another jest almost as merry was perpetrated a few years ago when *The Chaperone*, of St. Louis printed some verses by Zitella Cooke, and from all enquirers carefully concealed her identity. Miss Zitella Cooke's verses you may read in a charming little volume put forth by Copeland & Day. There is no proven case against the St. Louis paper, but Zitella is a name more rare even than it is beautiful. I for one do not believe in the Cooke lady.

¶ One of Mr. F. Tennyson Neely's drolleries was to change the title of an old book to something fresh and startling, and then to bring the book out without any express statement regarding this change. This bit of gaiety proved displeasing to the author of the book in question, who seemed to feel that it was a scheme for cheating the public. I forget how the quarrel turned out. Mr. Neely is, however, full of resource and always amusing.

¶ The current issue of *The Lark* contains some few pages of verse by Yone Naguchi, and I find that the pleasant opportunity I thought to have of first printing his writings is denied me. Perhaps I am a little envious,

but I cannot help feeling that *The Lark* was premature. Mr. Burgess has found rephrasing necessary before he printed the songs. That "rephrasing" was my own stumbling block. I thought a few months would obviate its necessity. But if Yone Naguchi were to be forced into print perhaps no fitter pages and no more appreciative public could have been found than *The Lark's*. Nor indeed any more delicate and sympathetic critic than Gelett Burgess has proved himself in the following:

"An exile from his native land, a stranger in a new civilization — a mystic by temperament, race and religion — these lines which I have rephrased, setting his own words in more intelligible order, are his attempts to voice the indefinable thoughts that came to him on many lonely nights; the journal of his soul — nocturnes set to words of a half-learned foreign tongue; in form vague as his vague dreams."

Yone Naguchi lives on the Height of Oakland and has learned his English from the Poet of the Sierras. Comradeship with Joaquin Miller should indeed be a school of poetry for a sensitive Japanese boy of twenty, and so it has proved.

If the word be that Yone Naguchi shall be discovered to the public I prefer to give him not rephrased, but as he is, incoherent and almost inarticulate, but still boldly imaginative and poetic.

THE MIDNIGHT WINDS

AT the midnight, — my own darkness alone; none
but God and myself!

A conscious slumber muffled the Universe,
Palpitating on the lonely bed like a chilly sea in the misty
dawn,

Be hunting (Oh) by the black boneless winds,
With the sewed eyes and the wild, weird, full-opened soul,
I'm reviewing the sheeted memories of past under an
inky light ;

Until — alas, the strange giant of winds enclosed about
my breathless cabin : —

God made a night, a midnight for me alone !

Oh, our matchless God ! If the wizard rout
Flit in through the broken window for a lady moon
welcomed !

Ever a gentle violet upturns her eye :

Ever a radiant rose polish her thorns against :

I have such of none, but a withered, colorless soul !

YONE NOGUCHI.

¶ If I had not always been extravagant in appreciation of *The Lark* I should never dare say what I now feel in regard to it. I have, besides, the courage which comes to the young from having a paradoxical statement to make. *The Lark* is so good that it ought to die, in order to make its life perfect.

It has been the most significant, and far and away the cleverest, of all the new magazines. It has never been malicious, and its charm has been a careless, witty, deliciously intangible "larkishness" which it itself invented.

But in its very name is my argument against its continued life. It was a "lark." So was our enjoyment of it. I do not mean that our enjoyment was a dreadful fad. Nothing was more sane and pure. Rather, I mean that in its very essence *The Lark* was short-lived just as in essence a love lyric is short and an epic long. *The Lark* does not deteriorate ; that is the very reason why it becomes impossible. Looking back on a year of *The Lark* is delightful ; looking forward to half-a-dozen years of it

is intolerable, unless, indeed, it deteriorates and we cease to read it. And that would be pathetic, which again is impossible, pathos not being in *The Lark's* line of flight.

¶ A paper called *The Writer* has a parallel column department which is named *Newspaper English Edited*. It takes a fall out of the CHAP-BOOK in the following extraordinary manner :

A hundred years from now,
dear heart,
We will not care at all.
—*John Bennett, in the Chap-Book.*

A hundred years from now,
dear heat,
We shall not care at all.

There is much to be said in favor of *The Writer's* rendering, but I leave it to others to make the gloss on "heat" as opposed to the original "heart."

¶ In Boston last month I saw a pitiable sight. Inspired by motives of gain and prompted by inordinate conceit, a company of second-rate actors gave a performance of *The Rivals*. It was advertised as an all-star cast, and one cannot deny that the players were men and women with known names. In any strict sense of the word, however, there was not a star in the company.

It was shortly after the production of *The Rivals* by Mr. Jefferson and his associates, and the success of their revival doubtless led a money-seeking manager to engage a company of incompetent players to lend their names. The production was little short of sacrilege. Of the company, just three persons were less impossible than the rest. Mr. Willie Collier, as "Bob Acres" was really good. His performance was conscientious and amusing, and for it he deserves no little praise. It was much less farcical than Mr. Jefferson's acting, and fortunately it was much more as Sheridan intended it. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Collier could do well in

legitimate plays, and that it might be an excellent move for him — if he has any ambition — to secure a place in the Empire, Lyceum or Daly companies.

As “Sir Lucius O’Trigger,” Mr. Andrew Mack played with some charm and skill, and although he was undoubtedly chosen for the part chiefly because of his “silver-toned tenor,” yet when compared with his fellows he was notably good.

Miss Mollie Fuller was the third member of the company who deserves praise. Her “Lucy” was prettily done, and she was so much better bred than either “Mrs. Malaprop” or “Lydia” that one regrets she could not have been cast for one of the better parts.

As “Mrs Malaprop,” Miss Marie Dressler was quite tiresome until the last act, when, by a succession of cheap tricks and an exhibition of considerable vulgarity, she delighted the audience.

The impression I got from Miss Ada Lewis’s “Lydia” was merely one of the actress’s lack of ability. I have often found her amusing and not without cleverness as the “tough girl,” but aside from the laughable idea of casting her for the part of “Lydia,” she served no purpose in the piece. The audience could not be amused by her, and it was only a scattering snigger that greeted occasional and undoubtedly artistic lapses in the language of the Bowery.

The other players it is needless to mention, except perhaps to say that Mr. Otis Harlan was the David, and that he seemed to be interested in his part. The rest were of no possible use or amusement.

Taking the manager at his word and for the moment accepting his statement that it was an all-star cast, I can only express my extreme sorrow that the American public is so appalling indiscriminative. Every member of the company was thoroughly second-rate — the majority of them

hopelessly so, one or two with possibilities. And the second-rate actor dealing with something beyond farce-comedy is intolerable. In other countries the more prominent of the minor actors manage to carry off legitimate parts with a comparatively satisfactory air. One could name a dozen men in England who, while merely second-rate, have in reality the makings of excellent players; they have had training and experience and they study somewhat. In this country our actors are content if they make hits along the narrowest lines conceivable, and when called upon to go beyond these they show no visible signs of intelligence. It is a deplorable state of affairs, and so long as it lasts, notwithstanding Mr. Mansfield's tactless ragings against the importation of actors, I can only wish that more foreign players would come to this country. In time our public might learn the difference between good and bad actors and possibly too, our actors might grow tired of insignificance and be induced to study a little.

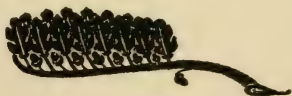
¶ One's acerbities of temper are not pleasant things to emphasize, and geniality and indulgence are tempting. But the ever-recurring outrages to decency and good taste which I see in books and on the stage force me constantly into the rôle of Jack the Giant-killer; in common phrase: "I have my hammer out most of the time."

Now I want to smash *The Vitascope*. The name of the thing is in itself a horror, but that may pass. Its manifestations are worse. *The Vitascope*, be it known, is a sort of magic lantern which reproduces movement. Whole scenes are enacted on its screen. La Loie dances, elevated trains come and go, and the thing is mechanically ingenious, and a pretty toy for that great child, the public.

Its managers were not satisfied with this, however, and they bravely set out to eclipse in vulgarity all previous theatrical attempts.

In a recent play called *The Widow Jones* you may remember a famous kiss which Miss May Irwin bestowed on a certain John C. Rice, and *vice versa*. Neither participant is physically attractive, and the spectacle of their prolonged pasturing on each other's lips was hard to bear. When only life-size it was pronouncedly beastly. But that was nothing to the present sight. Magnified to Gargantuan proportions and repeated three times over it is absolutely disgusting. All delicacy or remnant of charm seems gone from Miss Irwin, and the performance comes very near being indecent in its emphasized vulgarity.

Such things call for police interference. Our cities from time to time have spasms of morality, when they arrest people for displaying lithographs of ballet-girls; yet they permit night after night a performance which is infinitely more degrading. The immorality of living pictures and bronze statues is nothing to this. The Irwin kiss is no more than a lyric of the Stock Yards. While we tolerate such things, what avails all the talk of American Puritanism and of the filthiness of imported English and French stage shows?



The Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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AN IMPRESSIONIST PICTURE

I

“GOLDEN HAIR IN SHADOW.”

A GROUP of cotton clouds, a brilliant pinkish sea,
A mass of golden hair beneath a purple tree,
And far across the emerald land
There lies a wealth of orange sand.

She of the yellow hair throws down her book at last,
She views the gorgeous scene and is amazed, aghast.
“This cannot be the world,” she said;
“I am afraid that I am dead.”

“Oh, stay,” the artist said; “sweet maiden, do not
move.”

She cried: “I will not stay for money or for love.
“It is too strange, and you would find
“That soon I would be color-blind.”

The maiden rose to go. In vain the artist plead;
She left the purple tree, and maiden-like she fled.
The artist wept; then thought awhile;
Then changed the title with a smile.

II

“AFTER THE HUSKING.”

A group of cotton clouds, a brilliant pinkish sea,
A mass of yellow corn-shucks beneath a purple tree,
And far across the emerald land
There lies a wealth of orange sand.

ETHEL BALTON.

A VISION OF TOYOKUNI.

FOR some years now old Balmer's has been the figure most familiar to my sight. Servants at my chambers come and go, from my club members disappear and new arrive, but every day old Balmer comes to my door, shabby, patient, obsequious, anxious for work.

Before he came to my rooms I knew him by sight. At the first bend of a crooked turning behind Chancery Lane stands an old public-house, with an interior snuggerie sacred by daylight to a small group of barristers' clerks. But in the evening the clerks vanish, and it has long been my practice to sit there at night to such small supper as the landlady may devise for me. For she is a cook of infinite resource, and, given the comparative leisure that comes with the dark, can turn a savoury with the firm touch of genius. Moreover, from a low open window in the snuggerie one may see into the bottle and jug department, the public bar and the private bar, filled at night with people interesting to see and to hear, though at times undesirably noisy. It was among these that I used to see old Balmer before I knew his name.

Shabby, wizened and dusty, the old man had a complaisant, untaught civility that served him ill in the public bar, where his gentle pliancy gained him no more than contempt for weak-wittedness and made him the butt of coarser creatures. He drank very little indeed, and rarely; perhaps no more than once in an evening; and his drink was always a small glass of the cheapest sherry. This alone made him notable among the rest, and his taste provoked many gibes, though probably the stuff was wretched enough.

That he was of a sensitive intelligence was plain—

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plain it was also that his life must be a lonely one, since he sought company amid the discrepant boorishness of the public bar; and it was partly because these things were so plain that I invited him one evening into my snugery. Two of the habitual loafers in the bar, by a clumsy affectation of friendly respect, and to the accompaniment of winks, had induced the old man to treat them—with the last of his money, as I afterwards found. Then in their turn, with signs of growing mirth, they asked what he would take.

“Thankee, gentlemen,” the old fellow piped, with a slight cough behind his hand, “I’ll take a two o’ sherry wine, if it’s all the same.”

The sole answer was an offensive guffaw, and the old man shrank, hurt and abashed, under a volley of gross laughter from all the bar. The joke did not please me, and I contrived a message by the barman to bring the victim quietly to my snugery.

He came, obsequious but mystified. I rose and gave him a chair. “This evening,” I said, “I am alone here, and lonely. I shall feel it a favour if you will take a glass of wine with me.”

He sat on the edge of his chair, with his hat on his knee. “Thankee, sir,” he answered, with a smile, conciliatory though doubtful, and a bob of the head. “I take it very kind of you, I’m sure.”

“Not at all,” I said. “Suppose we pull a little nearer the fire. I am drinking whisky, but perhaps you’d prefer wine.”

“Yes, sir, thankee. A little sherry wine, if it’s all the same.”

Presently I found, notwithstanding his protestations, that his sherry did not please him. They had brought a better sort, but what best satisfied his taste was the

sherry of the public bar, and it was to a glass of this that he settled down in the end.

His conversation was dull. Chiefly it was the expression of civil agreement with what I might say. There was no trace of a thought, an opinion, or a fancy of his own. If any such he had ever possessed, he had long lost the courage to put it forth. Yet he was a man of incomparably finer grain than those he had left in the public bar. But the man's individuality had broken and withered from its long stay in an atmosphere of vulgar ridicule. His mind was a mere cloudy mirror, apt to flatter ; and he was pitifully uninteresting.

When we parted, he handed me, with timid excuses, a card bearing the written words, " R. Balmer, copyist." The writing was so fine and regular that the card seemed, at first view, to be printed from an engraved plate. He would be glad of any opportunity to copy documents or manuscripts, he said, and he would do it neatly and quickly, at less than the cost of type-writing. He trusted I would pardon the liberty he took in introducing a matter of business on such an occasion, but work was often difficult to get, and he hoped, therefore, that I should not consider it an offence; and so forth.

Thus I first met old Balmer, and now, as I have said, his has grown the most familiar figure in my daily outlook. I gave him some small matter of copying to do, and was surprised at the quickness, the accuracy and the particular beauty of his work. His was the calligraphy of the old writing-masters, ruled with a firm elegance, clear as type. Such copying by pen or type-writer as I had hitherto had done had been chiefly a matter of interpretation of my own ill scrawl, but now I was moved as much by consideration of a comely manuscript. I cannot remember of his making a single

mistake of transcript, though he has copied my writing for five years. I suspect, indeed, that I am near being his sole employer, for a shabby man of his age, with nothing in his appearance to recommend him, and no knowledge of any language but his own, can find, I imagine, very little casual copying work. And so every evening old Balmer stands in the lobby of my chambers, shabby, wrinkled and apologetic, to know if I have any orders for the morning, or for immediate execution. The visit is a superfluity, since, as a rule, he has already called twice during the day, and certainly once in the morning, when it is commonly my practice to put him to work in the little office I keep on the floor below. But it is always best to make quite sure, he says, in case of anything unforeseen, if it be all the same to me, and provided I will excuse the intrusion.

So far as I remember, on only a single occasion have I had anything of the least importance to communicate to the old man at his evening visit. It was then, indeed, nothing but a desire that he should attend unusually early the next morning, which desire he never understood, because of a coincident singularity.

The day had been hot, and I had had an uncommonly tiring afternoon out of doors. I dined rather early, and returned to my rooms for an evening's rest. I sat in my easiest chair—resolved, however, not to fall asleep (as the circumstances made possible) lest I should not hear old Balmer rapping at the other door—and I turned pleasantly through my albums of Japanese colour-prints. My colour-prints are to me something of a physical luxury: Utamaro's delicacy of line, Toyokuni's wealth of mellow colour, the bridled richness of Harunobu, soothe my sight and reach my brain like some strange sedative incense. Nerves, jangled and strained by the

day's petty discords, fall in tune by the note of clear harmony struck in these colour-fantasies of old Japan. I may be afflicted with a morbid excess of sensibility to colour, or some such deplorable thing, but that is not a matter of concern.

I live on a high floor, and as I sat the room was barred across with the rays of the low evening sun. They threw an added glory about certain of my best prints that hung in frames on the wall facing me. One in particular caught the full light—an aged triple-sheet Toyokuni—that had often provoked in me an odd fancy; for it might have been an earlier avatar, in lines and hues, of the incomparable *Ballade of a Toyokuni Colour-print*. It was a fancy that it pleased me to return to, this metempsychosis of a work in art, conceived anew and presented in the bodily technic of each art in turn. The two flanking figures in the print stood, strong and nervous, two-sworded Samurais both, each with hand clapped to hilt, and between them swept a female figure of flowing lines and gentle luxuriance of tint, truly in its place as middle verse in this painted poem of Utagawa Toyokuni:

“ *As here you loiter, flowing-gowned
And hugely sashed, with pins a-row,
Your quaint head as with flamelets crowned,
Demure, inviting — even so,
When merry maids in Miyako
To feel the sweet o’ the year began,
And green gardens to overflow,
I loved you once in old Japan.*”

The halo of sunlight took a redder tinge about the figures. Truly Toyokuni was gracious to-night.

I was roused by a familiar tap at the outer door, a tap perhaps even a little more timid and indistinct than usual.

I remembered my message for old Balmer, and went to admit him. He bobbed rather more extravagantly than was his custom, and stepped into the lobby with something of a lurch. There was an oddity in his voice, and he mumbled. I brought him from the twilight of the lobby — till then he had never penetrated further — into my sitting-room, when the case grew plain. Old Balmer was drunk. It was a new thing for him, but there was no doubt of it — on the testimony even of smell.

He stared dully at my necktie, and said: "Goorev'nin' sir, goo-goorev'nin' sir." Then a mumble. "Scusem-takin' lib'ty comin' sevnin', sir. Goorev'nin'." And he swayed gently backward and forward.

I led him to the sofa, which stood end on to the wall whereon hung my triple Toyokuni. He sat on it with a flop, and calmly curled one leg under him, once or twice lifting the other as though to bring that up too, and dropping it feebly. Sober, he would rather have jumped out of window.

"Come, Balmer," I said, with what severity I might assume, "this won't do at all."

"Cer'nly, sir. Ik — ik — ik won'do'tall." He leaned slowly and unsteadily back, as though for support from the rail of the sofa. As he did it, his eyes lifted till they ranged as high as the colour-print on the wall. Instantly, with a strange shudder, he sat erect and firm, staring at the print. After a few seconds, his gaze still fixed, his arm rose and stretched before him, and with shut fist and extended thumb he followed, with a lively, dashing motion, the curves in the picture, as some painters will do, discussing work on an easel.

His eyes fixed steadily on the middle of the print, his thumb flourishing mechanically below, and his head inclining in unison now this way, now that, old Balmer

presented from behind a shape of queer incongruity. With a thought of the japonaiserie wherein he was so odd a blot, I said, laughing: "Balmer, Balmer, I fear you have taken too much *saké!*"

The thumb stopped, and the head turned slowly. "Iya! — *saké, saké?*" said old Balmer, in a soft, foreign voice. The patient old face was in apotheosis — keen, confident, masterly — the vision far away. But as he faced me the eyes returned to earth, and, with a sharper shudder, he was again but old Balmer — drunk. "Sherry wine, sir; li'l' sherry wine. Fraid I no verywell."

What was this? What could Balmer know of *saké*? And then his face as he studied the colour-print! I took a portfolio of loose prints and placed it open before him. He bent unsteadily to look, and as he looked his gaze grew in intensity, as I have seen that of a subject set by a hypnotist to look on a metal disc. Presently he lifted the print, and passed his right finger and thumb along its edges as an expert does. The print was a bright example of Kunisada, Toyokuni's pupil — not faultless. He placed his finger on a small region of overwrought colour, and rubbed it to and fro, gently shaking his head and clicking his tongue as he did so. Then, with a slight sigh, he turned the next print.

Who was this old man, who, sober, was an ignorant copyist, but, drunk, could place his finger unerringly on the one fault on that fine piece of outlandish decoration, and express his opinion by the sounds and gestures that are the painters' freemasonry the world over? There he sat, erect, absorbed, with eyes that saw more than Balmer could imagine, and with an expressive finger passed judgment on one print after another. At a well-flown piece of drapery the finger swung in loops and curves; at a truly-laid scheme of colour the finger tapped the foot

of the print and the head nodded gravely. The face seemed younger than old Balmer's, but of a deeper experience; with a strength and a kindly shrewdness that I saw for the first time; and I noticed a singular twitching of the muscles that drew the toothless mouth down to the right, as with a freakish smile. I remembered some of Mrs. Crowe's anecdotes of entranced living bodies temporarily possessed by wandering spirits of the dead. What errant Nipponese shadow had fallen about the helpless carcase of Balmer?

I ventured to speak. Quietly, but distinctly, from behind his shoulder, I spoke of the print he was examining. He turned to other prints, and I spoke of them, but I got no word in answer. He came to a Toyokuni, lifted it in his left hand with scarcely a glance and searched among the sheets on each side. Now the print he held was my sole part of a double sheet, though there was nothing in the single figure it carried to indicate the fact that it was incomplete, whereof I was aware myself only because of having seen a copy of the double sheet in another man's collection. Yet this old man would seem to know it all, and to search for the missing half. Distinctly, slowly, and with a level emphasis, I said in his ear: "What is it? What do you seek?"

For many seconds — perhaps even minutes: I cannot tell — he was silent. Then came the voice of old Balmer, but in a barely distinct mutter, as of one talking in a dream: "*The other. There is another.*"

Presently he gave over his search, placing the single sheet aside, as though in hope of shortly coming upon its twin piece. He uncovered an Utamaro — an aberrant example that I keep as supporting a conjecture of mine. His forefinger tapped on the broad purple of the robe on the sitting figure, and in his face there was something

of triumph and something of amused contempt. Now purple was Toyokuni's own colour, first made foundation for a scheme of colour by himself: and my print went to suggest that at some time Utamaro must have been influenced by his rival Toyokuni: for in the use of the purple, and, indeed, in the whole colour scheme, this print was a clear imitation of Toyokuni. And there sat old Balmer, if in truth this shape could be his, and pointed triumphantly to that patch of purple. I spoke again. "Kitagawa Utamaro," I said, "was he not good?"

Again silence, while the forefinger tapped the purple patch. Then the sleepy mutter of old Balmer: "*Good? Yes, yes. Good. But I can teach better.*"

I was strangely excited, nervous. What was I doing? What thing was being told me? I possessed myself barely enough to keep my voice steady, and I asked: "Whom — whom have you taught?"

Prompt and clear came the answer, as through from the sleeper roused: "*Kunisada, Kunimaru, Kuniyoshi!*"

"*Utagawa Toyokuni!*" I shouted, springing erect and facing this man, my wrists trembling.

The prints fell to the floor and the face that turned up to mine was a face of grey horror, drawn and staring, Backward on the sofa he dropped, taken head to foot in a shuddering spasm, as of an epileptic. Then the face turned on the cushion and a hand and forearm fell over it. I went and lifted the arm, and there lay old Balmer, merely drunk and asleep.

I shook him, but he lay like a mere bundle, and began to snore. In the end I had to call the porter, and the old man was taken to his lodgings in a cab.

Sick and penitent, old Balmer stood before me next morning. At first he apologised for having omitted his regu-

lar evening call. I assured him that indeed the call had not been omitted, whereupon he was overwhelmed with apprehension that he had said or done something unpardonable, and had alienated me forever. He remembered nothing ; nothing but that some blackguards of the public bar had partly cajoled and partly bullied him to drink too much unaccustomed rum and water. I took him into my sitting-room and stood him before the colour-prints on the walls. I tapped them with my fingers and asked what he thought of them.

He grinned an uneasy, conciliatory grin. To me he had slowly learned to express himself with something less than his common timidity, and now he said: "Well, sir, hem — hem — they're very beautiful, no doubt, of course, but I must say — if you'll excuse the liberty — they — they're uncommonly ugly!"

It was all one could expect from Balmer.

I confess that more than once since that time I have tried to make old Balmer drunk. Why not? How much better be drunk and Toyokuni than sober and — Balmer! But no: Balmer has had his lesson. He will never be drunk again. No wandering spirit will seize the impotent old body as it lolls and sways; no reminiscence of old lives flicker up among the poor old ashes damped down with liquor. Old Balmer has grown firm in this one thing.

Once, as he wrote in my little office, I asked him his age. "I was born, sir," he said, without looking up, "in 1828." It was a coincidence, for that was the year of Toyokuni's death, according to Anderson. But then Gonse puts it at 1825.

Often now I let old Balmer write in my sitting-room. More than once I have caught him regarding my Japanese prints curiously, with a doubtful, puzzled eye. But I have seen other people doing the same thing.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

THE PRIEST'S BROTHER

THRIE in the night the priest arose
From broken sleep to kneel and pray.
“Hush, poor ghost, till the red cock crows,
And I a Mass for your soul may say.”

Thrice he went to the chamber cold,
Where, stiff and still uncoffinèd,
His brother lay, his beads he told,
And “Rest, poor spirit, rest,” he said.

Thrice lay the old priest down to sleep
Before the morning bell should toll ;
But still he heard — and woke to weep—
The crying of his brother's soul.

All through the dark, till dawn was pale,
The priest tossed in his misery,
With muffled ears to hide the wail,
The voice of that ghost's agony.

At last the red cock flaps his wings
To trumpet of a day new-born.
The lark, awaking, soaring sings
Into the bosom of the morn.

The priest before the altar stands,
He hears the spirit call for peace ;
He beats his breast with shaking hands.
“O Father, grant this soul's release.

“Most Just and Merciful, set free
From Purgatory's awful night
This sinner's soul, to fly to Thee,
And rest forever in Thy sight.”

The Mass is over — still the clerk
Kneels pallid in the morning glow.
He said, “ From evils of the dark
Oh, bless me, father, ere you go.

“ Benediction, that I may rest,
For all night did the Banshee weep.”
The priest raised up his hands and blest —
“ Go now, my child, and you will sleep.”

The priest went down the vestry stair,
He laid his vestments in their place,
And turned — a pale ghost met him there,
With beads of pain upon his face.

“ Brother,” he said, “ you have gained me peace,
But why so long did you know my tears,
And say no Mass for my soul’s release,
To save the torture of all those years ? ”

“ God rest you, brother,” the good priest said,
“ No years have passed — but a single night.”
He showed the body uncoffined,
And the six wax candles still alight.

The living flowers on the dead man’s breast
Blew out a perfume sweet and strong.
The spirit paused ere he passed to rest —
“ God save your soul from a night so long.”

DORA SIGERSON.





DRAWN BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY.

NOTES FROM UNDERLEDGE

I.

THE TOWN FARM.

“There’s a light in the window for thee, love ;
There’s a light in the window for thee.”

DOWN yonder in the valley, just before you reach the gravelly slope upon which grow the pines, a light shines through the long evenings to which my eye often turns. It represents the kinship of the race, the feeling of a common humanity, the thoughtfulness of those that have for those that have not the bounty of the successful—the industrious, the capable or the fortunate, extended toward the ne’er-do-weels, the misfits, those of whom Dame Fortune has seen proper to make sport, and upon whom she has wreaked her spite. For a poor devil of an author it is a sort of beacon light, showing a gate at the end of the long road upon which there are so many turnings, which is sometimes so dusty, and so overcrowded with rocks of offence and ugly morasses.

With the ordinary disposition to look a gift horse in the mouth, one regrets that this refuge could not have been placed upon a hill so as to afford a glimpse of the world here and there, of the world that is so beautiful to those whose outward eyes are not yet dim, and whose inward eyes are not so overloaded with memories of the past and apprehensions for the future as to be blind to the heavenly and the earthly vision. But perhaps the pain might be too acute, this looking out upon the busy and the happy world. It requires a pretty firm nervous grip for the unhappy to enjoy thoroughly the happiness and success of others. The contrast of the rusting and

the mouldering hulk, half buried in the sand, and the graceful craft under snowy canvas, bounding freely over the summer sea, is almost too great. Perhaps the bare walls and the flat plain are best.

I wonder whether, in that last shelter, one is permitted the occupancy of a room all by himself, and allowed to keep it snug and clean and sweet-smelling? Methinks the smell of hopeless and helpless and nerveless poverty is the worst ill that is to be endured, the deepest depth to which one can physically fall. Short of that there is hope. With a sweet breath in the nostrils, one might live forever.

Yes, with but a pleasant odor left, one might live again. And really one's needs are few: even in the valley one can see the stars, and the vast heavenly spaces, and with the sweet spirit of the past in the soul, and with the awful and majestic infinities over one, the dream of a greater glory and a greater peace might come to enwrap the spirit long buffeted and overworn.

II

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

You should have seen them — do n't you wish that you had? There was Phyllis, of course — *das versteht sich, çela va sans dire* — but where was Phyllis? And there was Iolanthe — it was her party; and there, too, were Arabella and Araminta, and Nicolette, Guinevere, Elaine, Bonnie Lesly, St. Cecilia, Airy fairy Lilian, Lady Psyche, Cinderella, Andromeda, Galatea, Atalanta, and Brunhilde, and a dozen others, all trigged out as if Kate Greenaway, or Walter Crane, or somebody else “equally as good,” had been their tiring-servant. And it was n't rye at all, only good honest grass in which they waded up to their waists. For the sun was just

hiding in the clouds before it should sink behind the western mountains, and the path had lost itself among the tall stems which conspired to hide it. And so with dulcimer and sackbut and psaltery and harp, in broken lines, they made their way amid the thick greenery, over the gentle slopes which lie between the highway and the cottage, and I thought that I had never in my life seen a fairer sight.

Even though one may have fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, or perchance may have gone still farther, so that all the branches are gray and bare, and naught appears to the eye but chill and hoary winter, yet is it sometimes warm under the snow, and thus may even there be a throb responsive to the pulses which still beat in the upper air, where the sun shines and the birds sing.

“ Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ; ”

—the rainbow hues of sunset did not tint the curtains of night for the little fête ; but shadows crept softly over the hills, and settled down upon the verdant slopes. It was the month of roses, and the sun had poured itself into the blossoms and into the berries, until they fairly filled the air with their sweetness.

My guests swarmed through the rooms and out upon the loggia ; and some strayed to the place where the little chickens said peep ! peep ! and some went down by the pools where the frogs sang ditto. And then, as the darkness gathered, they all settled upon the veranda rail and upon the steps and upon the floor in groups which brought sunlight into the shadows of night, and merry laughter alternated with vibrating strings and choral song. And I am sure that the scribe was not the only one who regretted it when the curfew sounded, and in a rambling line these bright-hued birds of passage disappeared in the darkness.

WILLIAM POTTS,



B·CORSON·DAY...

L'ENFANCE

A DEAD POET

SHE was the brightest thing beneath the sun—
Joy had of her his will;
And now her singing life is spent and done,
The world seems strange and chill.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE

MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE is an Irishman, and on occasion not averse to talking about himself. He was in a capitally confidential mood one day as we walked together up Northumberland Avenue, and from a chaos of jest and anecdote I disentangled a few of the facts of his life. I can set them down as he told them to me; but the manner of the man—the perpetual twinkle in his eye, the magnificent laugh that sprang from his midriff, ran over his face and finally shook hands at the back of his neck—you must imagine for yourselves.

“Do n’t you think you are producing too quickly?” I chanced to ask him. “Popularity brings temptation, I know. But you seem to be writing two or three novels a year, besides innumerable short stories.”

“I am not writing more than I have done every year for the last twelve years,” was the reply. “But you did n’t know it, and few people, comparatively, did know it at the time.”

“What did you write?” I asked, ignorant of anything from his pen of earlier date than *I Forbid the Banns*.

His answer was to draw me aside to the window of a big book-store; it was a dépôt of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

“There ’s one of them,” he said, pointing to a book with *The Two Clippers*, by F. F. Moore, on the back, “and there ’s another — and another.”

“You astonish me !” I said. “I thought your stories were rather more — if I may say so — well — eh?” —

“Quite so !” said Mr. Moore, taking my arm. “Come and have lunch and I ’ll tell you all about it.”

And so in a quiet corner of a restaurant just off the Strand, between the hours of two and four on May-day, 1895, Mr. Moore told me how by devious paths, though in pursuit of a set purpose, he had travelled from Limerick to London, from the cradle to the book-stalls.

He was born in Limerick in 1855, and as his family shortly afterwards migrated to Belfast, he was educated at the Royal Academical Institution of that city. Then he thought of Trinity College, Dublin, but went to South Africa instead, where he learned a great deal more, doing a little exploration and studying the ways of man in the raw. Thence he crossed to Bombay, looked at India, and came back to Belfast, having seen as much of the world as most young men of eighteen. He had picked up, among other things, a knowledge of seafaring matters ; a knowledge which was subsequently useful. In *The Sale of a Soul*, for instance, a man upon a sinking ship has to get away for the purposes of the story ; so he builds a raft ; which he could not do unless Mr. Moore knew exactly how a raft should be built in twelve minutes and of chance materials. The immediate outcome of his travels was a volume of poems, of which several copies were sold, and one or two works of fiction, among them *Where the Rail Runs Now*.

“And then you went in for newspaper work ?” I said.

“Yes ; I became a journalist — a journalist in Bel-



MR. F. FRANKFORT MOORE,

DRAWN BY FRED RICHARDSON.

fast!" said Mr. Moore, with a something in his tone which hinted that Belfast was not the sort of place you would choose to journalize in. "I did the dramatic criticism for a Belfast paper for a time. Then I became assistant editor and wrote a leader every night, besides doing the theatrical and picture notices. On Sundays, when I was lazy, I read a dozen books or so and reviewed them."

"Not much time left for writing novels," I suggested.

"Oh, plenty — plenty," replied Mr. Moore. "During the twelve years I spent in a newspaper office, I published between twenty and thirty books of one kind and another, most of them boys' books of adventure, for Blackie & Son and the S. P. C. K. Were they religious? Well — hardly. The accomplished editorial secretary asked me particularly to avoid obtruding a moral, though the books were expected to have a moral trend. And they had it, too. They sold well and obtained splendid notices. No one ever dreams of slating the "manly book for boys." I never get such notices now. *The Times*, for example, said that my book, *From the Bush to the Breakers*, showed a much more accurate knowledge of Australian life than is displayed by Rolf Boldrewood, who, by the way, knows the bush as I know my own bedroom."

"Then you 've been in Australia?"

Mr. Moore's fork paused midway on its journey, and he looked at me a moment over the top of a potato. Then, I'm sorry to say, he winked.

"Being a journalist," he said. "I could cram a continent any day before lunch."

"Do you ever regret the time you spent in writing for boys?"

“Certainly not. It’s the best possible training-ground for a novelist. Boys, you see, will stand no nonsense ; you can’t deceive them as you can grown-up people. They won’t stand any beating about the bush — not even the Australian bush. You have to go straight to your point ; give some strong incident in every chapter, and stronger incidents as the chapters proceed, ending up with a general display of fireworks. It’s splendid practice.”

“And when did you decide to burn your boats and depend entirely on novel-writing ?”

“Well, I made a big effort with *I Forbid the Banns*. I knew it was going to be a success. And I refused two publishers, because, though they were willing to take the book, they were not willing to give my terms. I held out, and finally Hutchinson’s published it. When a second and a third and a fourth edition were demanded, I thought I was justified in regarding it as a success. So I determined to throw up the newspaper, of which I was heartily sick.”

“How long ago was that ?”

“Two years ago, to-day.”

“Did you come to London at once ?”

“No. I stayed in Belfast for another year. And then, quite against the advice of all my Belfast friends, who said that no one ever made a living by writing novels, and that I was n’t likely to be able to write them, I came to London and settled down at Kew Gardens, which I heard was fairly central. That was one year ago to-day.”

“And how do you like London ?”

“I’ve enjoyed myself immensely. It’s pleasant to walk about and look at things. It’s pleasanter still, and quite a novel experience, to meet men whose names

I have heard as people of note, and to find they have heard of me and read my books. No one in Belfast had read my books, or even believed I wrote real books. Of course, I have done a certain amount of writing in the past year. But I never let writing interfere with my enjoyment. Possibly because I get as much fun out of writing as out of anything. And when I have nothing else to do I go and call on house-agents. I find Kew is not so central as I anticipated."

"You're a very rapid worker, are n't you?"

"Yes — partly from my journalistic training and partly because my plots are always ready on my note-books. I cannot remember the time when I had n't the plot of *I Forbid the Banns*. The stories of adventure I wrote in my wild youth were always finished in a month, and sometimes they had in them as many as 95,000 words. Last year I wrote 482,000 words. *The Sale of a Soul* was written at a push in eight days, minus an hour or two, and consists of 35,000 words, besides other merits; for I think it is my best work. No, I do n't believe I shall write myself out just yet, for I have been accumulating plots for twenty years."

"I gather, then, that you do not consciously study style?"

"That's a mild way of putting it," said Mr. Moore, laughing. "I simply go straight ahead. When you consider how novels are read, do you think it pays to be over-nice and hypercritical in the matter of one's style. Not one person in a thousand knows a good style from a bad."

"You have written plays, have n't you?"

"Yes. Play-writing is the literary equivalent of the Stock Exchange. It should keep every author out of Capel Court. I have n't invested my time and ink in a

gold mine at present ; but I have made some attempts. And I have just sold to Mr. Arthur Bouchier a play called *Kitty Clive* — a dramatized version of a story of mine which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, under the title of ‘At the King’s Head.’

“Finally, Mr. Moore, are you a pioneer — have you a message — a purpose?”

“I have a purpose, an overmastering purpose,” replied Mr. Moore, as he winked at his chartreuse, “and that is — to enjoy myself. When I cease to enjoy myself — writing novels — why, I shan’t write novels any more!”

But all this conversation took place over a year ago, and since then many things have happened. *Kitty Clive* has been acted and applauded ; *The Sale of a Soul* has been published and read ; and Mr. Moore, having convinced himself of the impossibility of Kew, has moved into London, to the delight of that literary Bohemian set in which he and his wife move. Books have poured from his pen at an astonishing rate. I wish I could say something about them. But it is Mr. Moore’s good fortune to appeal mainly to women — good fortune, for, as every one knows, the success of a book depends on the first twenty women into whose hands it falls. I know that his writings are always worth reading, that he gives you a good run for your money, and that it would be hard to find two more charming companions for a summer day than *Phyllis of Philistia* and *I Forbid the Banns*. But I confess I know the man better than I do his works. He is first-rate at a dinner party — a capital talker — with Irish humour, Irish pathos, and an Irish brogue. You are quite content to sit still and listen when Frankfort Moore starts on his experiences in Belfast journalism. He is very much in evidence in literary

London just now — no dinner is complete without him; and he is making somewhat of a reputation as an after-dinner speaker. And, for the rest, I admire any man who has made enough out of literature to wear a fur coat.

PICAROON.

HERE BELOW

(AFTER SULLY-PRUDHOMME.)

HERE the lilacs die again,
The songs of birds pass quick away ;
I dream of summers which remain alway.
Here below sweet lips retain
Naught of the bliss of yesterday ;
I dream of kisses which remain alway.
Here below men grieve in vain,
Their loves and friendships passed away ;
I dream of friendships which remain alway.

ROLAND EDWARD PHILLIPS.

THE OLD PARTISAN

ISAT so far back in the gallery that my opinion of my delegate friend dwindled with every session. Nevertheless my unimportant seat had its advantages. I could see the vast assembly and watch the throbbing of the Republican pulse if I could not hear its heartbeats. Therefore, perhaps, I studied my neighbors more than I might study them under different circumstances. The great wooden hall had its transient and unsubstantial character stamped on every bare wooden joist and unclinched nail. It was gaudy with flags and bunting and cheap portraits. There were tin banner-

ettes crookedly marshalled on the floor, to indicate the homes of the different states. A few delegates, doubtless new to the business and over-zealous, were already on the floor, but none of the principals were visible. They were perspiring and arguing in those committee rooms, those hotel lobbies and crowded hotel rooms where the real business of the convention was already done and neatly prepared for presentation to the nation. I had nothing to keep me from studying my neighbors. In front of me sat two people who had occupied the same seats at every session that I was present, a young girl and an old man. The girl wore the omnipresent shirt waist (of pretty blue and white tints, with snowy cuffs and collar), and her green straw hat was decked with blue corn-flowers, from which I inferred that she had an eye on the fashions. Her black hair was thick and glossy under the green straw. I thought that she had a graceful neck. It was very white. Whiter than her face, which had a touch of sunburn, as if she were often out in the open air. Somehow I concluded that she was a shop-girl and rode a wheel. If I were wrong it is not likely that I shall ever know.

The old man I fancied was not so old as he looked; his delicate, haggard profile may have owed its sunken lines and the dim eye to sickness rather than to years. He wore the heavy black broadcloth of the rural politician, and his coat sagged over his narrow chest as if he had left his waistcoat at home. On his coat lapel were four old-fashioned Blaine badges. Incessantly he fanned himself.

"It can't be they ain't going to nominate him to-day?" he asked rather than asserted, his voice breaking on the higher notes, the mere wreck of a voice.

"Oh, maybe later," the girl reassured him.

“ Well, I wanted to attend a Republican convention once more before I died. Your ma would have it I was n’t strong enough ; but I knew better ; you and I knew better ; did n’t we, Jenny ? ”

She made no answer except to pat his thin, ribbed brown hand with her soft, white, slim one ; but there was a world of sympathy in the gesture and her silent smile.

“ I wonder what your ma said when she came down stairs and found the letter, and us gone,” he cackled with the garrulous glee of a child recounting successful mischief ; “ made me think of the times when you was little and I stole you away for the circus. Once, your pa thought you was lost — ’member ? And once, you had on your school dress and you ’d tore it — she did scold you that time. But we had fun when they used to let me have money, did n’t we, Jenny ? ”

“ Well, now I earn money, we have good times, too, grandpa,” said Jenny, smiling the same tender, comprehending smile.

“ We do that ; I do n’t know what I would do ’cept for you, lambie, and this is — this is a grand time, Jenny, you look and listen ; it ’s a great thing to see a nation making its principles and its president — and such a president ! ”

He half turned his head as he spoke, with a mounting enthusiasm, thus bringing his flushing face and eager eyes — no longer dim — into the focus of his next neighbor’s bright grey eyes. The neighbor was a young man, not very young but hardly to be called elderly, of an alert bearing and kindly smile.

“ I think him a pretty fair man myself,” said the other with a jocose understatement ; “ I come from his town.”

What was there in such a simple statement to bring a distinctly anxious look into the young girl's soft eyes? There it was; one could not mistake it.

"Well!" said the old man: there was a flattering deference in his voice. "Well, well. And — and maybe you've seen him lately?" The quavering tones sharpened with a keener feeling; it was almost as if the man were inquiring for some one on whom he had a great stake of affection. "How did he look? Was he better, stronger?"

"Oh, he looked elegant," said the Ohio man, easily, but with a disconcerted side glance at the girl whose eyes were imploring him.

"I've been a Blaine man ever since he was run the time Bob Ingersoll nominated him," said the old man, who sighed as if relieved. "I was at that convention and heard the speech —"

"Ah, that was a speech to hear," said a man behind, and two or three men edged their heads nearer.

The old Republican straightened his bent shoulders, his winter-stung features softened and warmed at the manifestation of interest, his voice sank to the confidential undertone of the narrator.

"You're right, sir, right; it was a magnificent speech. I can see him jest as he stood there, a stoutish, good-looking man, smooth-faced, his eye straight ahead, and an alternate that sat next me — I was an alternate; I've been an alternate four times; I could have been a delegate, but I says, 'No, abler men than me are wanting it; I'm willing to fight in the ranks.' But I wished I had a vote, a free vote that day, I tell you. The alternate near me, he says, 'You'll hear something fine now; I've heard him speak.'"

"You did, too, I guess."

“We could hear from the first minute. That kinder fixed our attention. He had a mellow, rich kind of voice that melted into our ears. We found ourselves listening and liking him from the first sentence. At first he was as quiet as a summer breeze, but presently he began to warm up, and the words flowed out like a stream of jewels. It was electrifying: it was thrilling, sir; it took us off our feet before we knew it, and when he came to the climax, those of us that were n’t yelling in the aisles were jumping up and down on our chairs! I know I found myself prancing up and down in my own hat on a chair, swinging somebody else’s hat and screaming at the top of my voice, with the tears running down my cheeks. God! sir, there were men there on their feet cheering their throats out that had to vote against him afterwards — had to because they were there instructed — no more free will than a checked trunk!” The light died out of his face. “Yes, sir, a great speech; never a greater ever made at a convention anywhere, never so great a speech, whoever made it; but it did no good, he was n’t nominated, and when we did nominate him we were cheated out of our victory. Well, we’ll do better this day.”

“We will that,” said the other man, heartily; “McKinley —”

“You’ll excuse me” — the old man struck in with a deprecating air, yet under the apology something fiercely eager and anxious that glued the hearer’s eyes to his quivering old face — “You’ll excuse me. I — I am a considerable of an invalid and I do n’t keep the run of things as I used to. You see I live with my daughter, and you know how women folks are, fretting lest things should make you sick, and my girl she worries so, me reading the papers. Fact is I got a shock once, an

awful shock" — he shivered involuntarily and his dim eyes clouded — "and it worried her seeing me read. Had n't ought to ; it do n't worry Jenny here, who often gets me a paper, quiet like ; but you know how it is with women — it's easier giving them their head a little — and so I do n't see many papers, and I kinder dropped off. It seems queer, but I do n't exactly sense it about this McKinley. Is he running against Blaine or jest for vice ?"

The girl, under some feminine pretext of dropping and reaching for her handkerchief, threw upward a glance of appeal at the interlocutor. Hurriedly she stepped into the conversation. "My grandfather read a false report about — about Mr. Blaine's sickness, and he was not well at the time and it brought on a bad attack."

"I understand," said the listener, with a grave nod of his head and movement of his eyes in the girl's direction.

"But about McKinley ?" the old man persisted.

"He's for vice-president," the girl announced, her eyes fixed on the hesitating man from Canton. I have often admired the intrepid fashion in which a woman will put her conscience at a moral hedge, while a man of no finer spiritual fiber will be straining his eyes to find a hole through which he can crawl.

"McKinley is not opposed to Blaine, is he ?" she asked the man.

"The Republican party has no name that is more loved than that of James G. Blaine," said the man, gravely.

"That's so, that's so !" the old partisan assented eagerly ; "to my mind he's the logical candidate."

The Canton man nodded, and asked if he had ever seen Blaine.

“Once, only once. I was on a delegation sent to wait on him and ask him to our town to speak — he was in Cincinnati. I held out my hand when my turn came, and the chairman nearly knocked the breath out of me by saying, ‘Here’s the man gave more to our campaign fund and worked harder than any man in the county, and we all worked hard for you, too.’ Well, Mr. Blaine looked at me. You know the intent way he looks. He has the most wonderful eyes; look right at you and seem to bore into you like a gimlet. I felt as if he was looking right down into my soul, and I tell you I was glad, for I choked up so I could n’t find a word, not a word, and I was ready and fluent enough in those days, too, I can tell you; but I stood there filling up, and squeezed his hand and gulped and got red, like a fool. But he understood. ‘I have heard of your loyalty to Republican principles, Mr. Painter,’ says he, in that beautiful voice of his that was like a violin; and I burst in — I could n’t help it — ‘It ain’t loyalty to Republican principles, it’s to you.’ I said that right out. And he smiled, and said he, ‘Well, that’s wrong, but it is n’t for me to quarrel with you there, Mr. Painter,’ and then they pushed me along; but twice while the talk was going on I saw him look my way and caught his eye, and he smiled, and when we were all shaking hands for good-bye he shook hands with a good firm grip, and said he, ‘Good-bye, Mr. Painter; I hope we shall meet again.’”

The old man drew a long sigh. “Those few moments paid for everything,” he said. “I’ve never seen him since. I’ve been sick and lost money. I ain’t the man I was. I never shall be put on any delegation again, or be sent to any convention; but I thought if I could only go once more to a Republican

convention and hear them holler for Blaine, and holler once more myself, I'd be willinger to die. And I told Tom Hale that, and he and Jenny raised the money. Yes, Jenny, I'm going to tell — he and Jenny put off being married a bit so 's I could go, and go on plenty of money. Jenny, she worked a month longer to have plenty, and Tom, he slipped ten dollars into my hand unbeknown to her, jest as we were going, so I'd always have a dime to give the waiter or the porter. I was never one of these hayseed farmers too stingy to give a colored boy a dime when he'd done his best. I did n't need no money for badges ; I got my old badges — see ! ”

He pushed out the lapel of his coat, covered with those old-fashioned frayed bits of tinsel and ribbon, smiling confidently. The girl had flushed crimson to the rim of her white collar ; but there was not a trace of petulance in her air ; and, all at once looking at him, her eyes filled with tears.

“ Tom's an awful good fellow,” he said, “ an awful good fellow.”

“ I'm sure of that,” said the Canton man, with the frank American friendliness, making a little bow in Miss Jenny's direction ; “ but see here, Mr. Painter, do you come from Izard ? Are you the man that saved the county for the Republicans, by mortgaging his farm and then going on a house to house canvass ? ”

“ That 's me,” the old man acquiesced, blushing with pleasure ; “ I did n't think, though, that it was known outside ” ——

“ Things go further than you guess. I'm a newspaper man, and I can tell you that I shall speak of it again in my paper. Well, I guess they 've got through with their mail, and the platform 's coming in.”

Thus he brushed aside the old man's agitated thanks.

"One moment," said the old man, "who — who's going to nominate him?"

For the space of an eyeblink the kindly Canton man looked embarrassed, then he said, briskly: "Foraker, Foraker, of Ohio — he's the principal one. That's he now, chairman of the committee on resolutions. He's there, the tall man with the mustache" —

"Is n't that elderly man, with the stoop shoulders and the chin beard and caved in face, Teller?" It was a man near me, on the seat behind, who spoke, tapping the Canton man with his fan, to attract attention; already the pitiful concerns of the old man who was "a little off" (as I had heard some one on the seat whisper) were sucked out of notice in the whirlpool of the approaching political storm.

"Yes, that's Teller," answered the Canton man, his mouth straightening and growing thin.

"Is it to be a bolt?"

The Canton man nodded, at which the other whistled and communicated the information to his neighbors, one of whom remarked, "Let 'em bolt and be d——!" A general, subtle excitement seemed to communicate its vibrations to all the gallery. Perhaps I should except the old partisan; he questioned the girl in a whisper, and then, seeming to be satisfied, watched the strange scene that ensued with an expression of patient weariness. The girl explained parts of the platform to him and he assented; it was good Republican doctrine, he said, but what did they mean with all this talk against the money; were they having trouble with the mining States again? The Canton man stopped to explain — he certainly was good-humored.

During the next twenty minutes, filled as they were

with savage emotion, while the galleries, like the floor, were on their chairs yelling, cheering, brandishing flags and fists and fans and pampas plumes of red, white and blue at the little band of silver men who marched through the ranks of their former comrades, he stood, he waved his fan in his feeble old hand, but he did not shout. "You must excuse me," said he, "I'm all right on the money question, but I'm saving my voice to shout for *him!*"

"That's right," said the Canton man; but he took occasion to cast a backward glance which I met, and it said as plainly as a glance can speak, "I wish I were out of this!"

Meanwhile, with an absent but happy smile, the old Blaine man was beating time to the vast waves of sound that rose and swelled above the band, above the cheering, above the cries of anger and scorn, the tremendous chorus that had stiffened men's hearts as they marched to death and rung through streets filled with armies and thrilled the waiting hearts at home:

"Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

The army and navy forever, three cheers for the red, white and blue!"

But when the chairman had stilled the tumult and made his grim comment, "There appear to be enough delegates left to transact business," the old partisan cast his eyes down to the floor with a chuckle. "I can't see the hole they made, it's so small. Say, ain't he a magnificent chairman; you can hear every word he says!"

"Bully chairman," said a cheerful "rooter" in the rear, who had enjoyed the episode more than words can say, and had cheered the passing of Silver with such

choice quotations from popular songs as "Good-bye, my lover, good-bye," and "Just mention that you saw me," and plainly felt that he, too, had adorned the moment. "I nearly missed coming this morning, and I would n't have missed it for a tenner ; they're going to nominate now."

The old man caught his breath ; then he smiled. "I'll help you shout pretty soon," said he, while he sat down very carefully.

The "rooter," a good-looking young fellow with a Reed button and three or four gaudy badges decking his crash coat, nodded and tapped his temple furtively, still retaining his expression of radiant good-nature. The Canton man nodded and frowned.

I felt that the Canton man need not be afraid. Somehow we were all tacitly taking care that this poor, bewildered soul should not have its little dream of loyal, unselfish satisfaction dispelled.

"Ah, my countrymen," I thought, "you do a hundred crazy things, you crush *les convenances* under foot, you can be fooled by frantic visionaries, but how I love you !"

It was Baldwin of Iowa that made the first speech. He was one of the very few men — I had almost said of the two men — that we in the galleries had the pleasure of hearing ; and we could hear every word.

He began with a glowing tribute to Blaine. At the first sentence, our old man flung his grey head in the air with the gesture of the war horse when he catches the first, far-off scream of the trumpet. He leaned forward, his features twitching, his eyes burning ; the fan dropped out of his limp hand ; his fingers, rapping his palm, clenched and loosened themselves unconsciously in an overpowering agitation. His face was white as marble,

with ominous blue shadows ; but every muscle was astrain ; his chest expanded ; his shoulders drew back ; his mouth was as strong and firm as a young man. For a second we could see what he had been at his prime.

Then the orator's climax came, and the name — the magic name that was its own campaign cry in itself.

The old partisan leaped to his feet ; he waved his hands above his head ; wild, strange, in his white flame of excitement. He shouted ; and we all shouted with him, the McKinley man and the Reed man vying with each other (I here offer my testimony as to the scope and quality of that young Reed man's voice), and the air rang about us : " Blaine ! Blaine ! James G. Blaine ! " He shrieked the name again and again, goading into life the waning applause. Then in an instant his will snapped under the strain ; his grey beard tilted in the air ; his grey head went back on his neck.

The Canton man and I caught him in time to ease the fall. We were helped to pull him into the aisle. There were four of us by this time, his granddaughter and the Reed "rooter," besides the Canton man and myself.

We carried him into the wide passageway that led to the seats. The Reed young man ran for water, and, finding none, quickly returned with a glass of lemonade (he was a young fellow ready in shifts), and with it we bathed the old man's face.

Presently he came back, by degrees, to the world ; he was not conscious, but we could see that he was not going to die.

" He 'll be all right in no time," declared the Reed man. " You had better go back and get your seats, and keep mine ! "

I assured both men that I could not return for more than a short time, having an engagement for luncheon.

“That’s all right,” said the Reed man, turning to the Canton man, “I ain’t shouting when Foraker comes; you are. You go back and keep my seat; I’ll come in later on Hobart.”

So the kindly Canton man returned to the convention for which he was longing, and we remained in our little corner by the window, the young girl fanning the old man, and the young man on the watch for a boy with water. He darted after one; and then the girl turned to me.

No one disturbed us. Below the traffic of a great city roared up to us and a brass band clanged merrily. The crowd hurried past, drawn by the tidings that “the fight was on,” and choked the outlets and suffocated the galleries.

“He’s been that way ever since he read, suddenly, that Blaine was dead” — she said, lowering her voice to keep it safe from his failing ears — “he had a kind of a stroke, and ever since he’s had the notion that Blaine was alive and was going to be nominated, and his heart was set on going here. Mother was afraid; but when — when he cried to go, I could not help taking him — I did n’t know but maybe it might help him; he was such a smart man and such a good man; and he has had trouble about mortgaging the farm; and he worked so hard to get the money back, so mother would feel right. All through the hot weather he worked, and I guess that’s how it happened. You don’t think it’s hurt him? The doctor said he might go. He told T —, a gentleman friend of mine who asked him.”

“Oh, dear, no,” said I, “it has been good for him.”

I asked for her address, which fortunately was near, and I offered her the cab that was waiting for me. I had some ado to persuade her to accept it; but when I

pointed to her grandfather's pale face she did accept it, thanking me in a simple but touching way, and, of course, begging me to visit her at Izard, Ohio.

All this while we had been sedulously fanning the old man, who would occasionally open his eyes for a second, but gave no other sign of returning consciousness.

The young Reed man came back with the water. He was bathing the old man's forehead in a very skillful and careful way, using my handkerchief, when an uproar of cheering shook the very floor under us and the rafters overhead.

"Who is it?" the old man inquired, feebly.

"Foraker! Foraker!" bellowed the crowd.

"He's nominated him!" muttered the old man; but this time he did not attempt to rise. With a smile of great content he leaned against his granddaughter's strong young frame and listened, while the cheers swelled into a deafening din, an immeasurable tumult of sound, out of which a few strong voices shaped the chorus of the Battle Cry of Freedom, to be caught up by fifteen thousand throats and pealed through the walls far down the city streets to the vast crowd without.

The young Reed "boomer," carried away by the moment, flung his free hand above his head and yelled defiantly: "Three cheers for the man from Maine!" Instantly he caught at his wits, his colour turned, and he lifted an abashed face to the young girl.

"But, really, you know, that ain't giving nothing away," he apologised, plucking up heart. "May I do it again?"

The old partisan's eye lighted. "Now they're shouting! That's like old times! Yes, do it again, boy! Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!"

He let us lead him to the carriage, the rapturous smile

still on his lips. The "rooter" and I wormed our way through the crowd back to the seats which the kind Canton man had kept for us.

We were quite like old acquaintances now ; and he turned to me at once. "Was there ever a politician or a statesman, since Henry Clay, loved so well as James G. Blaine ?"

OCTAVE THANET.

NOTES

THE reunion in the next world of the late Lady Burton and her husband, Sir Richard, would make an interesting subject for some painter of sentimentally pathetic scenes. An artist with a tendency towards the tragic might even undertake the task, for one fancies the meeting will not be characterized by extreme joy — if the spirits are permitted any remembrance of earthly things. It is just conceivable that the estimable lady thought she was carrying out her husband's wishes when she destroyed the works on which he spent the best part of the last years of his life ; indeed, I believe she once asserted that had Sir Richard lived longer he would doubtless have changed his views on the advisability of publishing "The Scented Garden," and so forth. This statement I am strongly inclined to doubt. Public opinion has changed little or nothing in the past score of years ; if at all, the tendency is surely in the direction of greater freedom. Moreover, Sir Richard Burton knew well that no other person in our day had anything like the opportunities he had enjoyed for the collection and translation of the literary pieces of the Arabic countries. It was manifestly his intention at the time of his death to publish the volumes he had labored so long to prepare, and

there is something both stupid and pathetic in the idea of Lady Burton's destruction of all his work. Her intention was doubtless of the best, but, to say the least, she was very ill-advised. It is known that she acted under the influence of Mr. Coote, of the National Vigilance Association, whom Sir Richard looked upon as perhaps his worst enemy. This in itself seems an inconsiderate performance on the part of a supposedly-affectionate widow. Nevertheless, Lady Burton took Mr. Coote as her constant counselor in editing her husband's posthumous volumes, and now that she is dead, it is announced that Mr. Coote is to be her literary executor. The very idea is enough to make Sir Richard turn in his grave. It is stated that when he published his edition of "The Thousand Nights and One Night," he declared that he would fight the Vigilance Association, if necessary, in the law courts, with a Bible under one arm and Shakespeare under the other. And now it is this very Association which is to be the final judge of what portions of his writings shall appear and what shall be consigned to oblivion !

¶ Someone in Australia is a firmer believer in realistic stage effects than any American manager. They were lately about to produce a play of convict life out there, and the advertisement for supernumeraries called for "a hundred men, those used to jail life preferred."

¶ There is nothing more pathetic than the man whose fortunes have increased out of all proportion to his tastes. Riches, or even moderate wealth, come very near being absolute curses to a large number of people. There is something almost tragic in the sight of a man who can afford luxuries but whose habits and training prevent him from enjoying them. He would be infinitely happier and his life would have much more of peace were

he always to stay poor. There is much pleasure in looking forward to a decent income, but its acquisition is a torment. I am not speaking now of people in general. I am speaking of our poorer relations—the men and women of mediocre education and simple lives—people who have slaved for years for a mere existence, who have struggled since their earliest days. Wealth and ease are not for them ; they do n't know what to do with such things. And that is the awful sorrow of it all : to work for a lifetime with the hope of final rest and self-indulgence always before them, and then when it comes—no ability to enjoy it. The poor man does n't know what to do with his money. Economy—if not absolute poverty—has become habits with him, and he finds no pleasure in squandering the money he has slaved so hard to earn. And if he does overcome his carefulness he is at once the victim of every shopkeeper, hawker and polite confidence man in Christendom. There are traps at every turn ; every acquaintance is a trickster and every passing soul seeks to juggle him out of a part of his income. His whole mission becomes one of charity ; he contributes day by day to the support of the thousand-and-one sharper men who wheedle away his fortune. Is it any wonder he gets miserly ? Is it any wonder his life becomes a horror and his pleasure is gone ?

He wants to do what other men of his means do, and he does n't know how. A haberdasher tells him so-and-so is the fashion ; he forthwith buys it. It may be a six-year-old style ; it is all the same to him ; he does n't understand such things. A clothier beats him on this, a broker swindles him on that. His best friends seduce him into schemes, and while they come out well he is sure to lose. Everyone is after him ; a whole company of tradespeople get a living from him and his likes. Only

the other day I was reading a paper built entirely for him. It is a new exchange which has but recently come to grace the editorial desk and I hasten to greet it. It is entitled "American Homes," and is issued from Knoxville, Tenn. It is "a journal devoted to planning, building and beautifying the home," and is one of those agreeable things which flourish no other where on earth with so great success as in America. The ancient adage about the fool and his money would seem to be its most appropriate motto, and that other time-honored remark about the supremacy of the "old fool" would suggest its audience. It is a very friendly paper, and the suggested coöperation of the readers is prettily expressed by the editor in the following words: "There is no householder nor housekeeper but has some idea which is different from others, and no matter how simple it may seem, it may be the very thing some one else wants to know." As a specimen of style this is beyond comparison. One can only say, in its own words, it is "different from others." This quotation, however, is by no means unique; in truth, the magazine is made up largely of such gems. Even the advertisements are diverting. There is one in particular — a full-page announcement of a company of architects in Knoxville, Tenn. — of which the worthy editor is the head. It is a remarkable composition with its blatant boastings over bad architecture. In one corner there is a beautiful half-tone picture of what is doubtless the most atrocious type of American architecture one ever saw. It is a "model home" — "just what you want," and so forth.

"If you are going to build a home, to meet all requirements, it should be planned with a care for every detail, so that there will be no after disappoint-

ment, but Perfect Satisfaction. THIS YOU CAN HAVE only by securing the advice and assistance of a

FIRST-CLASS ARCHITECT.

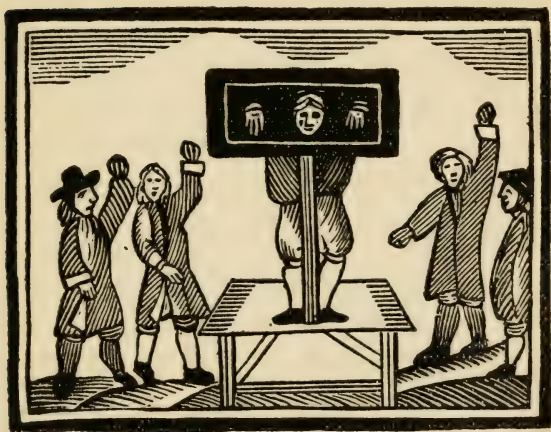
We have spent years in preparing plans and designs for others, and we see no reason why we should not be successful in pleasing you as well as we have thousands of other people in all parts of this country."

This reads much like a dentist's or patent medicine advertisement. Underneath it is the ground floor plan, and each room is labelled in a pretty little verse. The melody is so delightful and the poetic feeling so evident throughout the whole poem that I cannot help quoting:

1. The Heart of the Home
The KITCHEN really is;
In planning the home
Please remember this.
2. The PANTRY 'S an item,
Do not forget it,
Have it a tight one
Where dust 's not collected.
3. Next the DINING-ROOM
Most naturally comes;
Make it a cheery one —
Have light in your homes.
4. The SITTING-ROOM where
The family most stays
Must be roomy and fair,
A delight for all days.

A RIDDLE. QUESTION.

Promotion lately was bestow'd
Upon a person mean and small;
Then many persons to him flow'd,
Yet he return'd no thanks at all;
But yet their hands were ready still
To help him with their kind good will.



ANSWER.

It is a Man pelted in the Pillory.
—From the “True Trial of Understanding.”

5. "Step into my PARLOR"
Was the Spider's remark,
But the Fly will "parlé"
Before he 'll embark.
6. "Your HALL is quite cosy;
I think I 'll rest here" —
That 's because though rosy
The Parlors inspire fear.
7. Light and Heat make Health,
They all important are,
E'en if not in wealth
They must have your care.
8. Let each separate part,
From cellar to dome
Be filled full with "heart ;"
That makes the ideal home.

PROVIDED—in addition to this, your ideas are put into form

To bring to you Home-bliss. An Architect saves from harm,

Brings order from chaos, and leaves nought amiss.

After reading this entertaining lyric, I am filled with wonder that so gifted an author could have gone so long without attracting the attention of the public. He is undoubtedly a man of rare abilities, and it is pleasant to know that as editor of "American Homes" and head of the firm of George F. Barber & Co., he is now in a position to give an impatient public the benefit of his genius in poetry and his taste in architecture. I hope he will lose no time in bringing out an edition of his collected works, and if he will kindly send me a copy the

Chap-Book will enjoy giving extended notice to this New Southern Poet.

¶ I had supposed myself almost past-master in the interpretation of Modernity. That is I had evolved a satisfactory formula of my own which I thought rather better than any other. I took it that the decadent movement as a whole is significant and sincere, although nearly every individual expression of it is characterized by overtopping whim or pose. It is very seldom that any one degenerate is of real import. I could explain to myself most of the poses.

Within the last few weeks, however, I have come across an extreme manifestation which I might call the latter-day blasphemy. This seems to me to be important and truly decadent, and it utterly passes my comprehension. In this country fortunately the Christian maniacs have never affected us much. In truth the real religious mania — together with the morbid, erotic and hysterical — has found vent with us in Faith Cures and Temples of Healing rather than in sad travesties of the Catholic faith. On the other hand, European countries have constantly witnessed spectacular returns to the mysticism of ancient days and apparent revivals of the simplicity of early faiths — as the last resorts of the intellectual voluptuary. Those who found in Huysmans's *A Rebours* the complete guide to mental depravity may read in *En Route* the story of the final return of the exhausted decadent to perfect faith. A similar example of the degenerate evolution is to be found in a recent publication, entitled *L'Ymagier*. It is a magazine devoted to the reproduction of old religious prints and to the exploitation of certain moderns who produce scrawls on religious subjects. The past performances of one at least of these moderns were so revolting and so hopelessly

obscene that it is impossible to believe his present air or devotion sincere. The aim of these artists is apparently the rude technique of a savage scratching on a rock. Their models are the crudest of the early Byzantine works, and they seem to believe that the more atrocious the workmanship the deeper the evidence of holy feeling. They draw Virgins and Children with sticks and lampblack, Crucifixions they awkwardly cut in wood, and Ascensions they scrawl with broad brushes and coloured inks. Their works are lamentable failures to realize even such poor technique as was shown by Cimabue's predecessors.

I confess myself unable to comprehend this manifestation of insanity. By my formula I should call it all pose, of course, and I suppose the affectation is a glorification of the *idea* above any necessity for skill in expression. But my difficulty is that most pose nowadays has in it an attempt to be clever, and these artists of *L'Ymagier* have renounced all this. Indeed they don't even try to do things well—and to do small things well rather than try for the big things is the accusation levelled against the modern workers in art. On top of this, to find men who seek to do the great things as badly as they know how is somewhat appalling and almost persuades one to be a Philistine.



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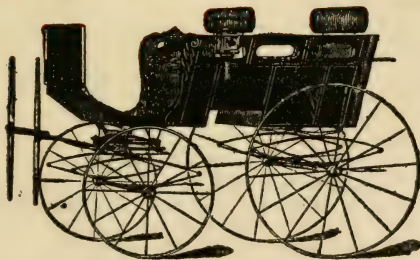
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THE AWAKENING.

OUT of the sleep of earth, with visions rife
I woke in death's clear morning, full of life ;
And said to God, whose smile made all things
bright,

" That was an awful dream I had last night."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF
BYGONE DAYS.

PREFACE.

IN ransacking old records, newspapers, diaries and letters for the historic foundation of the books I have written on colonial history, I have found and noted much of interest that has not been used or referred to in any of those books. An accumulation of notes on old-time laws and punishments has evoked this present series. The subject is not a pleasant one, though it often has a humorous element ; still a punishment that is obsolete gains an interest from antiquity and its history becomes endurable because it has a past only and no future. That men have been pilloried and women ducked rouses a thrill of hot indignation which dies down into a dull ember of curiosity when we reflect that they will never be pilloried nor ducked again. An old-time writer dedicates his book to " All curious and ingenious gentlemen and gentlewomen who can gain from acts of the past a delight in the present days of virtue, wisdom and the humanities." It does not detract from the good intent of these old words that he lived in the days when the pillory, stocks and whipping-post stood rampant in every English village.

So, now, as Pope says :

“ Taught by time our hearts have learned to glow
For others’ good, and melt for others’ woe,”

I dedicate this book to “all curious and ingenious gentlemen and gentlewomen” of our own days of virtue, wisdom and the humanities, and I trust any chance reader a century hence—if such readers there be—may in turn not be too harsh in judgment on an age that had to form powerful societies and associations to prevent cruelty—not to hardened and vicious criminals—but to faithful animals and innocent children.

I

THE BILBOES.

THERE is no doubt that our far-away grandfathers, whether of English, French, Dutch, Scotch or Irish blood, were much more afraid of ridicule than they were even of vice, and far more than we are of extreme derision or mockery to-day. This fear and sensitiveness they showed in many ways. They were vastly touchy and resentful about being called opprobrious or bantering names; often running petulantly to the court about it and seeking redress by prosecution of the offender. And they were forever bringing suits in petty slander and libel cases. Colonial court-rooms “bubbled over with scandal and gossip and spite.” A creature as obsolete as his name, a “makebayt,” was ever-present in the community, ever whispering slander, ever exciting contention, and often also fiercely haled to court for punishment; while his opposite, a make-peace, was everywhere sadly needed. Far-seeing magistrates declared against the make-bait, as even guilty of stirring up barratry, or as

Judge Sewall, the old Boston Puritan termed it, at least "gravaminous."

Equally with personal libel did all good citizens and all good Christians resent with fierceness a word, not only of derision or satire, but even of dispassionate disapproval of either government or church. A tithe of the plain-speaking criticism cheerfully endured in politics to-day would have provoked a civil war two centuries ago ; while freedom of judgment or expression in religious matters was ever sharply resented and punished in New England.

That ultra-sensativeness which made a lampoon, a jeer, a scoff, a taunt, an unbearable and inflaming offence, was of equal force when used against the men of the day in punishment for real crimes and offenses.

In many — indeed in nearly all — of the penalties and punishments of past centuries, derision, scoffing, contemptuous publicity and personal obloquy were applied to the offender or criminal by means of demeaning, degrading and helpless exposure in grotesque, insulting and painful "engines of punishment," such as the stocks, bilboes, pillory, brank, ducking-stool or joughs. Thus confined and exposed to the free gibes and constant mocking of the whole community, the peculiar power of the punishment was accented. Genetic in their force were the punishments of setting on the gallows and of branding ; the latter whether in permanent form by searing the flesh, or by mutilation ; or temporarily by labeling with written placards or affixed initials.

One of the earliest of these degrading engines of confinement for public exposure, to be used in punishment in this country, was the bilboes. Though this instrument to "punyssche transgressours ageynste ye Kinges Maiesties lawes" came from old England, it was by

tradition derived from Bilboa. It is alleged that bilboes were manufactured there and shipped on board the Spanish Armada in large numbers to shackle the English prisoners so confidently expected to be captured. This occasion may have given them their wide popularity and employment ; but this happened in 1588, and in the first volume of *Hakluyt's Voyages*, page 295, dating some years earlier, reference is made to bilbous.

They were a simple but effective restraint ; a long heavy bolt or bar of iron having two sliding shackles and a lock. In these shackles were thrust the legs of offenders or criminals, and they were locked in with a padlock. Sometimes a chain at one end of the bilboes attached both bilboes and prisoner to the floor or wall ; but this was superfluous, as the iron bar prevented locomotion. Whether the Spanish Armada story is true or not, bilboes were certainly much used on board ship. Shakespeare says in *Hamlet* : " Methought I lay worse than the mutines in the bilboes." In *Cook's Voyages* and other sea-tales we read of " bilboo-bolts " on sailors.

The Massachusetts magistrates brought bilboes from England as a means of punishing refractory or sinning colonists, and they were soon in constant use. In the very earliest court records of the settlement at Boston — the Bay colony — which are still preserved, appear the frequent sentences of offenders to be placed in the bilboes. The earliest entry is in the authorized record of the Court held at Boston on the 7th of August, 1632. It reads thus : " Jams Woodward shall be sett in the bilbowes tor being drunk at the Newe-towne." " Newe-towne " was the old name of Cambridge. Soon another colonist felt the bilboes for " selling peeces and powder and shott to the Indians," ever a bitterly-aborred and fiercely-punished crime. And another, the same year,

for threatening — were he punished — he would carry the case to England, was summarily and fearlessly thrust into the bilboes.

Then troublesome Thomas Dexter, with his ever-ready tongue, was hauled up and tried on March 4, 1633. Here is his sentence :

“Thomas Dexter shal be sett in the bilbowes, disfranchized, and fyned £15 for speking rpchfull and seditious words agt the government here established.”

The sting of Thomas Dexter's words was that he called the beloved Governor Winthrop demeaning and slanderous names.

The next year another Newe-towne man, Henry Bright, was set in the bilboes for “swearynge.” In 1635, on April 7, Griffin Montagne “shal be sett in ye bilbowes for stealing boards and clapboards and enjoyned to move his habitacon.” Within a year we find offenders being punished in two places for the same offence, thus degrading them far and wide; and when in Salem they were “sett in the stockes,” we find always in Boston that the bilboes claimed its own. Women suffered this punishment as well as men. Francis Weston's wife and others were set in the bilboes. Other victims of the bilboes had “prophanely cursed;” another had “sleited the magistrates in speaches.”

It is high noon in Boston in the year 1638. The hot June sun beats down on the little town, the narrow paths, the wharfs; and the sweet-fern and cedars on the common give forth a pungent dry hot scent that is wafted down to the square where stands the Governor's house, the market, the church, the homes of the gentlefolk. A crowd is gathered there around some interesting object in the middle of the square, visitors from Newe-towne and Salem, Puritan women and children, tawny Indian

braves in wampum and war-paint, gaily dressed sailors from two great ships lying at anchor in the bay — all staring and whispering, or jeering and biting the thumb. They are gathered around a Puritan soldier, garbed in trappings of military bravery, yet in but sorry plight. For it is training day in the Bay colony, and in spite of the long prayer with which the day's review began, or perhaps before that pious opening prayer, Serjeant John Evins has drunken too freely of old Sack or Alicant, and the hot sun and the sweet wine have sent him reeling from the ranks in disgrace. There he sits, sweltering in his great coat "basted with cotton-wool and thus made defensive ag't Indian arrowes;" weighed down with his tin armor, a heavy corselet covering his body, a stiff gorget guarding his throat, clumsy tassels protecting his thighs, all these "neatly varnished black," and costing twenty-four shillings apiece of the town's money. Over his shoulder hangs another weight, his bandelier, a strong "neat's leather" belt, carrying twelve boxes of solid cartridges and a well-filled bullet-bag; and over all and heavier than all hangs from his neck — as of lead — the great letter D. Still from his wrist dangles his wooden gun-rest, but his "bastard musket with a snaphance" lies with his pike degraded in the dust.

The serjeant does not move at the jeers of the sailors, nor turn away from the wondering stare of the savages — he cannot move, he cannot turn away, for his legs are firmly set in the strong iron bilboes which John Winthrop sternly brought from England to the new land. Poor John Evins! Your head aches from the fumes of the cloying sack, your legs ache from the bonds of the clogging bilboes, your body aches from the clamps of your trumpery armor, but you will have to sit there in distress and in obloquy till good John Norton, the pious

Puritan preacher, will come "to chide" you, as is his wont, to point out to your fellow-citizens and to visitors your sinful fall, the disgracing bilboes, and the great letter that brands you as a drunkard.

The decade of life of the Boston bilboes was soon to end, it was to be "laid flat" as Sir Matthew Hale would say; a rival entered the field. In 1639 Edward Palmer made for Boston with "planks and wood work," a pair of stocks.

"Planks and woodwork" were plentiful everywhere in the new world, and iron and iron-workers at first equally scarce, so stocks soon were seen in every town, and the bilboes were disused, sold perhaps for old iron, wherein they again did good service. In Virginia the bilboes had a short term of use in the earliest years of the settlement; the Provost-marshal had a fee of 10 shillings for "laying by the heels;" and he was frequently employed; but there also stocks and pillory proved easier of construction and attainment.

I would not be over-severe upon the bilboes in their special use in those early colonial settlements. There had to be some means of restraint of vicious and lawless folk, of public nuisances, and a prison could not be built in a day; the bilboes seemed an easy settlement of the difficulty, doing effectually with one iron bar what a prison cell does with many. It was not their use, but their glare of publicity that was offensive. They were ever placed on offenders in the market-place, in front of the meeting house on lecture day, on market day; not to keep prisoners in lonely captivity but in public obloquy; and as has here been cited, for what seems to us to-day slight offenses.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

BESIDE THE BRIDGE

I LOVE to lounge about the bridge
That in one leap surmounts the brook;
I like to lie on clovered ridge,
Once tenanted by gold-crowned stook.

A far, faint call it is to sea;
And near as far to meadows dank;—
The blue skies woo the maple tree
Upon this breezy upland bank.

When mists uproll, outstand the spires
And tow'rs of populated towns;
I hardly hear the wavy choirs
That tune melodious 'neath the downs.

But sing, my gentle hillside rill!
No mocking pedant is around;
And dainty Madge, from brookside mill,
Comes not till tinkling kine-bells sound.

“The world is wrong; it will not hear
My messages of Peace, of Life;
Untended, Sorrow drops her tear,
And sweet-faced Patience flees the strife.

“The rich, the mobs, condemn the arts;
On selfishness they found the State;—
The storied deeds of ardent hearts,
With myths, find desuetude their fate.”

Hold! clearest, sweetest, singing stream!
The skies, and you, and God are left;
And let me follow in some dream,—
The butt of scorn, but not bereft

Of love of beauty, and the faith
That it alone is ample meed
For all frustrations ; so, I graith
My garden row for poppy seed.

And therefore do I steep my soul
In passion for the summertime ;
I laugh to see the drunk drones roll,
All nectar-drugged, from burdened cyme.

And soon the droning *bumble*-bee, —
No such *gallant* e'er wore his spurs !
Wings loud to a catalpa-tree,
Where 'mong the streaked racemes now stirs

A sated, truant zephyr-wight,
Decoyed, by all the froth-like bloom,
From riding on the billow's height,
And sporting where the white-caps spoom.

The cherries, red and round and lush,
The boys and noisy cedar-birds
Scarce leave t'augment the new day's blush,
That warms the east and wakes the herds.

Wide riot of this fruiting day !
From thickets where the berry ripens,
To drying heaps of marsh-grown hay ;
And where a Black-eyed-Susan wipes

Its houri-eyes, that love the dusk.
The honeysuckles to the eaves
Climb with the prairie-rose ; and, musk
And rare, the night looks through the leaves.

JOHN STUART THOMPSON.



THE CHANTEUSE

DRAWN BY A. E. BORIE.

THE HUSBAND INTERVENES.

“**Y**OU are always so sympathetic,” she said; and added reflectively, “and one can talk of one’s troubles to you without any nonsense.”

I wondered dimly if she meant that as a challenge. I helped myself to a biscuit thing that looked neither poisonous nor sandy. “You are one of the most puzzling human beings I ever met,” I said — a perfectly safe remark to any woman under any circumstances.

“Do you find me hard to understand :” she said.

“You are dreadfully complex.” I bit at the biscuit thing and found it full of a kind of creamy bird-lime.

(I wonder why women *will* arrange these unpleasant surprises for me. I sickened of candy twenty years ago).

“How so ?” she was saying, and smiling her most brilliant smile.

I have no doubt she thought we were talking rather nicely. “Oh !” said I, and waved the cream biscuit thing, “You challenge me to dissect you.”

“Well ?”

“And that is precisely what I cannot do.”

“I ’m afraid you are very satirical,” she said, with a touch of disappointment. She is always saying that when our conversation has become absolutely idiotic — as it invariably does. I felt an inevitable desire to quote bogus Latin to her. It seemed the very language for her.

“*Malorum fiducia pars quosque libet*,” I said, in a low voice, looking meaningly into her eyes.

“Ah !” she said, coloring a little, and turned to pour hot water into the teapot, looking very prettily at me over her arm as she did so.

“That is one of the truest things that has ever been said of sympathy,” I remarked. “Do n’t you think so ?”

"Sympathy," she said, "is a wonderful thing and a very precious thing."

"You speak," said I (with a cough behind my hand), "as though you knew what it was to be lonely."

"There is solitude even in a crowd," she said, and looked round at the six other people — three discreet pairs — who were in the room.

"I, too," I was beginning, but Hopdangle came with a teacup and seemed inclined to linger. He belongs to the "Nice Boy" class, and gives himself ridiculous airs of familiarity with grown-up people. Then the Giffens went.

"Do you know, I always take such an interest in your work," she was saying to me, when her husband (confound him!) came into the room.

He was a violent discord. He wore a short brown jacket and carpet slippers, and three of his vest buttons were (as usual) undone. "Got any tea left, Millie?" he said, and sat down in the arm-chair beside the table.

"How do, Leighton?" he said to the man in the corner. "Infernally hot, Pickard," he remarked to me subsiding creakily.

She poured some more hot water into the teapot. (Why must charming married women always have these husbands?)

"It *is* very hot," I said.

There was a perceptible pause. He is one of those rather adipose people who are not disconcerted by conversational gaps. "Are you, too, working at Argon?" I asked. He is some kind of chemical investigator I know.

He began at once to explain the most mercilessly complex things about elements to me. She gave him his tea and rose and went and talked to the other people about the latest book. "Yes," I said, not hearing what he was talking about.

“ ‘No’ would be more appropriate,” he remarked. “You are absent-minded, Pickard. Not in love, I hope — at your age ?”

Really, I am not thirty, but a certain perceptible thinness in my hair may account for his invariably regarding me as a contemporary. But he should understand that nowadays the beginnings of baldness merely mark the virile epoch. “I say, Millie,” he said, out loud and across the room, “you haven’t been collecting Pickard here — have you ?”

She looked round startled, and I saw a pained look come into her eyes. “For the bazaar ?” she said; “Not yet, dear.” It seemed to me that she shot a glance of entreaty at him. Then she turned to the others again.

“My wife,” he said, “has two distinctive traits. She is a born poetess and a born collector. I ought to warn you.”

“I did not know,” said I, “that she rhymed.”

“I was speaking more of the imaginative quality, the temperament that finds a splendor in the grass, a glory in the flower, that clothes the whole world in a vestiture of interpretation.”

“Indeed !” I said. I felt she was watching us anxiously. He could not, of course, suspect. But I was relieved to fancy he was simply talking nonsense.

“The magnificent figures of heroic, worshipful and mysterious womanhood naturally appeal to her — Cleopatra, Messalina, Beatrice, the Madonna and so forth.”

“And she is writing—— ?”

“No, she is acting. That is the real poetry of women and children. A Platonic Cleopatra of infinite variety, spotless reputation and a large following. Her make-believe is wonderful. She would use Falstaff for

Romeo without a twinge, if no one else were at hand. She could exert herself to break the heart of a soldier. I assure you, Pickard——”

I heard her dress rustle behind me.

“I want some more tea,” he said to her. “You misunderstood me about the collecting, Millie.”

“What were you saying about Cleopatra?” she said, trying, I thought, to look sternly at him.

“Scandal!” he said, “But about this collecting, Pickard——”

“You must come to the bazaar,” she interrupted.

“I shall be delighted,” I said, boldly. “Where is it, and when?”

“About this collecting,” he began.

“It is in aid of that delightful orphanage at Welstead,” she explained, and gave me an animated account of the charity. He emptied his second cup, “May I have a third?” he said.

The two girls signalled their departure, and her attention was distracted. “She collects — and I will confess she does it with extraordinary skill — the surreptitious addresses ——”

“John,” she said, over her shoulder, “I wish you would come and tell Miss Smithers all those things about Argon.” He rose and went with the easy obedience of the trained husband. Presently she returned to the tea-things. “Cannot I fill your cup?” she asked. “I really hope John was not telling you his queer notions about me. He says the most remarkable things. Quite lately he has got it into his head that he has a formula of my character.”

“I wish *I* had,” I said, with a sigh.

“And he goes about explaining me to people, as though I was a mechanism. ‘Scalp collector,’ I think, is the

favorite phrase. Did he tell you? Do n't you think it perfectly horrid of him?"

"But he does n't understand you," I said, not grasping his meaning quite at the minute.

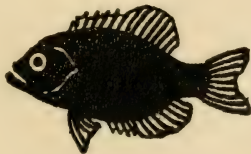
She sighed.

"You have," I said, with infinite meaning, "my sincere sympathy,"—I hesitated—"my whole sympathy."

"Thank you *so much*," she said, quite as meaningly. I rose forthwith, and we clasped hands like souls who strike a compact.

Yet, thinking over what he said afterwards, I was troubled by a fancy that there was the faintest suggestion of a smile of triumph about her lips and eyes. Possibly it was only an honorable pride. I suppose he has poisoned my mind a little. Of course, I should not like to think of myself as one of a fortuitously selected multitude hooked neatly together (if one may use the vulgarism) on a piece of string—nice old gentlemen, nice boys, sympathetic and humorous men of thirty kind, fellows, gifted dreamers and dashing blades—all trailing after her. It was confoundedly bad form of him, anyhow, to guy her visitors. She certainly took it like a saint. Of course I shall see her again soon and we shall talk to one another about one another as usual. Something or other cropped up and prevented my going there on her last Tuesday.

PICAROON.



PORTRAITS OF CONTEMPORARIES



JOHN FOX, Jr.

AUTHOR OF "A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA," ETC.

DRAWN BY FRED RICHARDSON

THE PIOUS SPANIARD

LIFE is not long enough for me
To hate mine enemy perfectly;
But God is of infinite mercy, and He
To time hath added Eternity.

ELIZABETH BISLAND.

ORESTE'S PATRON.

THE Signore Americano, musing over his morning coffee on the villa terrace, gazed intently into the distance where Florence lay invisible behind the hills.

"Buon' giorno, Signore!" called Oreste, reining in Elisabetta and lifting his cap with a smile.

"Buon' giorno!" returned the Signore, starting. "Ah, you are going to the city, and I wanted to go myself."

Oreste looked troubled.

"Signore, how much I am sorry! It displeases me, but I am already promised to my patron. When one is poor one must think of the francs for the family," he added apologetically.

The Signore, who knew no such necessity, frowned.

"This is the fifth time this Carnivale — and you just married. If I had a *sposina* —"

"The Signore's *sposina* would lack for nothing," smiled Oreste. "We others — we must do as we can. As for Gioja, she goes to pass the day with her *nonna* at Vincigliata. I will bring the Signore's mail as usual."

The Signore waved his hand impatiently and knocked the ashes from his cigarette, then as the shabby cab, with Elisabetta pulling heroically back against the steepness

wound from sight, his glance softened. It was a piece of fortune surely for a Vignola cabman to have a city patron. Fortunes were not to be made up here where nobody but the *forestieri*, who came from time to time to make a *villeggiatura* in one or another of the villas, would think of wasting francs for the sole purpose of getting somewhere. The inhabitants stayed where they found themselves placed by Providence. To all intents, Vignola might be a hundred miles from Florence instead of a bare six. Besides, a stranger Signore passes with the season, but a city patron remains. Nuisance as it was to have his own plans conflicted with, the Signore forgave Oreste.

Fifteen minutes later this melting mood congealed again, as a slender figure stole quietly down the Way.

It was Gioja walking with her usual listless grace. Her small head, its crisply waved Tuscan hair bound with a kerchief of dull blue, was carried far back as no kerchiefed head has a right to be, and her eyes, blue as the kerchief but not dull, looked straight ahead, dilated and musing. She did not see the Signore — a thing that could have befallen no other girl in the village, unless it were blind Chiara, and the Signore watched her go with a frown. For this was not the direction of Vincigliata. And why was she starting so early, unless to defeat the glances with which all these closed doors would soon be alive?

Yet he continued to watch her. There were other girls in the village just as pretty. Many a strain of noble blood had gone to the making of these Vignolese peasants. This was not the first girl the Signore had seen who looked as if — change her gown and tie a bonnet over her hair — she might loll in her carriage of an afternoon at the Cascine with the best of the fine

ladies in the city below. But there was no other whom the Signore ever leaned over the wall to look after. And as he leaned his frown deepened ; he was sorry for Oreste, but — marry a girl like that and leave her alone in Italy ! Anybody might foresee the end. And he frowned again, not at Gioja this time, who had disappeared from view, but at a mental image wearing, it is true, an air dangerously like that of Oreste's *sposa*.

Yes, indeed, anybody might foretell the end. That was what the whole community, already buzzing with the scandal, said. And it was exactly what the Padre said when, five minutes later, he came up the path and sank upon the marble seat, mopping his brow beneath the beaver hat.

"I have been to Oreste's," he said, apologetically, "and thought I would look in upon the Signore in passing. There was nobody there."

The Signore, engaged in pouring red wine for his guest, made no response, and the priest stole a troubled glance at him as he took the glass from his hand.

"Perhaps, Signore, you may have seen them pass and can tell me if that child went with her husband ?"

"No," said the Signore, after a minute's deliberation, "I could not."

His guest sighed as he sipped the wine. He had grown grey in the service of the village. He had known Gioja from her babyhood. His was the hand which had held and oiled and dipped her at the font, and had led her from then until her present estate ; and he, if anyone, had a right to borrow trouble, seeing that all troubles were brought to him in the end. His fine, thin lips shut above the wine-glass in the sensitive line which marks the better of Rome's two types. His soul was straight and simple. The one vanity it owned was to

be on terms of companionship with the occupant of the big villa. The half hour on its terrace or in its salotto formed his social dissipation, and dearly did he prize the importance it gave him in the eyes of his flock. Nay, it gave importance to the whole community.

“Not every village has a priest like ours,” said the gossips complacently, “that a so educated stranger Signore would make so much of.”

Moreover, if his people were poor, God alone knows how poor their priest was, and the Signore possessed a fine taste in wines — (true Chianti, a very different thing from *vino rosso* at eighty centesimi the flask) — while his lavishness was that of his country.

As for the Signore, he would pour the oil from a fresh flask anytime to unseal the lips pressed together as now over the case of Oreste's *sposa*.

“The truth is,” sighed the priest, “the end is too easy to foresee. The child is not like others, and there is nothing worse than that. That's what Luigi's *sposa* said yesterday when I rebuked her for thinking evil, and recalled to her how Gioja helped nurse her three through the *tifo* only last spring. ‘Oh, I'm not saying she has n't a heart,’ said Luigi's *sposa*, ‘but you can't deny that all is not right when a girl is different from all the rest; it is better to have less heart and be more like one's neighbors.’ And Luigi's wife had reason. Nothing is worse than to be different from all the folk about you. When I had her safely married I thought indeed there would be an end of trouble. Heaven grant it do not prove a beginning.”

“Does she not love her husband?”

“Who can tell?” sighed the priest, impatiently. “Oreste is not one to set the Arno afire, but he is a good lad. But about her he is a mule — a very mule.

Would you believe, Signore, when I ventured a word — I, whose duty it is — he flared up like a befana torch — he whose manner to me ordinarily is a lesson to the community.”

The Signore smiled and reflected upon the strength of man.

“One would say I had spoken ill of the saints,” continued the exasperated priest. “And the thing is becoming insufferable — such a tale of scandal as someone whispers to me every day. One would think she has neither eyes nor ears, and cares not whether she has friends or foes for neighbors.”

There is in truth no such broad and flowery path to unpopularity as this which Gioja undeviatingly pursued. Nobody who elects to be unlike his neighbors gets social good of it. Had not the Signore himself seen?

Bad enough it was to have her sitting wide-eyed and absolutely indifferent at her machine (and so pretty that one could see the *giovine* looking at her when they pretended not to), or mooning over her straw work with never a word of gossip or a little story about a friend, more than if they were all stones; but what did these absences all by herself mean, which looked the worse now that she was a decent man's wife? It was an absolute scandal — which is only another name for a godsend sometimes — to a sober community.

Oreste might pretend to shut his eyes — he had always been a fool about her — but it could not be asked that all the village should do the same, especially those girls who would have made decent wives if anyone had given *them* the chance, and those lads who would have known how to keep a wife in order if they had taken one.

The priest, thinking of these things, sighed. He, too, might affect blindness, but he would need to be stone

deaf as well to escape hearing what every tongue in the village felt it a duty and a privilege to confide to him daily.

“It must be admitted that the Signorina Americana has something to answer for,” the priest wound up, as he invariably did, and always with an indulgent accent which forgave while it accused.

The Signorina Americana! How many times was she not leveled at the ears of the Signore Americano, who had inherited her tradition with the Villa of which he was the next lessee. If the contadini were to be believed there was little for which she might not be held accountable. They spoke of her smilingly, Oreste tenderly, the priest indulgently (the Signorina also had possessed a generous taste in wines), and Gioja not at all. Yet apparently it was precisely Gioja who might have had most to say.

“Ah, yes; if I could have foreseen when I brought that child to her! But what harm could come to her from earning a few francs as the Signorina’s maid! I chose her for the very reason that she had more gentleness and was more educated than the others. The Signorina, your countrywoman, was herself very educated and full of gentilezza. But she was too good to Gioja, and then she could never be made to see. She had a way with her. When I began to remonstrate with her she would fill up my glass and ask about my poor, and before I knew it — *altro!* she was very generous, your countrywoman. But if there are many like her in your country it must be a terrible place; a man would not possess his own soul.”

The Signore laughed.

“She would sit here — precisely where I sit now — and smile a little smile she had, and twist this rose-vine

about her fingers, and just so she twisted us all. Ah," he concluded, lifting his glass, "she was truly terrible, that Signorina; but *simpatica*, *altro!* never have I seen so *simpatica* a signorina."

Simpatica! When you are that, there is nothing else you can be; and when you are not that, nothing that you can be is of any use. When everybody, down to the newsboys and cab-openers, loves you and does n't know why, you are *simpatica*; when people would rather do things for you than not, and do n't care about the payment, then you may be sure you are *simpatica*; when the expression of their eyes and the tones of their voices change insensibly when they look at and speak to you, there is no room to doubt that you are *simpatica*. You may not be rich, nor beautiful, nor "educated" (such a very different thing from book-fed), but you do not need to be. *Simpatica* is the comprehending sky of praise in which separate stars of admiration are swallowed up.

While the Signore figured rapidly the mischief possible of accomplishment by a dangerous Signorina possessing this attribute, the priest drank another glass of wine and returned to the trouble of his soul.

"I thought, indeed, with a wife's work to do, she would settle down like others, but Oreste encourages her wilfulness."

"Why do you not speak to Gioja herself?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the priest, crossing himself. "I have tried that once. She has a terrible nature, that child! I have never told anyone, but see if I have not reason to say so, Signore." He sipped his wine agitatedly and then began with feeling:

"It was the Signorina to begin with; she saw that the child was pretty and she put ideas in her head. And in fact, though Heaven forbid I should compare Gioja,

who is only a little *contadina*, with a real Signorina, yet she has always seemed to me to have a little something about her which recalls the Signorina herself — a way of walking and carrying her head. And the Signorina had not an idea of keeping her in her place. She was always giving her gowns and ribbons and trinkets and vanities of all kinds — that was her way, always giving. The end of it was that one day I surprised that child with a hat of the Signorina's on her unhappy head; yes, actually, Signore, if you will credit me, a hat — a *cappello di Signora* on her head!" He spread his hands in deprecating despair.

The Signore looked blankly.

"Oh, Signore, you are like your countrywoman; it is impossible to make you understand! But it must be a country — yours! For a girl like Gioja to put a hat on is to declare herself without shame at once. Honest girls of her class let such *roba di Signore* alone; yes, and rightly, for God has put people in their places. A girl who showed herself in a signora's hat would find it impossible to live in Vignola; she would be hooted out of the village. And as for the wife of a lad like Oreste pretending to that, half a dozen lovers would not be a worse scandal. Those at least the others could understand, but a *cappello di signora* ——" He stopped to take several agitated sips, shaking his head all the time. "I do not say she would have been so mad as to cross the threshold in it (the Signorina had given it to her to sell for the feathers upon it), but who could tell what such a girl might do? I scolded her well for her wicked vanity and such ideas above her place. Santa Maria! lovers and such are enough without a scandal like that among my people. Well, what was the end? Signore, she rushed off and hung that hat with at least twenty

francs worth of good feathers on it in the Madonna's chapel, beside 'Maso's crutch and the little hearts and legs and other offerings to Our Lady! There it hung, where all the world would see it and every tongue in the place be set wagging, if I had not providentially gone in and found it before Mass next day. And even then what could I do? It was the Madonna's and I dared not remove it. But Heaven sends accidents, and as it chanced *providentially*, Signore, my candle brushed the feathers in passing and *presto*, I dropped it quickly into a bucket of water. It was not fit for Our Lady after that, so I took it away, and I myself made it up to her in candles, that no one might feel hurt. And after all nobody was the richer for all those francs worth of feathers; they were singed more than I hoped and did not bring me in Florence the price of the candles. Oh, she has a terrible nature—that Gioja! No, no, *grazie*,—if I must speak to Oreste, I must; but to her—! candles cost, Signore Americano, and I am a poor man.”

Still shaking his head, he rose to depart.

The Signore, left alone, paced the terrace a few times smiling to himself; then he sat down again—this time in the priest's place—and fell to musing, and as he mused his fingers stole almost furtively to the long rose-tendrils and twisted them gently, while the smile died abruptly on his lips.

Presently he rang and Giuseppina came out.

“You may take away these things,” said the Signore, “and bring me pen and paper. Oh, and by the way, Giuseppina, in future put my seat here—the valley sees itself better.”

Coming from the post that evening the Signore was aware of a slender shape slipping along through the

deepening shadows ahead. Quickening his steps, he overtook it easily.

“*Buona sera.* So it is you, Gioja?”

“Si, Signore!” The voice was both startled and appealing.

But the Signore strode along, looking keenly at the downcast face.

“Oreste is not with you?”

“No, Signore; he went to the city.”

“And you have doubtless been visiting your *nonna*?”

“Yes, Signore.” The voice was almost inaudible.

The Signore turned on his heel with a curt “*Buona sera!*” and was still muttering things under his breath when fifteen minutes later he beheld from the terrace Oreste and Elisabetta toiling wearily up the hill.

“How well she times it,” he thought contemptuously, as the bell of the big gate sounded, and he heard Giuseppina’s challenge, “Who is it?”

“Amici; friends,” answered Oreste’s voice, and Oreste swiftly followed with his frank smile and a square envelope of dull blue, which the Signore’s hand involuntarily stretched to grasp.

“Ecco, Signore, the only one!” said Oreste with that polite gesture of regret with which he daily accompanied this small comedy. The Signore having possessed himself of the letter avidly, put it into his pocket with ostentatious carelessness and coolly lighted a cigarette. Oreste smiled comprehendingly but respectfully.

“You have had a long day of it?”

“Yes, Signore.” Oreste smiled with the satisfied air of one who has done a good day’s work.

“I suppose you have made a handful of money,” continued the Signore severely.

Oreste shrugged his shoulders. "Not great things, but *altro!* I am content."

The Signore shrugged in his turn. "Each to his own mind. Your *sposina* has also made a long day; I saw her just now."

"Ah, yes; it is a long way to Vincigliata when one must walk. The Signore's commands?"

"None."

Truly, the Signorina Americana, if this was her work, had small reason to be proud of it. The Signore's frown enveloped even the blue envelope at which he stood staring long after Oreste had left the room.

And so it ran through the spring months—the mournfully beautiful Tuscan spring. The nightingales in the villa gardens sang and sang, at dusk, in the moonlight and at dawn, and the fire-flies glittered all through the darkness up and down the olive slopes. An intenser life quickened in the little community as the summer stirred in the veins of her children. The youths went singing up and down the hills, and the girls and women lingered over their water-jars at the fountain in the square. For what is it to be poor in the summer time?

Sometimes the Signore, lying awake at night, heard Oreste's mellow voice as he passed by to the little house. But through all this gaiety of being Gioja stole silently and dreamily, and the whisper of turned heads and eyes askance followed her. For there were the ever-recurring *festas* when Oreste went to the city, and where then did Oreste's *sposa* go? That is what the community would like to know, for the tale about her grandmother was quite too large for the village throat. She kept her secret well—yes; but there is only one kind of a secret possible to the Italian mind.

"Birbone!" said the women, with contempt, of

Oreste, while the men laughed and shrugged their shoulders. Oreste had caught a pretty *sposa* who had thought herself much too good for them, but *ma ch *, he was paying for it.

It was impossible that the public curiosity should content itself with being curious. Maria, one of those public-minded souls which never lack in any community, toiled all the way over to Vincigliata and brought back personal assurance from the *nonna* herself that that pious granddaughter had not been seen in Vincigliata all these months.

“Eight good miles I trudged in all that sun, and a day’s work lost,” declared Maria, mopping her brow in the midst of an excited and sympathetic group. “If my legs ache ! but for the good of the community I did it, and what I know to-night the priest shall know before morning. I made haste to go to-day, for to-morrow being the festa of our Saint John, Oreste goes to the city, and that *civetta* ———”

And nobody could say but that Maria had done well and the girl deserved whatever might come of it.

But when the priest, sad-eyed and stern, knocked at the door of the little house in the early morning after Mass, no one was there. Having delivered a vain fusillade, to the accompaniment of many suggestions offered from the neighbors’ windows, the priest turned away and betook himself with a clouded brow to the Signore who had invited him by Oreste to breakfast with him that morning. He was waiting for him now on the terrace with a morning countenance, and the breakfast table, heaped with roses, wore a festal air which did not escape the priest, preoccupied though he was.

“You also are keeping a feast, Signore, to appearances ?”

“Yes.”

“Ah, indeed! a festa Americana?”

“No, my own. And now what is it about these two? Oreste, I know went to the city. I tried to engage him, but he was pre-engaged to that patron of his. And Gioja — well, I saw her pass a little later.”

“While we were in the church, the guilty child!” said the priest, sternly. “But where can she have gone?” he added sighing. “I have been much to blame; I have been too negligent; I should have dealt with her from the first. *Culpa mia!*” He crossed himself and looked so discouraged that the Signore was touched.

“Listen, *amico mio*,” he said. “As you say, it is a bad business, and, arrange it how you will, it will never be well that those two shall live here. The last of it will never be heard, if I know your people. I am going away to Livorno next week, and I have asked Oreste to go with me. I like the fellow, and away from here she may come to her senses. She is young, and guilty though she may be, she does not seem case-hardened.”

“Going away!” exclaimed the startled priest in dismay. “And going to take those two away from their own country—to a foreign place! What an idea—but what an idea!”

“Scarcely foreign—it is only the other side of Florence.”

“Ah, ah! to you, but to us villagers! It is not a little thing to leave one’s home, where one has been born and bred and knows his neighbors after all, whether they be good or bad. It is a great thing to know one’s neighbors. And to go so far—but they will think twice before they say ‘yes.’”

“On the contrary, Oreste goes willingly. I do not

think he is so blind ; he knows well they are not friendly to his *sposa* here."

"And Gioja," said the startled priest ; "will she go ?"

"He says so."

The priest drew a long breath, half relief, half regret, and wholly wonder.

"Well, well ; it is perhaps the best that could happen ; but to lose two of my flock — and to leave one's country like that ! You are a strange people, you Americans. And what becomes of us without either you or the Signorina Americana here in the villa ?"

"There are more Americans," replied the Signore smiling, "and who knows but that your Signorina will return to make you more trouble yet ?"

The priest shook his head. "The next time she may bring her own maid ; not another girl from our village shall she turn the head of — that Signorina," and the very tone of his voice as he said it was witness that he affirmed what he knew to be false. The Signore understood and laughed.

"Put it all away, *amico mio*, for to-day and go with me to Florence. Gioja has gone, and you can do nothing but listen to your people, who will deafen you before night. Come and see your *bella Firenze* in her festa dress. We will take a tram below and find a cab at the gates."

The priest's face brightened like a child's.

"Ah, Signore, now it is I you are proposing to carry away ; but why not ? It is long since I was in Florence, and I have already said service here. But it is not necessary to say anything to my people ; discretion, Signore Americano, discretion is a great thing."

And thus it happened that when the village folk saw

the good father depart in company with the Signore forestiere, they sagely concluded — with that sense of the importance of our own affairs common to the race — that the two had gone to Fiesole, or who knew but even Florence, to consult the authorities in the matter of that *disgraziata* Gioja. And in point of fact, though the priest was fairly running away from the subject, he was destined to run straight into its arms instead.

Florence was all in *festa*, and if there is anything lovelier than Florence in *festa*, who has seen it? The streets ran over with bright sunshine, and the Florentines, reinforced by *contadini* from all the neighboring towns, in holiday garb, made a bright shifting mass for the sunbeams to play over. Arno rolled its now shallow stream like muddy gold, and pale golden palaces stood loftily up and looked down at her. Over her streaming Ways, Florence shook the bells in all her towers every fifteen minutes, and at intervals the deep golden-throated voice in Giotto's Tower answered with a rich hum, hum-m, hum-m-m, like a melodious summer bee. The strident notes of the *grilli* in their little wicker cages, brought from the Cascine at dawn, completed the joyous pandemonium.

The Signore's spirits ran at higher tide than even the bright tide of humanity about him. He laughed at all; he bought flowers of the boys and girls who ran after the carriage holding up glowing armfuls, until the carriage seat was heaped and the priest held up his hands at the extravagance. He climaxed his folly by buying all the remaining *grilli* in their cages and letting them loose upon the grass of the Cascine.

"Do not scold, *amico mio*," he said to the priest gaily. "I told you it is a *festa*. I have come into a fortune, and it is written that nobody must be shut up

to-day or hungry." He tossed a handful of soldi to a group of children.

"I am afraid your fortune will not last long," replied the priest, shaking his head.

But he forgot his own prudence when a little later they went to a restaurant — not Doney's, where the foolish tourists go, fancying themselves in Italy, and where the priest would have been miserable, but Gilli's, on the Piazza Signoria. There, it being a feast day and his host newly come into a fortune, the good father ate for the honor of religion and his own temporal good such a meal as had never before found its way to his stomach, and washed it down with glasses of Chianti not merely old (*vecchio*) but extravagantly old (*stravecchio*). Golden moments were these, and he put down his glass at last with a sigh of regret that it was impossible to prolong them further. His limit of possibility was reached.

"Now," said the Signore, casting an extravagant fee upon the table, "where next?"

"To the Baptistery and the Duomo, my son," answered the priest, with sudden gravity, crossing himself," to say our *grazie* and put up a little prayer to our good Saint John."

It was precisely upon emerging from the door of Gilli's in this comfortable and untroubled frame of mind, arising from the perfect balance of the carnal and the spiritual, that he came face to face with the worst trouble of all. For, straightening his shabby hat and smoothing his shabby cassock, what should his eyes fall upon but Oreste — Oreste, who having that moment emerged from a café below, was assisting a very elegant signora into his cab. Just as he got her safely tucked in, his eye caught the two pairs staring at him. His sturdy face blanched; then before either could make a step forward he had shut the

door, sprung quickly to the seat and touching up Elisabetta, with a glance of defiance, whirled away. The two left staring, drew a long breath.

"*Ebbene*," remarked the Signore at last. "So the patron was a *padrona*; perhaps Gioja has not been so much to blame after all."

"I will know," answered the priest, sharply.

The Signore said a word to the nearest cabman, slipping something into his hand, and in a moment they were bowling up the Via Calzaioli. It cost a city cabman nothing to keep Elisabetta in sight, and they drew up in the Piazza del Duomo just in time to see Oreste deferentially assisting his signora to alight at the Cathedral steps. He saw them and his eye shot such a glance of stern warning that both men sat stupidly, and the next moment nearly fell over each other as the Signora in her silks and nodding plumes swept by—for lo, it was Gioja!

In another instant she had swept up the steps and the great doors had swallowed her. Then Oreste's manner changed. He leaned against the cab door and turned upon the two men a regard which said: "And now, what have you to say about it?"

There was a decidedly awkward silence while they drew near; then the Signore burst out laughing.

"You have found a *bel patron, amico mio!*" he said.

"What folly!" ejaculated the priest, holding up his hands and reeovering breath at last. "*Gran' Dio!* what folly!"

"Reverendo," replied Oreste, quietly. "Perhaps not so much folly as some of you have thought. Perhaps I know what the tongues up there wag like, and if I choose not to mind, whose affair is that? If it pleases us to please ourselves, who is the worse for that?"

“And the scandal!” exclaimed the priest, “and the waste, and the ideas you are putting in Gioja’s head — the wicked vanity and pride. Oh, I told the Signorina how it would end!”

“As for that, Reverendo, you will pardon me, but tongues must wag when they are hung in the middle, and if they wag about Gioja, why it does n’t hurt her and someone else goes safe. And as for the waste — the price of a fare now and then — why if it suits us to live on polenta six days and take our pleasure on the seventh whose misery is that? I have never yet lacked my soldo for the church or for a neighbor poorer than I.”

“And the ideas you are encouraging in her unhappy head! But I will have something to say to that child.”

“Reverendo,” interposed Oreste sternly, “by your leave; you are a good man, half a saint, and I am only an ignorant peasant, but there are some things priests and nuns do not understand, and what one does not understand that one should not meddle with. The Signorina understood; she knew well it was neither pride nor vanity in Gioja, but just a kind of *poesia* which made her like to play the signora. The Signorina understood because she herself was full of *poesia*.”

“Oh, the Signorina, the Signorina!” interjected the priest in despair.

“She *knew*,” Oreste went on, “You remember the time of the hat, Reverendo?”

“If I remember!” groaned the priest.

“*Ebbene*,” said Oreste emphatically, “when I found it out I went straight to the Signorina and told her. She was on the terrace, and she sat down and laughed a little — you remember our Signorina’s way of laughing?”

It was to the priest that he addressed this, but it was

the Signore looking straight before him and smiling who looked as if he remembered.

“Nothing would do,” continued Oreste, “but that she must jump into my cab then and there, with only a lace on her head, and she a Signorina ! (here the Signore laughed aloud) and drive straight to Florence, not to one of the small shops, but to the great milliner’s on Torna-buoni, where she bought a hat — who knows what it cost ? — and she bade me take it to Gioja and tell her to wear it when she liked, for there was nothing wicked about it.”

The priest groaned again.

“Only,” added Oreste, with the suspicion of a twinkle, “she bade us say nothing about it, lest you, Reverendo, might think it your duty to lecture the child again, and it was a pity, she said, to make so good a man uncomfortable. So, as she could not wear it openly, we had to find a way under the plate, and as the whole village would have been talking if we went away together, I had to make that little story of a patron. Once outside of Vignola I wait for Gioja, and there in the olive grove she makes herself into a signora ; and on the way home we stop again and — the Signora’s hat and gown stowed away under my seat — my little *sposa* climbs up beside me and we talk it all over. And then the next day I count my francs and the folk call me ‘Birbone,’ and the lads think evil of my Gioja because she would never look at them, and we laugh in our sleeves. What does all that matter when one is happy ?”

“And so,” said the priest, sternly, “you let all Vignola think your wife has a lover and say nothing ?”

“They have to think something, and is n’t it better they should think she has a lover, Reverendo, than a *cappello di signora* ?”

"Surely," assented the priest, quickly. "A lover, at least, they can all understand, and only too many of them — Madonna pardon them! — have had; but a signora's hat nobody in the village has ever had, and they would never pardon Gioja for having. And they have right; Gioja has no business with a signora's hat — nor you to waste your time and money, as if you would be *bambini* all your lives. And for you — a man — to make yourself the servant of your wife — oh, it is shameful, *vergognoso!*"

"Pardon again, Reverendo — but that too, you can't understand. If it is Gioja's *poesia* to play the signora — why, Gioja is *my poesia*. As for its lasting — *altro!* the future is long, and if we had others to feed all that might be different. She is only a child herself now, but when the good God sends a child to a child, that makes a woman of her. He himself sees to that. When that comes she will care nothing to play the signora with her stupid Oreste. All this our Signorina knew; for that night when the child came to me weeping and saying how wicked she had been and begging me to forgive her and marry her at once, *at once* — I, Signori — who would have married her at any moment for years! — it put me in trouble. I had fear to take her like that and perhaps have her sorry for it later. But I went to our Signorina with her and told her all and she looked at us both and said: 'Marry her, Oreste, you safely may;' — for the Signorina understood. And so — I married her."

The eyes of the two young men met suddenly and exchanged across the gulf of position and race one rapid thrill of comprehension. The priest looked half-timidly at both; but perhaps he too comprehended something, for he said meekly:

"After all I did no harm."

“Perhaps not,” replied Oreste, with his frank smile, “but that was not your fault, Reverendo. And now if the Signore and you will excuse me — that was the bell of the Elevation. If Gioja saw you she would have no more pleasure, and that would be all the more a pity because it is our last *festa* here. We are going to live with the Signore — and his Signora ; is n’t it so, Signore ?”

“Ah, ah !” exclaimed the priest, with vivacity, “so that was your festa and your fortune, Signore ? And that is why you have so much sympathy for even the *grilli* and these foolish children ! Well, well — it is perhaps the best that could happen, for it would be impossible to go on giving scandal like this, and if I said a word you would all be for taking my life. It may do for Gioja — who is not like the others, but Heaven forbid the other *ragazze* should get such ideas in their heads ; I have enough to do to keep track of them and their affairs as it is.”

“Signori !” said Oreste, warningly. The two slunk behind the next cab, and from there beheld the stream of life suddenly burst from the big doors of the Duomo ; — men and women and children ; prince and citizen and peasant ; and among them a slender, graceful shape, her *cappello di signora* sitting well upon the ruffled gold of her hair, and her long skirt raised in one gloved hand with a gesture at which the Signore’s heart beat suddenly faster against the blue envelope above it. So very excellent an imitation of the signora that even an expert need not blush to be deceived by it.

Oreste stepped forward and flung open the cab door with ostentation. The Signora mounted languidly and sank back against the cushions, making a great rustling of silk. The loungers on the Duomo steps stole covert

glances at the pretty woman. Then Oreste slammed the door, took off his hat and approached deferentially.

"*Commanda, Signora?*" he said, loud enough for every one to hear.

"*Alla casa,—home,*" responded the Signora, with superb languor.

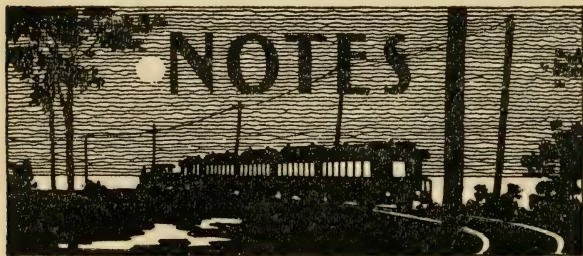
And mounting upon the seat, with a parting glance of mingled triumph and humor in the direction of the two watchers, Oreste, Elisabetta and the Signora whirled triumphantly away.

The two left upon the sidewalk remained speechless for a few minutes; then the priest's eye caught his companion's, deprecatingly, but with an echo of Oreste's twinkle.

"That Signorina," he said, with an indulgent sigh, "she has much to answer for!"

But the Signore, looking into the distance and laughing softly to himself, said not a word.

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.



Next week at the old Academy of Music in New York there is to be a benefit performance for the widow of J. W. Kelly, known to the world as the Rolling Mill Man. All of the best variety performers have offered

their aid, and the soubrettes of all nations are to sell nose-gays in the lobby.

This will be the only public recognition of a man whose name, in his own profession, was one to conjure with; who was an idol of thousands of the humble patrons of variety theatres, but who never rose high enough to be considered seriously by the cultured minority.

There is one notable exception. Mr. James A. Hearne stoutly maintains that Kelly was one of our greatest artists. Actor, in the ordinary sense of playing a role created by another, he was not. I like better to think of him and his kind as the modern representative of the mediæval wandering minstrel, or the story-teller in a Persian khan, reciting the Arabian Nights. J. W. Kelly was a story-teller, and his stories he found himself. They were of the people, and in the best sense of the word (for now-a-days, in questions of story-telling, it has many senses) true. A keen sense of humor gave his sentiment the right ring. Genuine humor and tawdry sentiment are really so incompatible. Simplicity and directness of method, added to a natural whimsicality of face and manner, made Kelly an instant favorite with every audience. He needed no preparation, but stepping out and greeting the house with, "Say, awjence," he proceeded to flatter and bulldoze them by turns, telling them new stories, or, quite as often, old ones, heard a hundred times before. The result was always the same — roars and applause. Kelly's "turns" were truly what refined modern journalism calls "heart to heart talks."

That he did not rise into the field of vision of our higher classes is their loss. But the gain was to the people whose entertainment is too often vulgar, coarse, insincere. They can well pardon any lapses on the

part of J. W. Kelly, and any lack of personal ambition which kept him for their pleasure.

¶ If Mr. Andrew Lang's devotion to the game were not enough to show that golf is a literary sport, other proof would be found in the fact that Edmund Curtis, the newly-discovered boy-poet of Silvertown, was working in a factory where they make golf-balls. It now becomes the duty of the journals "for young writers" to call the attention of their readers to this information and to give the proper rules for the expression of sonnets, novels, and so forth, in terms of india-rubber and sand.

¶ The hot weather induced me to hold *The Athenaeum* idly in my hand in preference to opening and reading. In spite of myself I demonstrated the inherent virtue of the paper, for on that wonderful front page of advertisements I saw again the last word of literary progress.

My text is found in the second inch, second column, issue of July 11th. It is as follows: "FOR SALE, (on condition of coming winter season) a STORY, specially suitable for boys, by MARY C. ROWSELL. Tone, unsectarian; length, 63,000 words; adaptable for serial use. Note from *Westminster Gazette*: 'A list of books taken out of a house-library at one of the great public schools gives an insight into the literary tastes of boys. Mary C. Rowsell is one of the only two women writers figuring in this list.' Address the author, 14 Lorn Road, Brixton, London, S.W."

It is well known that now-a-days every story of a well-known author is, to all intents and purposes, put up at auction in the literary world. Provided he has written the best story he can, and does not sell work only planned, not done, there is nothing to be said against this. It is only curious that authors have never

thought before of offering their wares by advertisement. A small card in a literary paper (rates for the CHAP-BOOK will be sent on application) will at a moderate expense reach as many publishers as dozens of letters. Withal, the attitude is a most dignified one, for the author calmly awaits advances from the publisher instead of besieging him with visits and letters, as is usual. And publishers must have stories. The hordes of the rejected sometimes lose sight of this fact. The reader of manuscripts is as anxious to like a story as its author could wish. I repeat, publishers must have stories, and this advertising scheme is another step in the process of making the publisher instead of the author "do the hustling."

¶ Since a promising and well-known American writer calling himself Sidney Luska gave up that name, and as Henry Harland attained life in London and a fair degree of obscurity, the Jew has rarely figured as a character in fiction. This is a waste of good material, for there are several points of view from which anyone with what Mr. Hamlin Garland terms "a fictive eye" might regard the Jew. Three things are possible. First, he may be oppressed by the Gentile, hence an opportunity for the successors of Isaac of York. Second, he may live unmolested, but retain certain picturesque habits and turns of thought. This is the field which Mr. Zangwill has entered with such obvious success. Third, he may oppress the Gentile. The last supposition, least considered in America, is yet rich in possibility for the novelist and playwright. And in the popular mind of continental Europe it is a living issue. Moreover, the frantic fanaticism of the anti-Semitic party in Russia, Germany, and Austria, even when most bigoted and inhuman, cannot be entirely smoke without fire.

The Jew is prosperous materially as he never was be-

fore. The vast commercial and financial enterprises of all countries are in his power. That he has possibly won in fair and open competition makes it no easier for the Christian to find himself displaced. He nurses his inbred racial antipathy for the Jew and writes invectives.

France has been least tenacious, and there more than anywhere else Jew has mixed with Christian. He has invaded journalism and literature, and the final citadel, the world of fashion. With or without becoming Christian he marries the daughters of the Gentiles, and mates his daughters with the flower of the old aristocracy.

The satirist is finding his opportunity in this yielding by the Christians to the Hebrew plutocracy. Gyp, with her lightest touch, ridiculed the condition of things last year in *Les Gens Chics*, the book which Bob illustrated with caricatures of such remarkable crudeness and awkwardness.

This spring a play was produced which is an interesting comment on the fashionable problem in Paris. It is by Maxime Gray, and is called *The Last Crusade*. Sarah, Baronne de Gugenfeld, has for her lover the Marquis de Maltaux, an aristocrat of the *Faubourg St. Germain*. The Marquis finds his position somewhat difficult, as the Baroness, who is pronouncedly Jewish, does not as yet "go out." In fact, he has never been able to dine publicly at the Gugenfeld's. This irks him, and for the moment the Baroness Sarah is threatened with the loss of her lover. But the play goes on to show what power the money of the Baron Gugenfeld has over the de Maltaux family. Even the mother and sister of the Marquis feel that the relation between the two families, although illicit, must be preserved. The Marquis himself has but a languid interest ; so the only hope lies in

the conversion of the Baroness. In this spirit of piety begins the last crusade. The play goes on to display the conversion of Sarah to Catholicism and the fashionable world. At the fall of the curtain, clasped in de Maltaux's arms, she exclaims: "Ah! how good it is to be a Christian!"

¶ The Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, and their *Atlantic Monthly*, have not been noted of late as innovators, unless, indeed, the fact that the *Atlantic* is always distinctively literary in tone is in itself perpetual innovation. It is grievous to find the *Atlantic* indulging in latter-day subtleties and a hunt for novelty. This, it seems to me, is what is to be read into an advertisement of the August issue which I find liberally distributed through the periodical press. In it we are told that there are contributions by Mr. Aldrich, Lafcadio Hearne, Mrs. Catherwood, President Gilman, Paul Shorey and Kate Chopin. Note the variety in nomenclature. It is commonly supposed that where you habitually write Mr. before a writer's name it implies that he is living, and that after his death you will drop the title. Metaphorically speaking, I suppose Lafcadio Hearne and Kate Chopin are no more dead than Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Mary Hartwell Catherwood. They are less distinguished, and that is what the *Atlantic* means to imply. The method is imperfect; a more finely graded scale is possible, something like this: Mr. Aldrich, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, T. B. Aldrich, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Here are five grades of distinction. The feminine problem is more difficult, as there is a necessity for deciding if Mrs. or Miss be the more elevated rank. In the present case this question did not come. Kate Chopin is Mrs. Kate Chopin. Those of the *Atlantic* readers who are especially pleased with this new story

may even wish to call her, simply and nobly, Mrs. Chopin.

¶ In the very sane and dignified article which Mr. Gladstone has printed in the *New Review* there is one point on which one might wish he had been more insistent, the tremendous responsibility which an author ought to feel not merely about his having made his book in such and such a fashion, but as well about having made a book at all.

“I suppose it to be true,” he says, “that no one ought to add to the mass of printed books already born into the world unless he honestly believes that he is about to contribute some addition to the stores of useful literature. It may be an addition humble and small, so small as to be infinitesimal and hardly perceptible. But something he ought to contemplate, and something which to his own mind is definite, and goes beyond the forms of words and letters. For that which before all things he ought to impress upon himself is, that no book is a mere cipher. On the contrary, some in a great and some in a small way, every book is to mankind either a benefit or a burden. Many and many a book may be born with only a negative sign in the heavens; but *minus* gives as much trouble as *plus* in an algebraical operation.”

¶ This is saying in another form that the curse of the reading public is books, and that the vast number of publications is the real cause of national illiteracy. The American public, for example, sees itself confronted by an array of dull books forced before it by the vanity of authors and manifestly impossible to read. The public is fairly shrewd, and except in questions of national finance little disposed to attempt the impossible. It

retires dismayed from the book shops. It has bought each time some few books, for it has a pathetic belief in the good of reading and the mystery of authorship. It pays its tribute to what it believes to be a higher light in adorning its library tables with pretty volumes, and even in pretending to have read them. But it cannot read a tenth of the books it buys. The fault is not the public's, nor the bicycle's, nor the golf ball's. The supply is way beyond the demand, and it is the author who is to be blamed.

A friend of mine proposes the governmental suppression of fiction by a system of government licensing of novels at the rate of, say, one hundred and fifty a year. I have urged arguments doubting the critical acumen of the National Committee, but he says that the system would at least give the public what it wants. The publishers of a book which they felt was likely to be popular could always afford to bribe the national committeemen and so secure their license.

The plan has its own allurements, although it is manifestly open to objection. I was, therefore, almost glad the other day when a news item suggested that male intelligence was once more proved futile, and that the *ewig neu-weibliche* had again come to the front with a remedy for human ills.

In the *Washington Post* I saw that "twenty-six ladies of Kansas have banded together for the purpose of writing a novel." Now, if Kansas be a state of average literary ability, and if this band system can be extended over the whole country, we may hope for the reduction of the output of fiction by a divisor of twenty-six. Instead of twenty-six mediocre books we should get one superb achievement, for each lady-writer's work would be subjected to the keen inspection of twenty-five lady-critics.

If the process were a slow one, it would only be another advantage.

I would myself advise larger lady-bands. Why should not one hundred and seven ladies "band together for the purpose of writing a novel," and in this fashion still further reduce the number of our novels? Of course literary activity would be stimulated, and while now perhaps not more than a quarter of our women are authoresses, at least a third would probably be engaged in producing novels. But even then the result would be such a pleasing contrast to present conditions that it ought to be brought about. These noble Kansas women have made the beginning, and our women's clubs should carry on the work.

¶[Some of our publishing houses have so many books to bring out that they are forced to issue a certain number every week. But the majority still cling to the traditional two seasons, autumn and spring, and the belief is still current that reading is an occupation of what we might call winter and its fringes. Summer is supposed to be an intellectual desert. "Light reading for summer" is as much of a convention as the diet of herbs for hot weather. As to the latter, some may have noticed how the exhausted golfer or tennis player takes to roast beef and Scotch whisky. As for reading, I am inclined to suspect that a rising mercury takes away our appetite for it very little. Summer schools at our universities, and Chautauqua institutes at a hundred fresh water ponds, might serve as proofs, if our own experience far from the seats of organized teaching were not sufficient.

The holiday maker, whether he be at the quietest of country villages, or the gayest of fashionable colonies, finds much time on his hands. There are hot mid-day

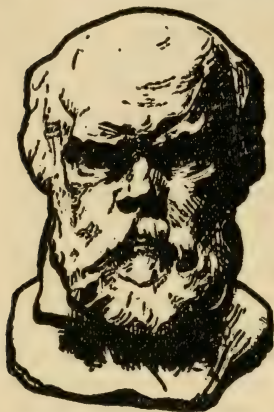
hours which, except for reading, would be unused until the siesta shall become a national institution. There are long days of rain and perfect leisure, and moments of ennui when human companionship is unwelcome. In all these cases books are the logical resource.

Even for the stay-at-homes the great strain of business is relaxed. The hours are shorter. Not every night, even in a city, is hot, and with the distraction of winter theaters and society gayety gone, there is a great chance for books to have their innings.

In short, we do read in summer as much, if not more, than in winter, nor is the consumption entirely trashy novels and *vers de société*. It is not too much to assert that as many young ladies begin *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* in the summer as in the winter. The college student who finds little time for it in winter, ploughs through the English classics. Knowledge of foreign languages, mainly the French, is freshened by a course of yellow-covered novels. The weary business man reads some of the books on which his wife wrote papers last winter for the woman's club, and so on.

I want a summer publishing season. There is but one difficulty. The bookshop in the city is too far from the would-be purchasers. I want the itinerant huckster in a neat book-cart, whose sides shall be covered with the gay maidens of poster land. Having filled his van with all the newest, most attractive books, he will clothe himself in cool white duck, and his good steed will carry him along green mountain lanes and down long stretches of sea beach. Everywhere the summer girl and her pals will help buy his stock. The great work of culture for the multitude will go on, and the publisher's books will show an increased balance to his credit.

¶ Several times lately I have been on the point of commenting on the proposal to erect a monument to Paul Verlaine, but all the papers discussed the question and, generally speaking, what is for them is not for me. It is



just as well that I said nothing; it would have been on a false basis. The newspapers announced that the necessary money was to be raised by the sale of a volume of tributes from the dead poet's admirers. Now it transpires that this is not so at all. The scheme is to erect a bust of Verlaine in the Luxembourg Gardens, near the statue to Henri Murger, and it is to be done by an international subscription. By the last French mail came

a letter from Paris asking the CHAP-BOOK to act as American representative of the committee, and to solicit and receive subscriptions. There are prominent men engaged in the matter. The president is M. Stéphane Mallarmé, *poète des poètes*. The vice-president is M. Auguste Rodin, the famous sculptor. The bust is already finished and is the work of M. A. de Niederhäusern.

I am in hopes the readers of the CHAP-BOOK will respond at once to this note. The number of persons in this country who knew and appreciated Verlaine's work is not great; yet the opportunity to assist in raising a monument to the greatest poet of modern France, and one of the most perfect poets of all time, is remarkable. All checks will be acknowledged in the CHAP-BOOK and the money will be forwarded at once to Paris.

The Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

HERBERT STUART STONE, EDITOR

HARRISON G. RHODES, ASSISTANT

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MESSRS. HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY take great pleasure in announcing that, with this issue, the CHAP-BOOK begins the publication of a series of papers by ALICE MORSE EARLE, author of "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," etc.; on,

"CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF BY-GONE DAYS."

The subject of these articles, as well as their serial publication, marks a departure from the CHAP-BOOK's customary policy, but the Editors feel that all readers will find Mrs. Earle's work so interesting as to justify this change.

They are glad to announce, also, that in a forthcoming issue they will begin the publication of a series of CARICATURES OF PROMINENT LITERARY MEN, by MR. MAX BEERBOHM. Although but little of Mr. Beerbohm's work in this line has appeared it has already brought him no inconsiderable reputation.

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HAFIZ

I

WHEN Hafiz sang in Samarcand,
Through tender twilights, sweet with balm,
Trooped star-eyed youths and maids to hear,
And woo 'neath citron-tree and palm
The nightingales were awed and mute;
Peace brooded over all the skies;
And sweeter than a magic lute
His glad notes rang, or broke in sighs.
The spell of love was on the land
When Hafiz sang in Samarcand.

II

Where Hafiz sleeps by bastioned walls
The poppies set the fields in flame;
White asphodels above his breast
Speak silently his sacred name.
In rose-wreathed bowers rough songs are heard,
And ribald laughter over wine;
A ruffian slays, for one mad word,
His rival at a wanton's shrine.
Then in the dusk sad silence falls
Where Hafiz sleeps by bastioned walls.

ARTHUR GRISSOM.

A NATION TO BLAME.

IF you will take your time when you walk up Smoky Row, in the town of Bokoto, Choctaw Nation, you will see to your right, three doors west of the Arkansas Store, a sign which reads, "The Green Hole."

You can enter the first room, were you the devil himself, and after the "lookout" has regarded you through the peep-hole, you can enter the Green Hole proper, unless you are Tom Polk.

I am Jack Moist, gambler. I run the squarest poker house in Bokoto. But Bokoto is a tough town, and the Green Hole is a tough place, and we fellows who finger the pasteboards day and night the year round are tough men, the way the world goes. The Green Hole is a 16x20 room, painted the color of mesquite grass, and in it are two tables at which the boys play poker. Silver Bar Dick deals the cards at yonder table, and I deal them at this table upon which I now write these words. Each of us has a Winchester lying at his side, because one of these days Deputy Marshal Tom Polk will break my door in, and then these things will come in handy. There's only one man on earth who would break my door in — Tom Polk — and after one or both, or all three, have kicked the bucket, there wont be any blame attached. It's his business to break in doors, and it's Silver Dick's occupation and mine to kill the man who does it — and that's all there is to it.

This story is about Roy Winter — may the Lord have mercy on his soul. He came out to Bokoto sixteen months ago from Boston. Born at the Hub was he and buried in the dirt that clings to the tire. He came out here to help sustain the family reputation. It is good for a family's reputation for some members to stay at home, and good for it for some to go away, and Roy was one of the kind that could help most by going where reputations do n't count for much. I do n't think he wanted to come out here, but the rest of the family outvoted him.

Winter was a gentleman by blood and birth. I know, because I was one once — a long time ago! — but this

story is n't about me. He was that kind of a man whose walk, when he entered, said, "I am somebody." I was glad when he came to the Green Hole, because such men are playing against time, and not for the bread and meat in it. I'll not forget his looks soon. His looks *were* looks. His eyes were clear for all the red in the whites; his mouth was strong, though drooping a little at the corners, and he was good seventy-three inches, tall and straight as a new bank clerk's accounts.

He soon became the best customer the Green Hole had. He almost lived with us, and I came to expect him to help me settle Tom Polk when that thing had to be done. He was a nervy boy if he was from Boston, and I liked him as much as one gambler ever likes another. He never kicked when the game went against him. I do n't think he cared, because, back in a very fine house in a tony part of Boston was a swell old duck of a father, who was willing to put up so long as the son stayed here and made no noise. I saw the old man's photograph, and also photographs of some sisters, and I tell you when I looked at them and remembered what there was for a man to live for back in the States, I felt almost like nailing up the door of the Green Hole and going back to the town where I used to know better things. But that was a weakness.

Ah! the games we used to have! We do n't have such games now. A man has no chance the way Congress does these times. The smoke-blackened ceiling was the limit, and it has been bumped more than once. There was another regular customer of the Green Hole who belongs in this story. He was—and is yet, unless the devil has got him since he fled to the Comanche country—Yanda Luck. Yanda's mother was a full-blood Choctaw and his father was a white man—as

bad as they make them — and Yanda got a full share of his sire's bad blood. Yanda had thirty-seven thousand acres of the best black land on earth, under fence, and he lived on the rent white men paid him for it. Some of the rent went for fine clothes; some of it went for Texas whisky; some of it went to the kitty at the Green Hole, and some went to Yanda's Choctaw mother, for with all his faults he loved the dark-skinned woman who lived in the Push-ma-ta-ha woods.

Yanda and Winter were friends. The devil that was in the one was a good deal like the devil that was in the other. They played together; they practiced shooting together, and they got drunk together. They used to brag of their shooting, and I did n't like that, because I knew when they should choose each other for targets the Green Hole would lose one or two good customers.

Ten miles west of Bokoto lives a woman who is a half-blood, and her daughter, who is one-quarter Choctaw-Chickasaw and three-quarters white. The daughter's name is Luck. She bears that name because she is the wife of Yanda. In all of the five tribes there is no other woman with half the beauty that is hers; and not in New York city is there a woman with brighter wit or better education. The Nation paid for her schooling. She was educated in Baltimore, and she had the brains to absorb all that came her way. So, it's the Nation that is to blame for it all. A Nation ought not to give a woman culture and accomplishments and then bring her back to crab-grass prairie to marry a savage. The devil is sure to pay.

I was at the wedding. It was a grand affair in its peculiar way. In the dance which followed the ceremony there were full-bloods from the brush along the river, soldiers from the fort, gamblers and traders from

Bokoto, stockmen from the Big Plain — and the queen, who danced with her drunken husband. I watched her as she danced, and tried to read in her wonderful black eyes what thoughts were concealed behind them.

There was only one man there who knew what a round dance was, — Roy Winter, — and they waltzed together. It was the first time they had seen each other.

I do n't blame the woman, neither do I blame Winter. I blame the Choctaw Nation. It's wrong to educate a woman up to ambrosia and then condemn her to pork and beans. It is only human nature in her to desire the ambrosia when she sees it. That woman was n't fitted for a savage husband who was drunk ten tenths of his time, and who does n't know a comic opera from a five o'clock tea. She was made for a man like Winter.

One day Winter tossed a card into the air and Yanda put two holes through it with bullets from his six-shooter, before the card hit the saw-dust on the floor of the Green Hole. The card was the queen of hearts from a new pack, and I swore at the two for spoiling it. After Yanda left Winter said laughingly that he would make a new queen of hearts, and taking a pencil, he drew, on the blank card which came with the deck, the picture of a woman. When he had finished he put the pack containing the card into a drawer. Then I think he forgot all about it, for he had had too much of Denison whisky.

Bokoto is Choctaw for "dark gray." The town is on the bank of the blue river, and the tall trees shut out the sunlight, and the shade which sits on the city suggested the name. The dark gray settles on our hearts at times, and we long for the sunlight. It was on my heart that day. That day was the day on which Winter ceased forever to be a customer of the Green Hole.

We were playing poker — Winter, Yanda, Corporal Hurt, a Jew buyer of skins, and myself. The drink was dying in Yanda and he was in a bad humor. I looked for trouble ; it came.

There was a big pot, and the Jew called for a fresh deck. I took one from the drawer and dealt the hands. Then the betting began.

It was after the draw that I saw Winter hesitate for the first time. It puzzled me, and I watched his face closely. At last he took a long breath, shrugged his shoulders, and raised the bet. All dropped out except Yanda and Winter. They held *hands*. There was a little mountain of gold and silver and notes on the table.

“I call !” said Winter.

“Four tens !” said Yanda.

Winter put his cards down on the table.

“Four queens,” he said, and one of the queens, the queen of hearts, was the one Winter had drawn with his pencil — and ’twas the fairest picture of Yanda’s wife that ever was made of her.

There was a second’s silence, and then Yanda sprang to his feet with the whitest face a half-breed ever had. He understood it all at last.

“God damn you,” he cried : “get your pistol.”

I blame not the woman : I blame not Winter : and who can blame Yanda ? The Choctaw Nation is responsible for the grave with the big tombstone on Dead Man’s Hill. The Nation educated her, and then the Nation brought her back to the queer country where she had to choose between a life of bitter right and a life of sweet wrong.

The reputation of the Boston family is safe. Men are killed often in Bokoto, and no one takes the trouble to go

to Boston to tell the news. I wrote to the old man, and he shipped the headstone from Chicago.

Yanda is somewhere in the Comanche country with a price on his head.

The woman lives in a little hell of her own ten miles west.

I run the Green Hole—and it's the squarest joint in the Indian country—and it's the Nation that's to blame for it all.

W. DOUGLAS COLYAR.

MONOCHROME

SHUT fast again in beauty's sheath,
Where ancient forms renew,
The round world seems, above, beneath,
One wash of faintest blue.

And air and tide so stilly sweet
In nameless union lie;
The little far-off fishing fleet
Goes drifting up the sky.

Secure of neither misted coast,
Nor ocean undefined,
Our brooding sail is like the ghost
Of one that served mankind,

Who, sad in space, as we upon
This visionary sea,
Finds Labor and Allegiance done,
And Self begin to be.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.



AT THE ROOF GARDEN

DRAWN BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

THE WARP AND THE WOOF

“ For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion ? ”

IN the early days of Golf in this country I spent a week with Tristram, who was at that time in the way of becoming a champion. That is to say, he was winning the club tournaments week after week, each victory making more and more sure his ultimate possession of a large and beautiful cup, of which the only drawback, as it turned out, was that you could n't drink out of it. That is, when you tried you were apt to be half drowned ; in after years we called it the Cataract Cup.

While we were waiting for Tristram to win the cup, however, we used to content ourselves with less distinguished though more useful vessels. We would come home from a day's play at the club and after a late dinner would sit round in front of the fire, for it was along in the autumn, talking golf and drinking a drink called, I think, Tiger's-tail, a striped and comforting drink. We talked of other things too — sometimes even got far afield ; but we always got back to golf — and when Mrs. Tristram had gone to bed and we were sitting over last and one more pipes and cigarettes, we seldom wandered far from it.

I cursed my mediocrity with some vindictiveness ; for though not a very impartial critic of others, I am often quite keen in seeing how things stand with myself, which is a painful, though fortunately a rare gift. And although

I was only a beginner at the game, I already looked far, far into the future and could see myself still a duffer — other men beginning after me, gradually pulling up and passing me while I stayed persistently among the sixth-rates, or whatever you call those who are always in the state of being just no longer beginners. This prophetic view, to tell the truth, required in the case in point no extraordinary acuteness, for such has been my lot in every manly sport I have ever undertaken, and indeed in everything else. I could out-run or out-swim my boyish companions only so long as they were much younger than myself — when they got to my own age, I have had to come in second or third or next to the last. At football, baseball, rowing, I always pass from among the first candidates to the second teams. I was among the first to play tennis and saw man after man come up and pass me, while on the bicycle I never attained even respectability. All this had become very tiresome, and was indeed very bad for my nerve in any new form of athletics I took hold of.

“It is a bore, old man,” said Tristram, consolingly, “but then, why you know, you ’re awfully good, considering — and of course, athletics are n’t just your best hold. A man can’t do everything nowadays. You can’t expect to be worth much in more than one or two things. You ’ve got to content yourself with being first-rate in your own line ; — you ’re a scholar, you are, and a good one, too, you tell me.”

All this from Tristram was very commonplace and pointless, but I knew that it took him some time to limber out. In time he would say something better. He had really quite a rare disposition, Tristram, and until the moment that he picked up a golf-stick, he had done much in habituating himself to the regarding life in the spirit of

art. I don't mean that he had become cultivated in the ordinary sense, or that he lived in an atmosphere of fine books, fine pictures, fine music, or that he indulged in any special cult for Beauty. He had his own way of being devoted to art. His surroundings were no more artistic than his wife chose to have them, and he bore with equanimity the many charming follies with which her more effervescent likings encrusted their house. He read very little beside the best contemporary novels of our own tongue, not bothering himself at all about foreign celebrities, except by accident, and as to pictures, he was interested in modern developments, but seemed to think his chief duty to the graphic arts lay in collecting prints of seafights of the early part of the century, of which he had a considerable number. In fact he was not at all what you would call artistic ; but although he knew little enough of art, he had a sure taste, and rarely took real pleasure in anything that was not good, and never took pleasure in what did not please him. He understood Meredith well enough but preferred Stevenson, approved of Raffaelli but liked Whistler better, and got much satisfaction out of Grieg, although he had been at Bayreuth twice. These things, however, were not essential to an artistic life as he regarded the matter. I believe he sometimes even scorned them a little, not in themselves, but in so far as they had become imposed on a conventional world as artistic necessities. The element of art in his life was so strong that it needed no accessories. In short he had been in the way of becoming a true artist of the finest sort, when the passion for golf swept him away from the peaceful path on which he stood, as so many other passions have swept men from so many other paths which seemed so good and so sure.

But now he played golf and was going to be one of the cracks. And now in the evening he drank Tiger's-tail, and looked at me with his beautiful brown eyes, saying plainly, though silently, "I have pawned my birthright for a mess of pottage," handling his pet mashie with which he made his best approach shots, and consoled my gloom at being a duffer at everything with a perfectly empty commonplace.

So I smiled at him. To tell the truth, we had n't seen much of each other for a couple of years. It would take him some time to limber out.

"Well," said he, after a pause, getting up and turning his back to the fire:

'I strove with none, for none were worth my strife.

Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.

I warmed both hands before the fire of life.

It sinks and I am ready to depart.'

"Are you ready to depart?" he asked. "It's after twelve."

But I was not ready to depart, so he filled his pipe again.

"It's a good game," said he, "and you like to play it too. You would n't stay at home to-morrow, even though you knew to a moral certainty (as it is) that you'll be anything from five to ten points worse than you were to-day."

So we chatted on for a while and then went to bed, and as I am not great at moralizing, I went to sleep very quickly — even before I had thought out an interesting illustration of Sigwart's Theory of Impersonals, which happened to occur to me as I was undressing.

The next day it turned out as Tristram had predicted. It was tournament day and he came out ahead in his two rounds, with a score very near his best. I, on the other

hand, fozzled and topped even more than usual, turned my ball into a carnival of sardonic grins, and increased my score by five the first round and eleven the second. I did, however, make a few good strokes and especially one: with an old mashie of Tristram's that I was getting used to, I lifted the ball out of an awful bunch of long grass and dropped it dead on the green. That I overshot the hole afterwards and so took three more to get in, has not ruined the recollection of that stroke. Nor do I care that no one saw it but a condescending caddie.

It gives me a keen thrill to think of it even now. And other things of the sort sometimes happen. In the midst of a life which at times seems merely a debris of wreckage — easy and trivial successes, rotting carcasses of half-living failures, dead walls of impossibility, imperturbable circlings of the inevitable thread-mill, ridiculous, even grotesque shortcomings, there do appear somehow calmly expansive moments in which one gets a taste of immortality. And those moments I like.

I have little patience with those who say that the common-place is heroic, or that mediocrity is good. And I abhor those who whisper eulogies of the conquered because they have been conquered, and praise contented souls because they cannot know the heat and cold of desire.

The greatest thing in the world is victory, and the only note worth sounding is the pæan and the shout of triumph.

But as a kindly God has given it to us but rarely to know the real victory (though how often the real defeat), we have as a rule to content ourselves with the more assured reality of Strife. Nor need we think it hard to find in it a half content. For Strife, although so often barren, seldom loses the quickening sting of hope, and

has an equal joy in the cold intensity of the recluse and in the fierce hectic of the berserkir. Besides which, too, must of course be taken into account the necessities of food, drink and sleep, as well as the lovely things of nature and art which, though too often misapprehended by the cow-like, are really most excellent, in that they give us refreshment and rest. So that after all it's a fairly good game.

E. E. HALE, JR.

DON'T YOU MIND

(A BALLAD OF THEBA IMMABA.)

WE'RE marchin' 'cause we 'ave to, we are
marchin' to our death,
The road is 'ot and dusty an' we 're gettin'
short o' breath;
The sweat a-runnin' in our eyes 'as made us nearly blind,
But these are only trifles, do n't you mind.

Chorus:

No! Teddy Watkiss does n't mind,
It would n't make no difference if 'e did!
'E's got to take 'is gun
('E thinks it 's lots o' fun)
An' go an' do some shootin' 'cause 'e 's bid!

We 're goin' to give the 'eathen what nobody likes to get,
A round o' shriekin' bullets an' the ticklish bayonet.
O' course we must acknowledge that *our* greetin' is n't
kind;
No matter, they deserve it, do n't you mind.

Chorus.

It 's one thing to be livin' an' another to be dead,
But there ain't much use in livin' if you 've only 'arf a
'ead.

Therefore, take care the Matabeles do n't treat *your* knob
unkind;

'Owever, if you lose it, do n't you mind.

Chorus.

Ah! straight in front they 're waitin' an' the drums 'ave
ceased to roll.

There 's goin' to be a carcass 'ere an' there without a
soul!

An' if your brother Teddy, cold an' glassy-eyed, you
find,

Just say: "'E did 'is duty!" do n't you mind.

Chorus.

Wot 's that was said? "Go at 'em!" We 've 'ad orders,
so we must.

Hi! Hi! you bloomin' beggars, take a turn at eatin' dust!
But, Gawd! my left-'and comrade 'as a wound no man
can bind.

But Death will make 'is bandage, do n't you mind.

Chorus.

Another charge! a shock! a rush! The smoke 'as cleared
away.

Let's give a cheer to ease ourselves, go tell the band to
play!

A hundred naked pagans and some Christians 'ave resigned.
We 're marchin' back to barracks, an' do n't mind.

Chorus:

No! Teddy Watkiss does n't mind,
Although 'e might 'ave been one o' the slain.

'Owever, 'e 's a-givin'

'This comfort to the livin':

"Be thankful you 've a chance to fight again!"

RALPH JOHNSON.



MR. BLISS CARMAN

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY DAWSON WATSON

CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF
BYGONE DAYS.

II

THE DUCKING-STOOL

THE ducking-stool seems to have been placed on the lowest and most contempt-bearing stage among English instruments of punishment. The pillory and stocks, the gibbet, and even the whipping-post, have seen many a noble victim, many a martyr. But I cannot think any save the most ignoble criminals ever sat in a ducking-stool. In all the degrading and cruel indignities offered the many political and religious offenders in England under the varying rules of both church and state, through the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the ducking-stool played no part and secured no victims. It was an engine of punishment specially assigned to scolding women; though sometimes kindred offenders, such as slanderers, "makebayts," "chyderers," brawlers, railers, and women of light carriage also suffered through it. Though gruff old Sam Johnson said to a gentle Quaker lady, "Madam, we have different modes of restraining evil—stocks for men, a ducking-stool for women, and a pound for beasts;" yet men as well as women-scolds were punished by being set in the ducking-stool, and quarrelsome married couples were ducked tied back-to-back. The last person set in the Rugby ducking-stool was a brutal husband who had beaten his wife. Brewers of bad beer and bakers of bad bread were deemed of sufficiently degraded ethical standing to be ducked. Unruly paupers also were thus subdued.

That intelligent French traveller, Misson, who visited England about the year 1700, and who left in his descrip-

tions of his travels so much valuable and interesting information of the England of that day, gives this lucid description of a ducking-stool:

“The way of punishing scolding women is pleasant enough. They fasten an arm-chair to the end of two beams twelve or fifteen feet long, and parallel to each other, so that these two pieces of wood with their two ends embrace the chair, which hangs between them by a sort of axle, by which means it plays freely, and always remains in the natural horizontal position in which a chair should be, that a person may sit conveniently in it, whether you raise it or let it down. They set up a post on the bank of a pond or river, and over this post they lay, almost in equilibrio, the two pieces of wood, at one end of which the chair hangs just over the water. They place the woman in this chair and so plunge her into the water, as often as the sentence directs, in order to cool her immoderate heat.”

The adjectives pleasant and convenient as applied to a ducking-stool would scarcely have entered the mind of any one but a Frenchman. Still the chair itself was sometimes rudely ornamented. The Cambridge stool was carved with devils laying hold of scolds. Others were painted with devices such as a man and woman scolding. Two Plymouth ducking-stools still preserved are of wrought iron of good design. The Sandwich ducking-stool bore the motto:

“Of numbers ye tonge is worst or beste:
An yll tonge oft doth breede unreste.”

We read in Blackstone's Commentaries:

“A common scold may be indicted, and if convicted shall be sentenced to be placed in a certain engine of correction called the trebucket, castigatory, or ducking-stool.”

The trebuchet, or trebucket, was a stationary and simple form of a ducking-machine consisting of a short post set at the water's edge with a long beam resting on it like a see-saw; by a simple contrivance it could be swung round parallel to the bank, and the culprit tied in the chair affixed to one end. Then she could be swung out over the water and see-sawed up and down into the water. When this machine was not in use, it was secured to a stump or bolt in the ground by a padlock, because when left free it proved too tempting and convenient an opportunity for tormenting village children to duck each other.

A tumbrel, or scold's-cart, was a chair set on wheels and having very long wagon-shafts, with a rope attached to them about two feet from the end; it was also used for executing a ducking. It was wheeled into a pond backward, the long shafts were suddenly tilted up, and the scold sent down in a backward plunge into the water. When the ducking was accomplished, the tumbrel was drawn out of the water by the ropes. Collinson says in his *History of Somersetshire*, written in 1791: "In Shipton Mallet was anciently set up a tumbrel for the correction of unquiet women." Still other names for a like engine were gum-stool and coqueen-stool.

Many and manifold are the allusions to the ducking-stool in English literature. In a volume called *Miscellaneous Poems*, written by Benjamin West and published in 1780, is a descriptive poem entitled "The Ducking-stool," which runs thus:

" There stands, my friend, in yonder pool
An engine called the ducking-stool;
By legal power commanded down
The joy and terror of the town.
If jarring females kindle strife,

Give language foul, or lug the coif,
If noisy dames should once begin
To drive the house with horrid din,
Away, you cry, you'll grace the stool;
We'll teach you how your tongue to rule.
The fair offender fills the seat
In sullen pomp, profoundly great;
Down in the deep the stool descends,
But here, at first, we miss our ends;
She mounts again, and rages more
Than ever vixen did before.
So, throwing water on the fire
Will make it ~~but~~ burn up the higher.
If so, my friend, pray let her take
A second turn into the lake,
And, rather than your patience lose,
Thrice and again repeat the dose.
No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
No fire so hot but water quenches."

In Scotland "flyting queans" sat in ignominy in cucking-stools. Besse Spens was admonished: "Gif she be found flyteing with any neighbour, man or wife, and specially gains Jonet Arthe, she shall be put on the cuck-stule and sit there twenty-four hours." A worthless fellow, Sande Hay, "for troublance made upon Andro Watson, is discernit for his demerits to be put in the cuck-stule, there to remain till four hours after noon." The length of time of punishment—usually twenty-four hours—would plainly show there was no attendant ducking; and this cuck-stool, or cucking-stool, must not be confounded with the ducking-stool, which dated to the days of Edward the Confessor. The cuck-stool was simply a strong chair in which an offender was fastened,

thus to be hooted at or pelted by the mob. Sometimes, when placed on a tumbrel, it was used for ducking.

At the time of the colonization of America the ducking-stool was at the height of its English reign; and apparently the amiability of the lower classes was equally at ebb. The colonists brought their tempers to the new land, and they brought their ducking-stools. Many minor and some great historians of this country have called the ducking-stool a Puritan punishment. I have never found in the hundreds of pages of court records that I have examined a single entry of an execution of a ducking in any Puritan community; while in the "cavalier colonies," so called, in Virginia and the Carolinas, and in Pennsylvania, many duckings took place, and in law survived as long as the similar punishments in England.

In the Statute Books of Virginia from Dale's time onward many laws may be found designed to silence idle tongues by ducking. One reads :

"Whereas oftentimes many brabbling women often slander and scandalize their neighbours, for which their poore husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suits and cast in great damages, be it enacted that all women found guilty be sentenced to ducking."

Others, dated 1662, are most explicit:

"The court in every county shall cause to be set up near a Court House a Pillory, a pair of Stocks, a Whipping Post and a Ducking Stool in such place as they think convenient, which not being set up within six month after the date of this act the said Court shall be fined 5,000 lbs. of tobacco.

"In actions of slander caused by a man's wife, after judgment past for damages, the woman shall be punished by Ducking, and if the slander be such as the damages

shall be adjudged as above 500 lbs. of Tobacco, then the woman shall have ducking for every 500 lbs. of Tobacco adjudged against the husband if he refuse to pay the Tobacco."

The fee of a sheriff or constable for ducking was twenty pounds of tobacco.

The American Historical Record, Vol. I, gives a letter said to have been written to Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, in 1634, by one Thomas Hartley, from Hungars Parish, Virginia. It gives a graphic description of a ducking-stool, and an account of a ducking in Virginia. I quote from it:

"The day afore yesterday at two of ye clock in ye afternoon I saw this punishment given to one Betsey, wife of John Tucker, who by ye violence of her tongue has made his house and ye neighborhood uncomfortable. She was taken to ye pond near where I am sojourning by ye officer who was joined by ye Magistrate and ye Minister Mr. Cotton who had frequently admonished her and a large number of People. They had a machine for ye purpose yt belongs to ye Parish, and which I was told had been so used three times this Summer. It is a platform with 4 small rollers or wheels and two upright posts between which works a Lever by a Rope fastened to its shorter or heavier end. At ye end of ye longer arm is fixed a stool upon which sd Betsey was fastened by cords, her gown tied fast around her feete. The Machine was then moved up to ye edge of ye pond, ye Rope was slackened by ye officer and ye woman was allowed to go down under ye water for ye space of half a minute. Betsey had a stout stomach, and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be ducked 5 several times. At length she cried piteously, Let me go, Let me go, by Gods help I'll sin no more. Then they

drew back ye Machine, untied ye Ropes and let her walk home in her wetted clothes a hopefully penitent woman."

Bishop Meade, in his *Old Churches, Ministers and Families of Virginia*, tells of a "scolding quean" who was ordered to be ducked three times from the yard arms of a vessel lying in James River. A woman in Northampton County, Virginia, suffered a peculiarly degrading punishment for slander. In the lack of a ducking-stool she was "drawen ouer the Kings Creeke at the starne of a boate or Canoux, also the next Saboth day in the time of diuine seruise" was obliged to present herself before the minister and congregation, and acknowledge her fault and beg forgiveness. From the *Decisions of Virginia General Court*, now being printed by the Virginia Historical Society, we learn of one Margaret Jones that at a court held at "James-Citty" on the 12th of October, 1626, "for ye severall offences aforementioned, of ye said Margaret Jones, yt Shee bee toughed or dragged at a boats Starne in ye River from ye shoare unto the *Margaret & John* and thence unto the shoare againe."

Toughed would seem a truly appropriate word for this ordeal. The provost marshal's fees decreed by this court at this time were ten shillings "for punishing any *man* by ducking."

In 1634 two women were sentenced to be either drawn from King's Creek "from one Cowpen to another at the starn of a boat or kanew," or to present themselves before the congregation and ask public forgiveness of each other and God.

In 1633 it was ordered that a ducking-stool be built in every county in Maryland, but I have no proof that they were ever used, though it is probable they were. At a court-baron at St. Clements, the county was prosecuted for not having one of these "public conveniences."

Half a century elapsed after the settlement of Massachusetts ere that commonwealth ordered a ducking-stool. On the 15th of May, 1672, while Richard Bellingham was Governor, the court at Massachusetts Bay passed this law:

“Whereas there is no expresse punishment by any law hitherto established affixed to the evill practise of sundry persons by exorbitancy of the tonge in rayling and scolding, it is therefore ordered, that all such persons convicted, before any Court or magistrate that hath propper cognizance of the cause for rayling or scolding, shal be gagged or sett in a ducking stoole & dipt over head & eares three times in some convenient place of fresh or salt water as the Court or magistrate shall judge meete.”

Governor Bellingham's sister was a scold who suffered death as a witch.

John Dunton, writing from Boston in 1686, does not note the presence of a ducking-stool, but says:

“Scolds they gag and set them at their own Doors for certain hours together, for all comers and goers to gaze at; were this a Law in England and well executed it wou'd in a little Time prove an Effectual Remedy to cure the Noise that is in many Women's heads.”

This was a law well-executed at the time in Scotland, though Dunton was ignorant of it.

There are no entries to show that this law authorizing ducking ever was executed in Massachusetts nor in Maine, where a dozen towns—Kittery, York and others—were fined for “having no coucking-stool.” It was ordered on Long Island that every Court of Sessions should have a ducking-stool; but nothing exists in their records to prove that the order was ever executed, or any Long Island woman ducked; nor is there

proof that there was in New York city a ducking-stool, though orders were issued for one. A Lutheran minister of that city excused himself for striking a woman who angered him by her "scholding" because she was not punished by law therefor.

Pennsylvania, mild with the thees and thous of non-belligerent Quakers, did not escape scolding women. In 1708 the Common Council of Philadelphia ordered a ducking-stool to be built. In 1718 it was still lacking, and still desired, and still necessary.

"Whereas it has been frequently and often presented by several former Grand Jurys for this City the Necessity of a Ducking-stool and house of Correction for the just punishment of scolding Drunken Women, as well as divers other profligate and Unruly persons in this Town who are become a Publick Nuisance and disturbance to the Town in Generall, Therefore we the present Grand Jury Do Earnestly again present the same to the Court of Quarter Sessions for the City Desireing their Immediate Care That these Publick Conveniences may not be any Longer Delay'd but with all possible Speed provided for the Detention and Quieting such Disorderly Persons."

For several years later the magistrates clamored for a ducking-stool, and the following indictment was brought against an unruly woman:

"City of Philadelphia. We the grand Inquest for our Lord the King upon respective oaths and affirmations Do present that Mary wife of John Austin late of Philadelphia, Cordwainer, the twenty-ninth day of September and divers other days and times as well before as after in the High City Ward in the City affords within the Jurisdiction of this Court was and yet is a Common Scold And the Peace of our Lord the King a common

and publick Disturber, And Strife and Debate among her neighbours a Comon Sower and Mover To the Great Disturbance of the Leige Subjects of our sd Lord the King Inhabiting the City afforsd And to the Evill Example of other Such Cases Delinquents And also agt the Peace of our Lord the King his Crown and Dignity.”

As late as 1824 a Philadelphia scold was sentenced by this same Court of Sessions to be ducked; but the punishment was not inflicted, as it was deemed obsolete, and contrary to the spirit of the time.

In 1777 a ducking-stool was ordered at the confluence of the Ohio and Monongahela rivers — and doubtless it was erected and used.

In the year 1811, at the Supreme Court at Milledgeville, Georgia, one “Miss Palmer,” who, the account says, “seems to have been rather glib on the tongue,” was indicted, tried, convicted and punished for scolding, by being publicly ducked in the Oconee River. The editor adds: “Numerous spectators attended the execution of the sentence.” Eight years later the Grand Jury of Burke County, of the same state, presented Mary Cammell as “a common scold and disturber of the peaceable inhabitants of the County.” The *Augusta Chronicle* says of this indictment:

“We do not know the *penalty*, or if there be any, attached to the offense of *scolding*; but for the information of our Burke neighbours we would inform them that the late lamented and distinguished Judge Early decided, some years since, when a modern Xantippe was brought before him, that she should undergo the *punishment* of *lustration*, by immersion three several times in the *Oconee*. Accordingly she was confined to the tail of a cart, and, accompanied by the hooting of a mob, conducted to the river, where she was publicly ducked, in conformity with

the sentence of the court. Should this punishment be accorded Mary Cammell, we hope, however, it may be attended with a more salutary effect than in the case we have just alluded to — the unruly subject of which, each time as she rose from the watery element, impiously exclaimed, with a ludicrous gravity of countenance, ‘Glory to God.’”

It is doubtful whether these Georgia duckings were done with a regularly constructed ducking-stool; the cart was probably run down into the water.

One of the latest and certainly the most notorious sentences to ducking was that of Mrs. Anne Royall, of Washington, D. C., almost in our own day. This extraordinary woman had lived through an eventful career in love and adventure; she had been stolen by the Indians when a child, and kept by them fifteen years; then she was married to Captain Royall, and taught to read and write. She travelled much, and wrote several vituperatively amusing books. She settled down upon Washington society as editor of a newspaper called the *Washington Paul Pry*, and of another, the *Huntress*; and she soon terrorized the place. No one in public office was spared, either in personal or printed abuse, if any offense or neglect was given to her. A persistent lobbyist, she was shunned like the plague by all congressmen. John Quincy Adams called her an itinerant virago. She was arraigned as a common scold before Judge William Cranch, and he sentenced her to be ducked in the Potomac River. She was, however, released with a fine, and appears to us to-day to have been insane — possibly through over-humored temper.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

CHARADES

I

ONCE I passed through my whole. 'Twas beautiful ;
'Twas like a fairy-land, so gay, so glad,
So free from care and sorrow. For a time
I staid. Yet eagerly desired the day
When I might leave its simple joys. Ah me,
If but I might return to them again!
My first is always in my whole. Sometimes
My first is in my last. When, long ago,
Red Riding-hood on kindly errand bent,
Walked to her grandam's cot across the wood,
My last was on my first.

II

My first, before the fray had ceased,
Offered my whole for my last beast.
Or Shakspeare tells us so at least.

III

My first is given and received, a blessing and a bane ;
You may buy it at the station, get it gratis on the train ;
You may find it in a puppet-booth or in a banquet-hall,
And I think, perhaps, the Roman is the noblest of them
all.

'Twas in my second, long ago, brave men put out to sea ;
And at a garden-fête I saw my second flowing free ;
And I leaned against my second, of strong and solid oak,
But as I grasped my second, alas, it dropped and broke.

My whole at Christmas seasons with holly we entwine ;
Upon the old Whig taverns 'twas painted as a sign ;
But in its depths lurk dangers, from its cakes of floating
ice
To its balmy breath of sugar-cane, its tropic fruits and
spice.

IV

In gorgeous splendor, once upon a time,
My second reigned in Afric's sunny clime ;
A slave provoked his monarch's royal ire,
And stood before him under sentence dire.
“ My first, my last,” he stammered, “ pity me !
Must I obey thy horrible decree ?
Oh, thou who over millions hast control — ”
One word the magnate uttered, 'twas my whole.

V

Upon a prancing steed the knight approached,
Plumed and bedecked. His ribbons gaily waved,
And in the breeze streamed out my last behind ;
Entering my whole, he called, “ What, ho, within ! ”
The lattice slowly opened, and with smiles
A maid appeared, to whom he paid my first.

CAROLYN WELLS.

*** *The answers will be found at the end of the “ Notes.”*



MR. H. G. WELLS

WHEN I say that Mr. Wells is the most notable of the younger English writers, and more notable than a good many of the older ones, I am ready to make good my words. There is no man in whom I have greater literary faith; no man from whom better work may be expected. To him more than to anyone else do I look for the cleansing of the English novel, for the effective damming of that stream of crude philosophy and cheap sentiment which has deluged English literature and drama for the last five years. It seems to me that Mr. Wells has it in him to write a really great novel; and I would not willingly risk my critical reputation by saying as much for any other writer. Mr. Anthony Hope has written several charming sketches and one capital story. He has thrown an atmosphere of brightness and sunlight round a London drawing-room. His humor dances in the sunlight. His characters bubble and glitter and flash gleams at you with iridescent volubility. The sparkle bewilders; the admirable setting — Mr. Hope is almost an artist in the way of *mise en scène* — deceives the eye; his St. Julien — it is really nothing more — tastes like the choicest Château Lafitte on the first and even the second draught. But examine more closely and the fascination disappears; the trick of the thing becomes evident and the lightness of touch is seen, at its true value, to be the result of a mere mental quickness. There is plenty in Mr. Hope to satisfy an idle hour — pleasing situations enough and an air of infectious gaiety, — but not enough strength in his abilities — so far as I can find — or flavor in his wit to promise any enduring success. Mr. Wells' wit is certainly on an indisputably higher plane than Mr. Hope's, less frolic-

some, less "clubable," if I may use the word, but more genuine in its source — for it comes from the heart and is directed by the head — and more universal in its application; in a word, truer. Mr. Hope tickles you with his feather; Mr. Wells pricks you keenly with his foil. As for the other popular writers of our day, it is an impertinence to compare Mr. Wells with them. He does not seek his public among the inmates of third-rate boarding-houses. In the flat pineland around Woking where he lives and writes, no kailyard is to be seen, not even the suggestion of a hill-top. Under these circumstances, you cannot expect a man who writes English grammatically to be a popular favorite. If Mr. Wells would only lead his readers through pools of sloppy English to a satisfactory attack on the Seventh Commandment; or write a dirty novel and put the Prince of Wales in it; or even sketch the Arcadian simplicity of a Parisian model — there would be some hope for him. Then you might have him rivaling Jumbo and Trilby. As it is, with no new religion to propound, no fresh scheme of philosophy to unfold, no Purpose, no Message, and nothing but wit, and fancy, and imagination, and a sense of style, and an instinct for story-telling, Mr. Wells is in a bad way. His duty lies clearly before him; the feeding hour has come; the boarding-house grows restive: some clamor for Scotch broth and get it; others for Irish stew — it comes; society hash, theological soup, pious pudding — a hundred hands are quick to serve them. Only Mr. Wells puts on his hat and walks out of the house.

Mr. Wells is only twenty-eight years old, short, well-built, a finely developed head with a striking forehead, bluish eyes that show traces of hard work, and a straggling moustache. He has had a remarkable career. His

father was a tradesman in a small and unprofitable way of business. Mr. Wells, I believe, was apprenticed to the business himself in his early years. He told me once that he had received no education up to the time he was eighteen. Then he educated himself; he studied in his off hours and took a science scholarship at South Kensington. He became a coach and interested himself generally in education. He was for a time the editor of the *Educational Times*, and still keeps a stern and watchful eye on the authorities at the London University. The incessant strain of these two professions broke down his health, never too robust; and after a severe illness he took to literature. There may not be much in all this to astonish an American. You have to know England well, you have to have felt its class restrictions and the iron hand of custom yourself to quite appreciate the pluck and endurance of a man — especially a man of the lower middle class — who educates himself out of the groove he was born in. I admire any man who performs the feat; and if he takes to writing books, I buy them at once and with confidence. Mr. Wells began his literary life by writing articles on chance subjects — fanciful, descriptive, humorous, according to the mood of the moment. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the brilliant editorship of Mr. Cust, was by far the most striking paper in London. Mr. Cust accepted the first article Mr. Wells sent in and refused no others. They soon became — at any rate to me — the most welcome feature in the paper. Mr. Wells started a character known as “My Uncle.” The uncle was a philosophical man of the world and held forth with delightful ease and wit on the fads and fashions of the day — on drawing-room furniture, on musical at-homes, scorching bicyclists, the art of being photographed, and so on. They were

afterwards republished by Mr. John Lane under the title *Select Conversations with an Uncle*. The uncle became "extinct by marriage." "I stood by him," says his nephew, "to the end, and at last came the hour of parting. I grasped his hand in silence; silently he mastered a becoming emotion. And in silence he went from me unto the new life." He was a rare companion while he lived, with the keen, instinctive touch of another George Meredith. He was in fact another George Meredith, a Meredith in dressing-gown and slippers, giving idle escape to his whimsical fancies. One of the best things in the book is a vagary entitled "*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*." *La Belle Dame* is a musical young lady next door who practices all day long on the other side of the wall. "The business always begins with the slamming of a door and a healthy footfall across the room. The piano is opened . . . Then the music-stool creaks . . ." There is a moment of suspense while *La Belle Dame* chooses the music for the day. "I have a vision," he charmingly elaborates, "of the spirits of composers, small and great, standing up like suspects awaiting identification, while her eye ranges over them. Chopin tries to edge behind Wagner, a difficult and forbidding person, and Gounod seeks eclipse of Mendelssohn, who suddenly drops and crawls on all-fours between Gounod's legs; Sullivan cowers, and even Piccolomini's iron-framed nerves desert him. She extends her hand. There is a frantic rush to escape. . . A melancholy shriek. 'Do you hear, George? Tito Mattei is captured. A song.'" Thus does Mr. Wells dance round his subject, pelting it with diverting fancies, covering it with garlands of art and imagery.

While these articles were running through the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Wells was contributing a series of

short tales to the *Pall Mall Budget*, afterwards republished by Methuen & Co. under the title of *The Stolen Bacillus*. They have, most of them, a semi-scientific foundation. Two of them, *Æpyornis Island* and *The Lord of the Dynamo*, are among the very best short stories written in recent years. I know of nothing that Mr. Kipling has published which, in point of interest and humour, is above the level of *Æpyornis Island*; while Mr. Kipling's rugged, jerky style cannot compare for a moment with the ease and admirable precision of the younger writer. We should have to go to the land of Guy de Maupassant to find an adequate comparison.

Mr. Wells' first great bid for fame was made a little over a year ago when Messrs. Heinemann published *The Time Machine*, which attracted a good deal of notice, as it appeared serially in the *New Review*. The book was a decided success, something like 12,000 copies being rapidly sold. People began to wake up to the fact that Mr. Wells was a new force in English literature. The book surprised even those of us who had closely followed Mr. Wells' work. That it would show extraordinary cleverness and be admirably written we all knew. But we did not expect to find in it an imagination of the very first order, evenly sustained, never out of control, and shot through with gleams of a poetic fancy. The story is briefly this: A mathematician, conceiving time as a fourth dimension of space, invented a machine that will travel into the future. He arrived at the year 802,701 A.D. In the sunset of mankind he finds two distinct races — the Eloi, beautiful little beings, childlike, innocent, happy, idle, living still on the surface of the earth; and the Morlocks, the underground toilers, savage, brutal, hideous, working that the Eloi may do nothing. Their

wages are the flesh of their masters. Once every month, before the birth of the new moon, they come up to earth and attack the Eloi. Such as they capture they drag down to their subterranean caves and eat. The adventures of the Time Traveller among these people — the theft of his machine by the Morlocks, his visit to their haunts in search of it, and his fight with them in the burning forest — are full of breathless interest and incomparably told. And further on, when he has left the era of the Eloi and their slayers millions of years behind, there is a wonderful picture of the slow decay of the world in the twilight and night of time. It is free from any blemish of rhetoric; but it has all the eloquence and force which are born of the union of deep thought and imagination with simple expression and luminous diction. The book is not a polemic, nor is Mr. Wells a propagandist. He is simply a writer who happens also to be a student of science. But running through the man and his books is a vein of scientific socialism. It gives to *The Time Machine* an added worth and dignity. The book is brilliant merely as a story; but Mr. Wells has sown his pages — as does every really great writer, no matter what his subject may be — with those significant images and far-reaching suggestions which suddenly light up a whole range of distant thoughts and sympathies within us; which, in an instant, affect the sensibilities of men with a something new and unforeseen; which take them out of themselves and awaken the faculty and response of intellect and speculation.

Mr. Wells' next book, *The Wonderful Visit* (Macmillan & Co.), was in astonishing contrast to *The Time Machine*. It is a gay and charming phantasy, interwoven with wit that never degenerates and pathos that is natural and instinctive. And behind it all, showing its

face occasionally at the back of the stage, is a serious purpose, a resolute definable conviction, a sincerity which is a far more potent charm than either wit or pathos. The central figure in *The Wonderful Visit* is an angel who slips from his natural sphere and alights on a small Surrey village. The Vicar, an ornithologist in a small way, hearing of the arrival of this strange bird, goes out to "collect" it. He brings the angel down with a gunshot in the wing. The apologies of the Vicar and the mutual explanations are delicious. The angel is taken to the Vicar's house, dressed in the Vicar's new suit — his wings giving him the appearance of a hunchback — and installed at the vicarage. His presence causes some gossip; the curate's wife does not believe he is a man at all. His adventures in the village are told with an exquisite drollery which is irresistible. The village characters that cross the angelic path — from Lady Hammergallow and Crump, the doctor, down to the wayside tramp — are sketched with a humor, and a truth, that make English country life live before us. And the delightful portrait of the Vicar himself, not quite fossilised in his beliefs, suddenly awakened out of his own dull world by this angel's visit to dream of better and more beautiful things, is one that would have rejoiced Russell Lowell's heart. I like to think how much that genial writer would have loved this book. The standpoint of the two men is the same — you remember what Lowell says in his interesting introduction to the second series of the Bigelow Papers: "I had learned that the first requisite of good writing is to have an earnest and definite purpose, whether æsthetic or moral. . . . If I put on the cap and bells and made myself one of the court-fools of King Demos, it was less to make his majesty laugh than to win a passage to his roval ears for

certain serious things which I had deeply at heart." Mr. Wells could say the same of *The Wonderful Visit*. You should read it.

The last book Mr. Wells has written is *The Island of Dr. Moreau* (Stone & Kimball). It is rather a gruesome book, founded in idea on a possibility of science. Dr. Moreau is a vivisector who evolves semi-human beings out of animals and peoples his island with them. The story deals with the adventures of a man stranded on the island among these beasts. The narrative is horribly fascinating, a brilliant book of the Edgar Allan Poe-ish order. You walk, umbrellaless, in a pelting shower of horrors. No one can deny the cleverness and imaginative power of the work. On the whole, I do not think it so good a book as *The Time Machine*. It is less convincing for one thing — possibly because it approaches nearer to what might be — and for another, a surgical romance smacks too much of the dissecting room to be pleasant. Mr. Wells, of course, is too much of an artist to overburden his tale with a mere idea. His scientific speculations are never allowed to run away with him. It is simply that one resents seeing so much ingenuity and literary talent wasted on what is, after all, a mere *tour de force*. *The Time Machine* was one of the best examples of its kind of work that I know of. Mr. Wells ought to have rested content with it. I put *The Island of Dr. Moreau* aside as a mere incident in Mr. Wells' career, and look forward eagerly to his new book, *The Wheels of Chance*, a humorous bicycling tale of the middle classes, which Macmillan & Co. are to publish in the fall.

In himself, Mr. Wells is very much like his books — flashing in and out of many moods, and all of them delightful. In casual conversation you note the oddly

humorous twist of his ideas, the faculty of standing apart from the ordinary line of observation and looking at everything, at himself even, from a new point of view. That, I take it, is what he aims at in literature — to establish a new proportion, to show the world under a new aspect. The peculiar union in him of the scientific and literary temperaments gives him a rare advantage. He has what very few writers have, a stock of knowledge — hard, dry knowledge — to draw from. His ambition is to become the novelist of the lower middle class in England, to be a George Gissing with humour. He has every qualification for the task. He knows the ropes, he is intensely democratic in sentiment, and he has an eye for externals as quick as Dickens. He is a man to keep your eye on.

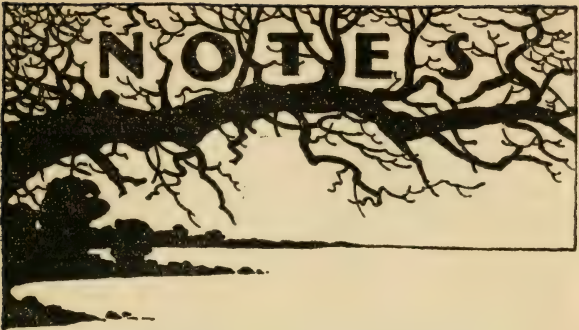
PICAROON.

“OF THE EARTH”

WHEN celestial tasks grow dull, perfection dreary,
Do the angels ever feel heaven-weary?
When a cherub or a seraph, less or more,
Seems as futile as a sand-grain on the shore?

ALICE KATHARINE FALLOWS.





NOTES

¶ Some years ago, when I first heard of a dictionary of slang, it occurred to me that the compiler must be a man of unparalleled patience. The task seemed then a boundless one, and appeared to demand a street-corner experience which went ill with taste and literary judgment. Since that time there have been great changes; not only has the amount of slang increased to enormous proportions, so that the compiler of a new dictionary will have to face an almost appalling labour, but more significant still, it has now become literary. It is of course to be remembered, as the curious are constantly recalling to us, that much of our commonest slang to-day is of truly classic origin. With this fact in view, it is perhaps not so surprising that slang should become literary. Yet for many years it has undoubtedly been in a state of decadence. It has hardly been approved of, and was not commonly to be heard in careful society. This lack of appreciation of what was most individual and characteristic in our language has caused sorrow in many parts, and the recent artistic acceptance of the lingo of the streets is looked upon merely as a return to its proper function.

Curiously enough there has been much confusion about slang ; it has had a limited life. Whatever has come to us from abroad has been called dialect : the talk of Mulvaney is dialect ; Mr. Morrison's mean street characters speak continually in dialect ; and such pleasing quotations as we have had of Coster London are always dialect, except, perhaps, when they are dignified into folk-lore. Yet the moment it is a question of New York or Chicago, rather than London, it becomes slang : with an English trade-mark, it could pass as literary ; when the origin was American, it became at once vulgar and illiterate. Fashionable schools long since set their faces against it, and careful mothers taught their children to speak in approved mould, to carry on the antique copy-book forms, and bury deep what might have been distinct and uncommonplace.

With the popularity of the expressiveness of Mr. Chimmie Fadden, of entertaining memory, came a change, however, and since Mr. Townsend's hero first broke down the bars of convention, slang has been "on the rise." In truth it has gone so far—and it is going still farther—that it is high time for another article from Mr. Brander Matthews on Americanisms and Britishisms. To a certain extent, things are assuredly going his way, and differing conditions are beginning to count. We are becoming more American day by day. This in itself is neither a boast nor necessarily a matter for pride. Americanism is no better than Britishism, so far as is evident. Yet, being Americans, the fact that we are beginning to be individual, that the elemental things are showing, and that we are borrowing less and developing more, is undeniably excellent. If it were only for its share in this individualizing process, slang would be deserving of much recognition ; but that is the least of its virtues ; it is much more—it is amusing into the bargain.

A RIDDLE

QUESTION:

Three men near the flowing Thames,
Much pains and labour did they make,
They did both scratch and claw their wems,
Until their very hearts did ache.
It is as true as e'er was told,
Therefore this riddle now unfold.



ANSWER:

Three fiddlers in Thames Street, who played up a bridegroom in the Morning, who gave them nothing to drink.

From the "True Trial of Understanding."

¶ It is time for some one to write the great silver novel. It may not be known to Mr. Bryan and his managers that novels can be commissioned. Or it may not have come into their minds that they might hitch their wagon to the star of literature.

They will do well to consider the facts. A stirring story would be the most effective campaign document possible. The fight is as much one of emotion as of reason. If, as we are told, Mr. Bryan is a young Lincoln come out of the West, and if there is any truth in the metaphors of the new impiety, there is opportunity for a novel which shall be popular as nothing since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been. If the farmers of the west are indeed white (though begrimed) slaves, the best way to win sympathy for them is by a story. If a novel could be written, manly and sympathetic, and with no great sentimental surroundings, it would be difficult to predict how tremendous an effect it might have on the election.

These suggestions are not intended primarily for the political managers. I wished rather to call the attention of all young and aspiring writers to this, the opportunity of a lifetime. There is a chance for clever work to ride on the crest of a popular wave. Fame and fortune seem nearer than ever before. The name already acquired will not count; in short, it is the longed-for opportunity for a contest of merit alone. If something is not written it will be a sad waste of heavenly opportunity.

¶ Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has said a very sane word for criticism, and it has been copied far and wide. In effect, he said that real patriotism is measured as much by intelligent fault-finding as by extravagant acclaim of the first fruits of any native author. That is, the real lover of America should desire quality as much as quantity in its literature. Mr. Warner points his remarks

by referring to France, where criticism is an honored institution.

I think, on the whole, it is well that he did not refer to England, especially if criticism of fiction be a subject under consideration. It is possible that in a few isolated instances criticism in the English press is more keen and brilliant than in America. The *Saturday Review* for example, printed almost the only sane review ever written of *Jude the Obscure*. But any one who reads weekly newspaper reviews in the two countries knows that it is in England that praise is readiest for any mediocre novel. Read the *Athenæum* and see the praise (lukewarm and wishy-washy, perhaps, but still praise) which it ladles out to every novelist who happens along. This attitude of the English papers is difficult to understand. Either it is one gigantic and universal case of log-rolling, or else the novel is still regarded as something undignified and a plaything for women. It is as if the novel were not quite worth while condemning, and as if there were a certain hedge of gentility round its author which precluded fault-finding.

Our own newspapers are not always intelligent, but they do not hesitate to condemn. The condition is better than that in England, and also better than Mr. Warner would seem to imply. We are not French newspaper critics, alas; but then, happily, we are not English critics either.

¶ At a music-hall the other evening I saw what the programme called a "trans-Atlantic second-sight man." His contrivances were old and his illusions were trite. I was disgusted with him and his whole performance until he came to the time-worn cabinet trick. Just before he was bound and placed in the box he stepped to the foot-lights and said:

“I call dis act de metamorphosis act because dat word means just what I do, bein’ Greek. Meto means man and morphosis means disappear; hence watch de act close, gents, and see dat de ropes is tied tight.”

¶ It occurs to me that some of the persons who spend their time complaining about the nude in art, and inventing indecency in statues and paintings when none is to be found, might do well to turn their attention to the advertisements of some of our shops. For several days the papers have been announcing an immodest exhibition, and it is time for these suppressors of vice to take action. The advertisement reads:

MEN’S PANTS

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HAVE A LOOK AT THEM.

¶ There is a popular proverb which explains the origin of greatness in various classes of people. Mr. Richard Harding Davis may, perhaps, have had greatness thrust upon him, while in the line of achievement Mr. Hamlin Garland figures as a shining example. With Mrs. Aldin Chamberlain, however, there is no room to doubt that greatness came with birth. What is more, she knew it from early childhood, and by now she has come to appreciate fully the responsibility placed upon her.

In the preface to her “Life Thoughts” she says: “The first motive of the author in writing these poems has been the desire to make some use of the one talent graciously bestowed upon her by the Giver of all Good and Perfect Gifts.” To start off with, the modest suggestion that her gift is both good and perfect is, in itself, refreshing: it is notable, too, that her incentive is not

open to a mercenary charge. She has a mission to fulfill on earth: she has a call which she seems to feel is divine, although a careful reading of her book would hardly justify one in agreeing with her. In truth, there is a touch of sacrilege in her implication of the Creator. But that is neither here nor there. She is a generous woman, actuated by the most charitable motives. She writes solely for the benefit of others. In these days of rapacious publishers most authors could reasonably make such a claim; but Mrs. Chamberlain, doubtless from a considerateness unusual in writers, has published her book herself.

Its full title is as follows :

LIFE THOUGHTS.

A Book of Poems on Religion, Love, Temperance, Kindness toward the Lower Animals; Then, Now (or Past and Present); Eternal Youth, The Brighter Side of Death, Hidden Worth, and various other subjects. It also contains Eulogistic Poems on

LOVELY CHARLEVOIX

and

BEAUTIFUL PETOSKEY.

There is something almost pathetic in the mental condition which could produce such a volume, and yet the variety in the subjects treated inspires only admiration and wonder. But to go "from bad to verse," as some one has said, at least one of Mrs. Chamberlain's compositions is worth quoting, punctuation and all:

THE FLY.

'Tis strange how stupid some folks are !

Why can 't they have more sense ?

Why will they hold the screen ajar,

To talk, when they go hence.

Do they not know they can be heard,
Right through a wire screen,
And that we need not miss a word
Of anything they mean ?

Oh, see ! My goodness ! there 's a fly !
I thought he 'd got in here !
He 's on the window, way up high !
There, now he comes quite near !

Oh ! get a cloth, and kill him quick,
For he is bound to fly ;
The sight of him most makes me sick ;
I long to see him die.

Oh, dear ! he 's got upon that cake,
And if I strike him there,
I will the pretty frosting break,
And spoil it for the fair.

Again he 's flying round the room,
To tantalize us so.
Perhaps I 'd kill him with the broom,
If I could out there go.

But if I open the screen door,
And try the broom to get,
Why, then, I might let in one more,
To make more bother yet.

Oh, there ! I 've knocked him on the floor ;
I wonder if he 's dead.
Oh, no ! he spreads his wings to soar,
But I will on him tread.

Well, now you 've killed him, and I think
That you are very brave ;

You never let your courage shrink,
Till he was in the grave.

I think you 're brave enough to fight
A terror-stricken mouse,
If ever one should come in sight,
Of this fly-haunted house.

But you are tired almost to death,
A-tearing round the room ;
So now sit down and take your breath,
While I your courage boom.

But here 's a mouse ! Oh, hear her shriek !
She climbs into a chair,
Holds her skirts tight around her feet,
And thinks she 's safe up there.

The cat then came to her relief,
And did her life defend.

The struggle was so very brief,
My fun came to an end.

¶ Every Bureau of Advice to Writers has long told aspiring youth to avoid the literary essay as unsalable. Every aspiring youth has apparently taken the advice. Editors have so long wanted fiction rather than criticism, that now an editor who wants something besides stories cannot get it. This is exactly contrary to the popular opinion which is voiced by the Bureau of Advice. Everyone, it would say, can write essays, from graduating school-girls up and down. Essays are, consequently, a drug on the market.

That this is not so can be proved both in theory and fact.

To the fact. In the gathering of material for the CHAP-BOOK, nothing is more difficult to secure than the essay. Nothing is offered in smaller quantity nor of so

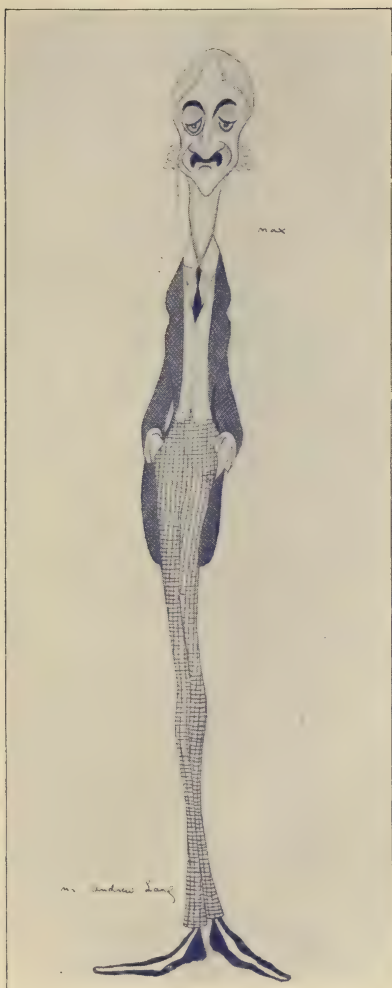
low an average quality. This in spite of the fact that editorial exigencies would induce one to be extraordinarily appreciative.

As to theory. I do not feel that I am forced to prove that a great critic is as great as a great story-teller or poet. It will always be the creative imagination that will most fill us with wonder. That a minor critic is quite as wonderful as a minor story-teller I do claim, however, and also that he is rarer.

The literary essay demands above all charm of style. One must be even more deft than in story-telling. And style is exactly what Young America has not. There are many people who are fond of reproaching the moderns with verbal dexterity in saying nothing. I should like to have some one of these people — Maurice Thompson would do well — furnish me a list of American writers who might properly be called stylists. If a half dozen can be found five of them will belong to the generation that is passing away.

Whatever they do in England and France, here we do not glorify manner over matter. In fact we do not glorify manner at all. This should fill Mr. Maurice Thompson with great delight and perennial hope in American literature. It does not so affect me. It is true that even if we tell our tales but indifferently, we may average up very fairly because we have good stories to tell, because we have much healthiness of spirit and a deal of natural vigor. But we should be on a much higher plane if we knew how to write as well as what to write.

¶ The answers to the CHARADES given on pages 364 and 365 are as follows: I. CHILDHOOD. II. KINGDOM. III. PUNCH-BOWL. IV. OBEY. V. COURTYARD.





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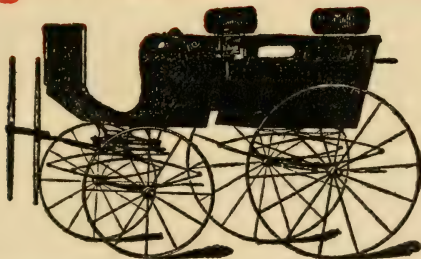
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DELILAH

WHAT have I done? What care I for their gold?

He who was king of all men now is dead —

By what mad dream of kinship was I led,

When, to my people, my sweet Lord I sold?

Nerveless his arms, no more shall they enfold

This supple body on its perfumed bed;

Across my sleepless eyes the mist floats red —

The mist that rises where the dead lie cold.

Curséd be those that took thee, O my lover!

And doubly cursed be her that gave thee o'er.

Stoop, Hornéd Queen, from where thine orb
doth hover —

I, who have servcd thee, this last boon im-
plore;

That thou some strange, fierce anguish will
discover,

To be with these and me for evermore.

DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

THE POET GOES A-SHOPPING

“I AM beginning life,” he said, with a sigh.

“Great heavens, Pickard! I have spent a

day in a store. Three bedroom suites and a sideboard are among the unanticipated pledges of our affection. Have you any rye? For a man of twelve limited editions this has been a terrible day.”

I saw to his creature comforts. His tie was hanging outside his vest and his complexion was like white paste-

board that has got wet. "Courage," I said. "It will not occur again —"

"It will," he interrupted. "We have to go there again to-morrow. We have — what is it? — carpets, curtains —"

He produced his note-book. I was amazed. That receptacle for choice thoughts put to such a use!

"The amber sunlight splashing through the leaky interlacing green," he read. "No! — that's not it. Ah, here! Curtains! Parlor! — not to cost more than ten dollars! And there's all the kitchen hardware! (Thanks.) Dining-room chairs — query — rush bottoms? What's this? G. L. I. S. — ah. 'Glistening through deeps of glaucophane' — that's nothing. Mem. — to see can we afford Indian needlework chairs — fifteen dollars? It's dreadful, Pickard."

He helped himself to a cigarette.

"Find the salesman pleasant?" said I.

"Delightful. Assumed I was a millionaire spendthrift at first. Produced in an off-hand way a \$400 bedroom suite — we're trying to do the entire business, you know, on about \$1,000. Well — that's ten editions, you know. Came down, with evidently dwindling respect, to things that were still ruinously expensive. I wonder what kind of houses these men live in themselves, anyway. I told him we wanted an idyl, love-in-a-cottage, and all that sort of thing. He brushed that one side, said idols were upstairs in the Japanese department and that perhaps we might *do* with a servant's set of bedroom furniture. Do with a set! He was a gloomy man, with (I should judge) some internal pain. I tried to tell him that there were quite a lot of people like myself in the country, people of limited or precarious means, whose existence he seemed to ignore; assured him

some of them led quite beautiful lives. But he had no ideas beyond wardrobes. I quite forgot the business of shopping in an attempt to kindle a little human enthusiasm in his heart. We were in a great, vast place full of wardrobes, with a remote glittering vista of brass bedsteads — skeleton beds, you know — and I tried to inspire him with some of the poetry of his emporium; tried to make him imagine these beds and things going east and west, north and south, to take sorrow, servitude, joy, worry, failing strength, restless ambition in their impartial embraces. He only turned round to Annie and asked her if she thought she could *do* with ‘enamelled.’ But I was quite taken with my idea — Where is it? I left Annie to settle with this misanthrope, amidst his raw frameworks of the Homes of the Future.”

He fumbled with his note-book. “Mats for hall — not to exceed \$1. . . Kerbs. — inquire tiled hearth. . . Ah! Here we are: ‘Ballade of the Bedroom Suite’:

“ ‘Noble the oak you are now displaying,
Subtly the hazel’s grainings go,
Walnut’s charms there is no gainsaying,
Red as red wine is your rosewood’s glow,
Brave and brilliant the ash you show,
Rich your mahogany’s hepatite shine,
Cool and sweet your enamel. But oh!
Where are the wardrobes of Painted Pine?’

“ ‘They have ’em in the catalogue at \$25, with a picture — quite as good, too, as the more expensive ones. To judge by the picture.’”

“ ‘But that’s scarcely the idea you started with,’ I began.

“ ‘No. It went wrong. Ballades often do. The

pre-occupation of the 'Painted Pine' was too much for me. What's this? 'N. B.—Anderson sells music stools at ——? No. Here we are (first half unwritten):—

“ ‘White enamelled, like driven snow,
Picked with just one delicate line,
Price you were saying is? Sixty!—No!’
Where are the wardrobes of Painted Pine!

“ Come round again, you see! Then *L'Envoy*:—

“ ‘Salesman, sad is the truth, I trow:
Winsome walnut can never be mine.
Poets are cheap. And their poetry. So,
Where are the wardrobes of Painted Pine?’

“ Prosaic! as all true poetry is, nowadays. And perhaps not much better than mere prose—your own, for instance. But how I tired as the afternoon wore on! At first I was interested in the salesman's amazing lack of imagination, and the glory of that fond dream of mine—love in a cottage, you know—still hung about me. I had ideas come—like that Ballade—and every now and then Annie told me to write notes. I think my last gleam of pleasure was in choosing the parlor chairs. There is scope for fantasy in chairs. Then ——”

He took some more whisky.

“ Then a kind of grey horror came over me. I don't know if I can describe it. We went through vast vistas of chairs, of hall tables, of machine-made pictures, of curtains, huge wildernesses of carpets, and ever this cold, unsympathetic shopman led us on, and ever and again made us buy this or that. He had a perfectly grey eye, the color of an overcast sky in January, and he seemed neither to hate us nor to detest us, but simply to despise us, to feel such an overwhelming contempt for our

petty means and our petty lives as an archangel might feel for an apple-maggot. It made me think — ”

He lit a fresh cigarette.

“ I had a vision, Pickard. I do not know if you will understand. The Warehouse of Life, with our Individual Fate hurrying each of us through. Showing us with a covert sneer all the good things that we cannot afford. A magnificent Rosewood love affair, for instance, deep and rich, fitted complete, some hours of perfect life, some acts of perfect self-sacrifice, perfect self-devotion. . . You ask the price.” He shrugged his shoulders.

“ Where are the wardrobes of Painted Pine ? ” I quoted.

“ That’s it. All the things one might do, if the purse of one’s courage were not so shallow. If it was n’t for the lack of that coinage, Pickard, every man might be a hero. There’s heroism, there’s nobility such as no one has ever attained to, ready to hand. Anyone, if it were not for this lack of means, might be a human god in twenty-four hours. . . You see the article. You cannot buy it. No one buys it. It stands in the store, I suppose, for show — on the chance of a millionaire. And the shopman waves his hand to it on your way to the Painted Pine.”

I was sorry for the little man and held my peace. He went on:

“ Then you meet other couples and solitary people going about, each with a gloomy salesman leading. The run of them look uncomfortable; some are hot about the ears and in the spiteful phase of ill-temper, argumentative, disappointed, vaguely vicious; all look sick of the business except the raw new-comers. It’s the only time they will ever select any furniture, their first chance

and their last. Most of their selections are hurried a little—I fancy all furniture is bought in despair. The salesman must not be kept all day. . . Yet it goes hard with you if you buy your Object in Life and find it just a ‘special line,’ made to sell. . . We’re all amateurs at living, just as we are all amateurs at furnishing—or dying. Some of the poor devils one meets carry tattered little scraps of paper, and fumble conscientiously with stumpy parcels. It’s a comfort to see how you go, even if you do have to buy rubbish. ‘If we have *this* so good, dear, I don’t know *how* we shall manage in the kitchen,’ says the careful housewife. . . So it is with our shopping in the Great Emporium.”

“You’ll have to re-write your Ballade,” said I, “and put all that in.”

“I wish I could,” said the Poet.

“And while you were having these moods?”

“Oh, Annie and the salesman settled most of the furniture between them. Perhaps it’s just as well. I was never any good at the practical details of life. . . Cigarette’s out! Have you any matches?”

“Horribly depressed you are!” I said.

“There’s to-morrow, too. Well, well. . .”

Then he went off at a tangent to tell me what he expected to make by his next volume of poems, and so got to the congenial business of running down his contemporaries, and became again the cheerful little Poet that I know.

PICARON.





DRAWN BY A. E. BORIE

POPPIES

I WHO walk among the poppies
In the burning hour of noon,
Brother to their scarlet beauty,
Feel their fervour and their swoon.

In this little wayside garden,
Under the sheer tent of blue,
The dark kindred in forgetting,
We are of one dust and dew.

They, the summer-loving gypsies,
Who frequent the Northern year ;
From an older land than Egypt,
I, too, but a nomad here.

All day long the purple mountains,
Those mysterious conjurors,
Send, in silent premonition,
Their still shadows by our doors.

And we listen, through the silence,
For a far-off sound, which seems
Like the long reverberant echo
Of a sea-shell blown in dreams.

Is it the foreboded summons
From the fabled Towers of Sleep,
Bidding home the wandered children
From the shore of the great deep ?

All day through the sun-filled valley,
Teeming with its ghostly thought,
Glad in the mere lapse of being,
Muses and is not distraught.

Then suffused with earth's contentment,
The slow patience of the sun,
As our heads are bowed to slumber
In the shadows, one by one.

Sweet and passionless, the starlight
Talks to us of things to be ;
And we stir a little, shaken
In the cool breath of the sea.

BLISS CARMAN.

CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF BY-GONE DAYS

III

THE STOCKS.

ONE of the earliest institutions in every New England community was a pair of stocks. The first public building was a meeting-house, but often, long before any house of God was builded, the devil got his restraining engine. It was a true English punishment, and, to a degree, a Scotch, and was of most ancient date. In the *Cambridge Trinity College Psalter*, an illuminated manuscript illustrating the manners of the twelfth century, may be seen the quaint pictures of two men sitting in stocks, while two others flout them. So essential to due order and government were the stocks that every village had them. Sometimes they were movable, and often were kept in the church porch, a sober Sunday monitor. Shakespeare says in "King Lear" :

“ Fetch forth the stocks,
You stubborn ancient knave ! ”

In England, petty thieves, unruly servants, wife-beaters, hedge-tearers, vagrants, Sabbath-breakers, revilers, gamblers, drunkards, and a variety of other offenders, were all punished by the stocks. Doubtless the most notable person ever set in the stocks for drinking too freely was that great man Cardinal Wolsey. About the year 1500 he was the incumbent at Lymington, and, getting drunk at a village feast, he was seen by Sir Amyas Poulett, a strict moralist, and local justice of the peace, who humiliated the embryo cardinal by thrusting him in the stocks.

The Boston magistrates had a "pair of bilbowes," doubtless brought from England; but these were only temporary, and soon stocks were ordered. It is a fair example of the humorous side of Puritan law, so frequently displayed, that the first malefactor set in these strong new stocks was the carpenter who made them.

"Edward Palmer for his extortion in taking £1 13s. 7d. for the plank and woodwork of Boston stocks is fined £5 & censured to bee sett an houre in the stocks."

Thus did our ancestors make the "punishment fit the crime." The carpenter of Shrewsbury, Mass., likewise, as Pepys said of a new pair of stocks in his neighborhood, took handsel of the stocks of his own making.

In Virginia, a somewhat kindred case was that of one Mr. Henry Charlton, of Hungar's Parish, in 1633. For slandering the minister, Mr. Cotton, Charlton was ordered "to make a pair of stocks and set in them several Sabbath days after divine service, and then ask Mr. Cotton's forgiveness for using offensive words concerning him."

In Maryland, in 1655, another case may be cited. One William Bramhall, having been convicted of signing a rebellious petition, was for a second offense of like

nature ordered to be "at the Charge of Building a Pair of Stocks and see it finished within one Month." There is no reference to his punishment through the stocks of his own manufacture.

With a regard for the comfort of the criminal, strangely at variance with what Cotton Mather termed "The Gust of the Age," and a profound submission to New England climate, a Massachusetts law enacted June 18, 1645, declares that "he yt offends in excessive and longe drinkeing, he shalbe sett in the stocks for three howers *when the weather is seasonable.*"

Just as soon as the Boston stocks had been well warmed by Carpenter Palmer they promptly started on a well-filled career of usefulness. They gathered in James Luxford who had been "psented for having two wives." He had to pay a fine of £100 and be set in the stocks one hour upon the following market-day after lecture, and on the next lecture day also. Then a watchman of the town, "for drinking several times of strong waters," took his turn. Soon a man for "uncivil carriages" was "stocked." Every town was enjoined to promptly build stocks. In 1655 Medfield had stocks, and in 1638 Newbury and Concord were fined for "the want of stocks," and Newbury was given time till the next court session to build one. The town obeyed the order, and soon John Perry was set in them for his "abusive carriage to his wife and child." Dedham and Watertown were "psent'd" in 1639 for "the want of stocks." Ipswich already had them, for John Wedgwood that same year was set in the stocks for being in the company of drunkards. In Yarmouth a thief who stole flax and yarn, and in Rehoboth one who stole an Indian child, were "stocked." Portsmouth, New Hampshire, built stocks and a cage. Plymouth had a

constant relay of Quakers to keep her stocks from ever lying idle, as well as other offenders, such as Ann Savory of unsavory memory. Rhode Island ordered "good sufficient stocks" in every town. In the southern and central colonies the stocks were a constant force. The Dutch favored the pillory and whipping-post, but a few towns had stocks. We find the Heer officer in Beverwyck (Albany) dispensing justice in a most summary manner. When Martin de Metslaer wounded another in a drunken brawl the authorities hunted Martin up, "early hauled him out of bed and set him in the stocks." Connecticut was a firm advocate of the stocks, and plentiful examples might be given under New Haven and Connecticut laws.

Web Adey, who was evidently a "single man," for "two breaches of the Saboth" was ordered to be set in the stocks, then to find a master, and if not complying with this second order the town would find one for him and sell him for a term of service. This was the arbitrary and not unusual method of disposing of lazy, lawless, and even lonely men, as well as of more hardened criminals who, when sold for a term of service, usually got into fresh disgrace and punishment through disobedience, idleness and running away.

Fiercely hedged around was divine worship. The stocks added their restraint by threatened use. "All persons who stand out of the meeting-house during time of service, to be set in the stocks."

In Plymouth, in 1665, "all persons being without the dores att the meeting house on the Lords daies in houres of exercise, demeaneing themselves by jesting, sleeping, and the like, if they shall psist in such practices hee (the tithing-man) shall sett them in the stocks." Regard for church and state were often combined by

making public confession of sin in church with punishment in front of the church after the service. This was simply a carrying out of English customs. Mr. Hamilton, author of that interesting book, *Quarter Sessions from Queen Elizabeth to Queen Anne*, says, dealing with Devonshire :

“ A favorite punishment for small offenses, such as resisting the constable, was the stocks. The offender had to come into the church at morning prayer, and say publicly that he was sorry; he was then set in the stocks until the end of the evening prayer. The punishment was generally repeated on the next market day.”

It seems scarcely necessary to describe the shape and appearance of stocks, for pictures of them are so common. They were formed by two heavy timbers, one of which could be raised, and which when lowered was held in place by a lock. In these two timbers were cut two half-circle notches which met two similar notches when the upper timber was in place and thus formed round holes, holding firmly in place the legs of the imprisoned culprit; sometimes the arms were thrust into smaller holes similarly formed. Usually, however, the culprit sat on a low bench with simply his legs confined. Thus securely restrained, he was powerless to escape the jests and jeers of every idler in the community.

The stocks were the scene of many striking figures, and many amusing ones. What a sight was that when an English actor who had caused the playing of the “ *Midsummer Night's Dream* ” in the very house of the Bishop of Lincoln, and on Sunday, too, was set in stocks at the bishop's gate with an ass's head beside him and a wisp of hay—in derision of the part he had played, that of Bottom the weaver. This in 1631, after both Plymouth and Boston had been settled.

And the stocks were not without their farcical side in New England. Governor Winthrop's account of the exploits of a Boston Dogberry in 1644 is certainly amusing:

“There fell out a troublesome business in Boston. An English sailor happened to be drunk, and was carried to his lodging, and the constable (a godly man and much zealous against such disorders), hearing of it, found him out being upon his bed asleep so he awaked him, and led him to the stocks, no magistrate being at home. He being in the stocks, one of La Tour's French gentlemen visitors in Boston lifted up the stocks and let him out. The constable, hearing of it, went to the Frenchman (being then gone and quiet) and would needs carry *him* to the stocks. The Frenchman offered to yield himself to go to prison, but the constable, not understanding his language, pressed him to go to the stocks; the Frenchman resisted and drew his sword; with that company came in and disarmed him, and carried him by force to the stocks, but soon after the constable took him out and carried him to prison, and presently after, took him forth again, and delivered him to La Tour. Much tumult was there about this: many Frenchmen were in town, and other strangers, who were not satisfied with this dealing of the constable, yet were quiet. In the morning the magistrates examined the cause, and sent for La Tour, who was much grieved for his servant's miscarriage, and also for the disgrace put upon him (for in France it is a most ignominious thing to be laid in the stocks) but yet he complained not of any injury, but left him wholly with the magistrates to do with him what they pleased, etc. . . . The constable was the occasion of all this, transgressing the bounds of his office, and that in six things. 1. In fetching a man out of his lodging that was asleep upon

his bed, and without any warrant from authority. 2. In not putting a hook upon the stocks, nor setting some to guard them. 3. In laying hands upon the Frenchman that had opened the stocks when he was gone and quiet. 4. In carrying him to prison without warrant. 5. In delivering him out of prison without warrant. 6. In putting such a reproach upon a stranger and a gentleman when there was no need, for he knew he would be forthcoming and the magistrate would be at home that evening; but such are the fruits of ignorant and misguided zeal. . . But the magistrates thought not convenient to lay these things to the constable's charge before the assembly, but rather to admonish him for it in private, lest they should have discouraged and discountenanced an honest officer."

Truly this is a striking and picturesque scene in colonial life, one worthy of Hogarth's pencil. The bronzed English sailor, inflamed with drink, earringed, pigtailed, with short, wide, flapping trousers, and brave with sash and shining cutlass; the gay, volatile Frenchman, in the beautiful and courtly dress of his day and nation, all laces and falbalas; and the solemn pragmatic Puritan tipstaff, with long wand of black and white, and horn lantern, with close-cropped head, sad-colored in garments, severe of feature, zealous in duty; and the spectators standing staring at the stocks, Indian braves, fair Puritan maidens, fierce sailor-men, a pious preacher or sober magistrate — no lack of local color in that picture.

It is interesting to note in all the colonies the attempt to exterminate all idle folk and idle ways. The severity of the penalties was so salutary in effect that, as Mrs. Goodwin says, they soon would have exterminated even that social pest, the modern tramp. Vagrants, and those

who were styled "transients," were fiercely abhorred and cruelly spurned. I have found by comparison of town records that they were often whipped from town to town, only to be thrust forth in a few weeks with fresh stripes to another grudging resting-place. Such entries as this of the town of Westerly, Rhode Island, might be produced in scores:

"September 26, 1748. That the officer shall take the said transient forthwith to some publick place in this town and strip him from the waist upward, & whyp him twenty strypes well layd on his naked back, and then be by said officer transported out of this town."

The appearance of crime likewise had to be avoided. In 1635 Thomas Petet, "for suspicion of slander idleness and stubbornness is to be severely whipt and kept in hold."

More shocking and still more summary was the punishment meted out to a Frenchman who was *suspected* only of setting fire to Boston in the year 1679. He was ordered to stand in the pillory, have both ears cut off, pay the charges of the court, and lie in prison in bonds of five hundred pounds until sentence was performed.

These Massachusetts magistrates were not the only ones to sentence punishment on suspicion. In Scotland one Richardson, a tailor, being "accusit of pickrie" or pilfering, was adjudged to be punished with "twelve straits with ane double belt, because there could be nae sufficient proof gotten, but vehement suspition."

Writing of punishments of bygone days, an English rhymester says :

"Each mode has served its turn, and played a part
For good or ill with man ; but while the bane
Of drunkenness corrupts the nation's heart —

Discrediting our age — methinks the reign
Of stocks at least were well revived again."

There is in truth a certain fitness in setting in the stocks for drunkenness, a firm confining of the wandering feeble legs, a fixing in one spot for quiet growing sober, and meditating on the misery of drunkenness, that, with the extreme of publicity removed, or the wantonness of the spectators curbed, perhaps is not so bad a restraining punishment after all. Some of the greatness and self-control of the later years of Cardinal Wolsey's life may have come from those hours of mortification and meditation spent in the stocks.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

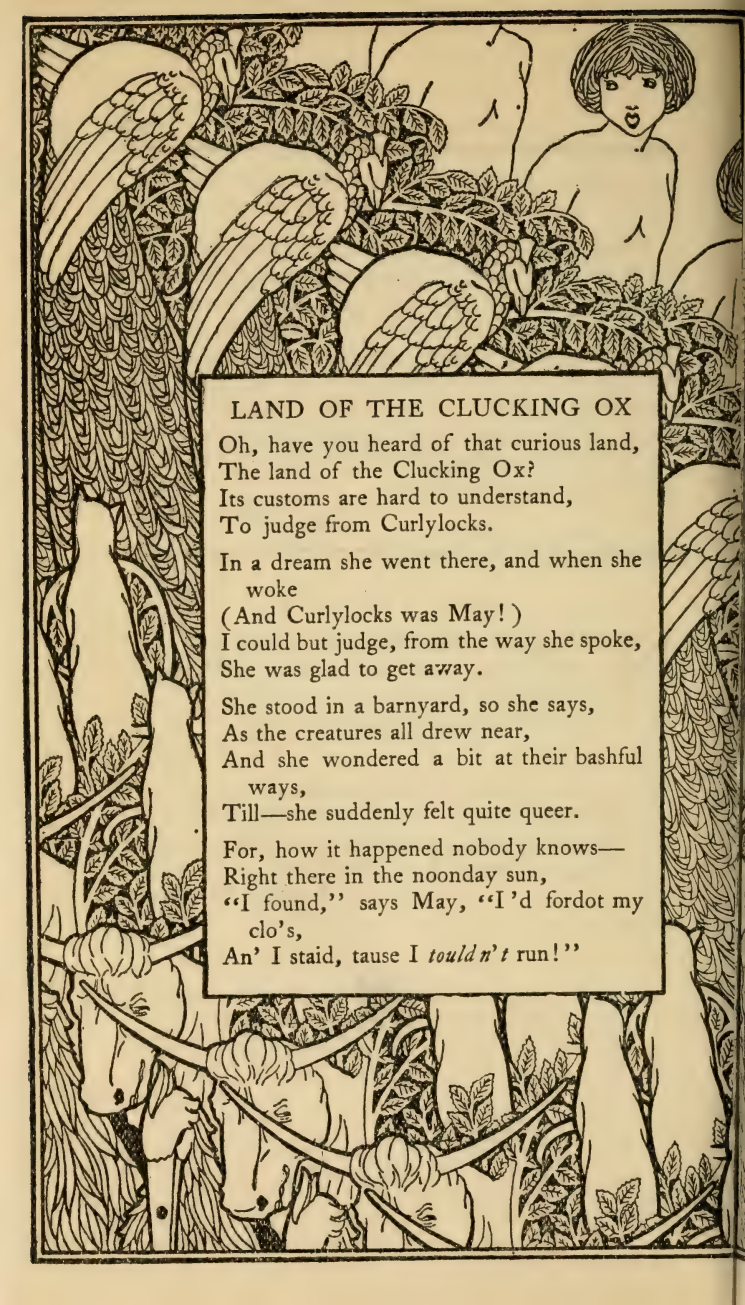
QUATRAINS

NEW YORK, London, Paris, Rome,
Seemed vast and grand while I staid home ;
But, seeing them, I soon found that
I held them all beneath my hat.

I live a life aloof from other men,
And so know joys beyond the common ken,
While they press on and never reach their goal,
Here, in a garret, I *possess* my soul.

CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON.





LAND OF THE CLUCKING OX

Oh, have you heard of that curious land,
The land of the Clucking Ox?
Its customs are hard to understand,
To judge from Curlylocks.

In a dream she went there, and when she
woke

(And Curlylocks was May!)

I could but judge, from the way she spoke,
She was glad to get away.

She stood in a barnyard, so she says,
As the creatures all drew near,
And she wondered a bit at their bashful
ways,

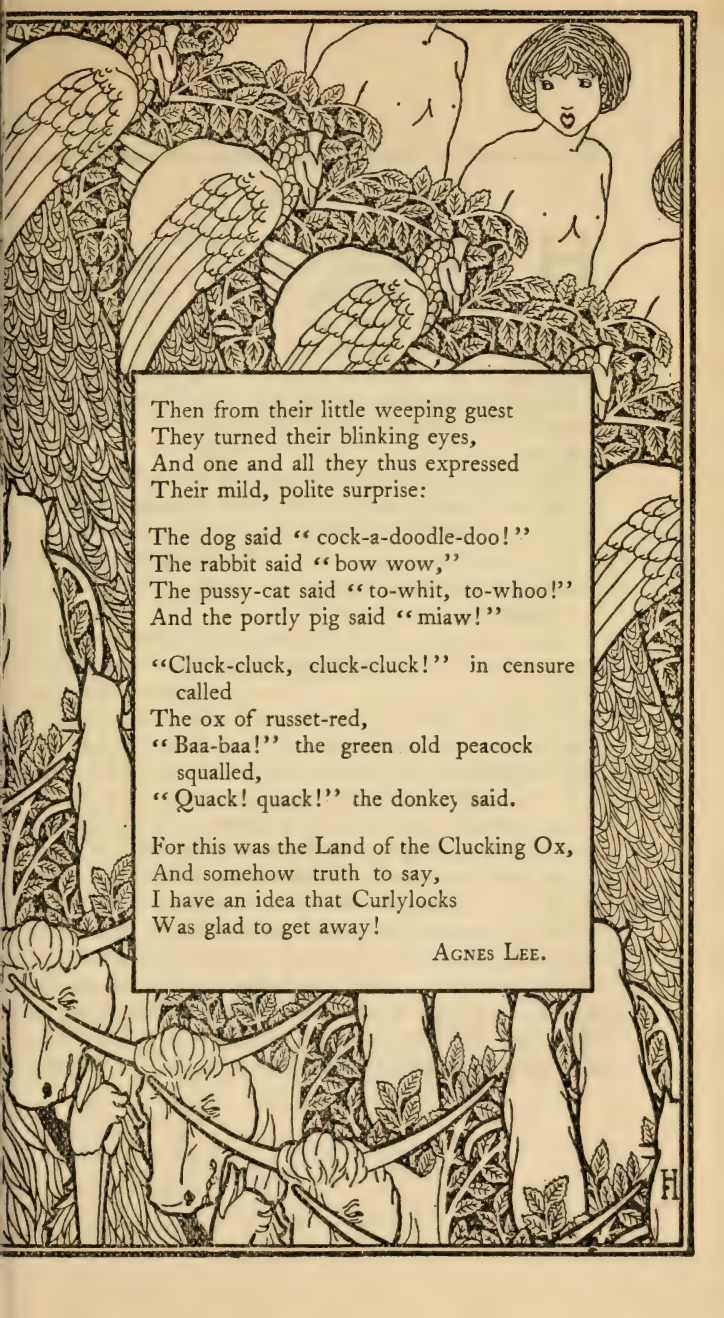
Till—she suddenly felt quite queer.

For, how it happened nobody knows—

Right there in the noonday sun,

“I found,” says May, “I’d fordotted my
clo’s,

An’ I staid, tause I *could n’t* run!”



Then from their little weeping guest
They turned their blinking eyes,
And one and all they thus expressed
Their mild, polite surprise:

The dog said "cock-a-doodle-doo!"
The rabbit said "bow wow,"
The pussy-cat said "to-whit, to-whoo!"
And the portly pig said "miaw!"

"Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck!" in censure
called
The ox of russet-red,
"Baa-baa!" the green old peacock
squalled,
"Quack! quack!" the donkey said.

For this was the Land of the Clucking Ox,
And somehow truth to say,
I have an idea that Curlylocks
Was glad to get away!

AGNES LEE.

JES' JONES.

HE owed his name to Doctor Hubbs.

Hubbs — spelled Hobbs, and pronounced accordingly in the English of the world, but always Hubbs in the island vernacular — was a jovial member of that school of quacks, happily extinct, who practiced medicine by the grace of God. A generous lot they were, prescribing doses by the quart, and from an honest pharmacy of stinks and tastes that would be fortune in a fertilizer.

Hubbs always warranted a cure, the aforesaid warranty of recovery often running over date of patient's death. But he was never disconcerted even when he visited those a day or more under ground. "Poor thing!" he would exclaim, "was doing famously. But there! no doctor can always beat the devil."

Sickness was a wile of the evil one, Hubbs thought — perhaps it is — and his conflict with it always tremendous, witness the quart bottles. If the sick sometimes imagined his big bottles real devil in the case, and cried out, as I have heard, that the green and black things hopped and grinned at them upon their tables, it was only the foolishness of sickness. The well laughed at such humors.

Even Hubbs could not kill everybody. Though the sardonic old monster stood red-faced and pimpled before every island mother, like the devouring dragon before the mysterious woman in St. John's vision, most of us escaped. So many in Jones' family escaped, he was the thirteenth, that living Joneses became monotonous to Hubbs, and when some idle gossip chanced to ask the trouble, as he jogged away from the much blessed habitation, early in the first day of this particular Jones' life, he answered sleepily, "Jest another Jones!" and drove

on, too indifferent to commiserate or joke about the honest father.

They gave the unlucky mortal a more usual name, left over from some Hebrew prophet or Roman emperor, but Hubbs' sponsoring stuck. "Jest another Jones," he always was, or "Jes' Jones," for short.

With such a name any life would be ridiculously pathetic from the start. It seemed to stamp Jes' whole body with insignificance. His legs and arms bulged hugely at the joints, but otherwise grew in one dimension, and were skewered on him much in the fashion of the jumping toy that dances on a string to the solemn amusement of our youngsters. Jes' had a like trick of falling in a heap; his small head, set far forward on his shoulders, not balancing the short vision of his watery eyes, or overbalancing his body. These protruding heads pry upon us like interrogation marks, sometimes, and we feel irritable desire to tweak the noses a-smelling our affairs; but this fellow's head bent, as I have suggested, beneath a name.

The youngsters' solemn amusement over the loose-jointed victim on a string closely describes their impression of their shrinking fellow. No one thought of his suffering anything. He squirmed so funnily beneath a gibe, cut such a figure in his sprawling, and he was Jes' Jones. Youngsters, and oldsters likewise, seldom realize how they hurt others, unless the hurt is proclaimed by bellowing, or they are belabored in return. The silent and unvengeful sufferer is always a jumping-jack to them.

As he grew older, Jes' became victim of a worse opinion. Almost all the islanders are fishermen, and he, naturally, fell into that occupation. Of course he had no luck. Whether he pitied the fish too much to hook

them, or could not, I am uncertain. I do know all the islanders were indifferent, and would have been so to this day had not a suspicion risen that changed their contempt into superstitious fear. Some old salt complained one afternoon as he beached his boat, without a fish in her, that he never had a catch when Jes' was along. Others remembered similar experiences. One would have thought the sea always afraid of them before Jes' ventured on it, and over-anxious to conciliate them with certain dole. However, the next day his boat returned without a scale. So did others of the fleet, but if they thought of the general ill-luck it was to blame him for it all. The next trip only a drunken fellow took the risk with him, and he fell overboard and drowned before they reached the fishing-grounds. After that no one would have Jes' in his boat, or fish within a mile of him.

The women were as superstitious as the men, and Jes' was slowly driven from them all, resting at last, in a kind of hermit life, upon the wild bluff that overlooks the eastern breakers, and the reef that cuts the reach, between the Foxes, like a knife. There, in a cabin, half stones, half driftwood, he passed the solitary years, a companion of the fish and gulls, and unspoken, unless the dismal surf-bell's singing was for him.

Life is simpler than we think. A fish, and handful of the grain his brothers' harvests yielded him, kept his life whole days; a wild duck was a feast, and the brook perpetual good cheer. Instead of sweating from early morning until afternoon for no more, he had enough, and time for dreams, and time to hear the bell.

At first the bell's everlasting clangor would not let him sleep, and one night he set out to destroy it. As he approached, he fancied it pleading with him so loudly, he shivered on his oars and went back without touching

it. Ever after, he imagined it a spirit like his own, and came to have a certain fellowship with it, sincerer than with any human he had known.

You have been to Bayreuth, to Milan ; have heard the strings and trumpets sing together. My solitary would not envy you. Music is not brass nor gut. It is brains. imagination, and, gradually, what you would think the bell's insistent note became a whole orchestra to him, falling into bass that shook the reef and breakers, next moment flying higher than a lark. The whole earth sung in its brazen tongue, to him, Old Ocean's solemn tones, full of the great groaning of its dead; but he also heard the strumming of the storm upon ringing ledges, and, what you never heard, the ecstasy of the clouds as they crooned on the upper air's slender strings. You have heard fifty or a hundred men beating, blowing and scraping as many bits of brass, and wood, and skin. My hermit heard the whole earth. Oh, it was mad bell! No, it was sane! Your grinning, sweating orchestra is mad. You could wring buckets from the players' clothes when they lay down their bows. He sat on the bluff, in cabin of stones and driftwood, serene as nested bird, and could tell one cloud's voice from another, and what the drowned sing through their tears.

Your orchestra tires out. The players shut up their instruments in little coffins, some one turns out the lights, and you go home, remembering the senseless small talk of the lobby, the smell of many bodies, a cross companion: everything, except the music, which you say was divine; dumb now, because your sweating orchestra is too tired to play. It was not divine. God's music never stops, nor did the bell, above the reef that cuts the reach half asunder like a knife.

I say the bell never stopped, but it did, for even a

bell in the breakers is not quite divine, though God play upon it. It stopped—that is my story—stopped singing in the middle of a night, in the middle of a mighty fog—the night the big seiners were coming home, though the hermit was unaware. Perhaps the fog had smothered it, as the hermit thought, choking the singing tongue with its dripping blanket. Perhaps the song had worn it out. It was surely still. Though he rose upon his arm and listened long, the hermit heard nothing of its voice.

Hugging his old garments about him, he crept down the slope, down to the little cove sheltering his dory. The convulsive agony of a storm, that had blown out its last breath the day before, still shuddered in the sea, and smeared the breakers with its reek. He could hear the wild laughter of the savage rocks, was conscious of tremulous whisperings in the cove; but no strain from the bell mingled with them—and he paused often to listen as he pushed out the dory. It was dumb to his heart—and dumb to the anxious ears of the seiners groping off the coast.

The bell hangs above the point of the reef that cuts the reach like a knife—cutting seiners, too, if they touch its edge. It is short pull in sunshine, but rocks shift in the fog, and you must coax your way through them, or they will smite your boat by the head, or rip up its belly. Fog, too, drags at your arms, heavy on you as the sea over the drowned in its ooze.

When the hermit had crawled to the buoy, nothing seemed wrong. It rode the waves light as ever, dancing them as a woman waxen floor. But when he pushed close and caressed the bell, he found it empty, except for worn ring, showing where the tongue had broken. He looked down involuntarily, as if expecting to see it in the sea. But the sea hid it, as it hides all explorers. What

the sea could not hide, the fog had, so that all he saw was the dim lines of the shivering anchorage, and the bronze lips of the bell, and the smile in its mouth, mocking him.

Enraged, he struck it with his fist, at which it sighed as a child shaken out of sleep. In the fog it sounded unearthly, and for a moment he was afraid, but only a moment, and the possessed man smote it again and again; softly and wildly, with both fists and with one; raining blows on it one time, then waiting long moments for the thrilled air to be still; beat it until his hands bled; laughed with it, sung, shouted, cried. Oh, it was wonderful tune.

At last he thought of his oar—thank God, happy seiners! The oar made almost as fine music as the broken tongue—just as fine, they thought who groped the mad coast. Hours and hours he played—he was never so happy—hours and hours, until his thin arms would not move—until every seiner had passed the knife point of the reef. “Strange we could not hear the bell before,” one said to another. “Not as strange as the way it rings now,” the other replied. But the hermit knew nought of them. He played for himself. Why should n’t he? Seiners and all men toil for themselves.

Long after the seiners had anchored he played; played while they told the women and old men of their escape; played while they feasted, while they made love and slept; played—until the oar fell from his hands, and he slipped, unconscious, across the edge of the dory, and it poured him into the sea, like so much water.

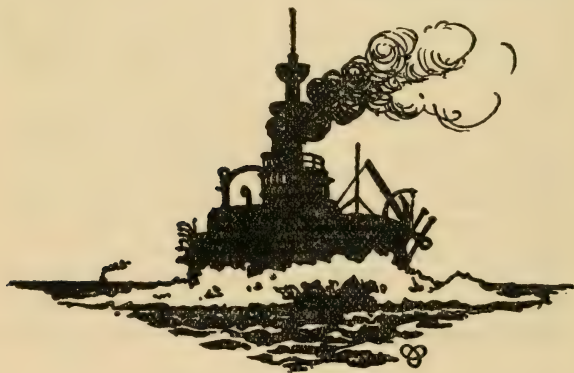
Into the sea! How much has been poured into the sea! Bars of gold big as your arm, boxed in thick oaken chests, hugged by great iron fastenings; cutlasses, slipping

out of dead sailors' fingers; shot, that gaily snapped off a man's head on its way; ships, planked with heart of trees that grew in the sunshine, and kissed the rain and the winds; men and women, ah! men and women who loved and smiled, and the miserable; all these earth has poured into the sea, into the ooze that pillows the drowned. But ooze would not pillow the hermit nor oar. Tide and waves cradled them.

The oar drifted faster, half up the reach before morning, off the small harbor, when the fog lifted, was among the seiners, bruised, broken, and knowing some things unutterable, but it was only an oar and passed unnoticed. After it drifted the other, heavier, only its white face cutting the water, swinging always with the sway of the water, but always face up, and after the bruised oar until it, too, was among the seiners.

What a curious thing the tide is! One would think it were human. Nay, it was more than human to the hermit, the bell-ringer, or "Jes' Jones" as the scared islanders called the sore thing they lifted out of the water.

MYLES HEMENWAY.



LULLABY

WHEN the light steals from the sky,
 (Great One, guard my little son!)
Day looks back with dimming eye,
 Loth to leave my pretty one.
Day and Baby are such lovers,
That the fleeting Lady hovers
 On the edge of Westernland,
 Kissing farewells on her hand;
Baby answers with a bow —
Weary head is nodding now.

See ! my babe has stol'n away
 (Great One, guard his wandering !)
After fast retreating Day,
 Borne on Sleep's uplifting wing.
Drowsily his spirit hovers
Far away in Dreamland covers,
 Where at night babes ever go,
 After Day that loves them so.
When the skies again are blue
Little ones will come back too.

JOHN ALBERT MACY.

EXTRACTS FROM A STORY-TELLER'S DICTIONARY.

IN Paradise Woods, close by Tarryawhile (as we call our home), my friend Smith, of New Orleans, of whom I dare say you have heard, read aloud to us one of Stevenson's tales — a simple story of a man who had shown courage in danger, faithfulness under trial, and magnanimity in defeat; nay, more, in triumph,

and yet had shown them not in too fine a degree to be of some kin to ourselves.

We were three who had listened. At its close, I remember, we were all at one in a tender sentiment of comradeship toward its hero, so that when Smith moved to rise we did not stir, save that Stella took again from the leafy ground, to which it had fallen from her knee, a small volume in whose classic company he and I had found her and Phebe under the maples and pines.

None of us cared to ask the common question, how much of the story was fact, how much fiction. Enough that it had given itself to the treasury not of our information, but of our emotions and affections, and that the inward stirrings it had brought us were right and good.

At any rate, so thought I in the general stillness. Possibly because the story was so lightly and briefly told, I felt the more clearly its peace-giving mission, and noticed more plainly than I had ever done before that peace-giving is a true art function. We were not informed of what we had not known, nor convinced of what we had not believed, nor persuaded to what we had not willed; but our emotions, our spirits had been aroused, nourished, purified, enriched by a pleasingly ordered contemplation of an experience potentially real. We had looked, with a certain appropriating sympathy, on the greatness that may lie latent in souls as small or weak even as our own.

"A little greatness well economized!" I said this last aloud. I thought it was good, and when I think a thing is good I can't keep it. My ancestors were all noted for their generosity. "A little greatness well economized," said I, slowly, for emphasis.

But no one murmured an approving rejoinder. It was a grave blunder to say anything, however good, so

soon; speech for thought, silence for feeling. Remember, if ever you write a story, that to speak to feelings already sufficiently kindled is to cast green wood upon a clear fire.

We rose, Smith and I, only because our fair companions did so. "Why do we go," I asked, "while our feelings are so right and rich?"

Phebe furnished quick reply. I know, of course, that as life is, the thing I had protested against happens to be just what we need to do. From bowers and flowers we needs must repair betimes to the house, or we overripen into sentimentality and rot back into savagery. Our sentiments must be practically applied without indolent delay or, like hoarded manna, they breed worms. This is not something for art to do; it is something for us to do. "Go thou — not somebody else, some poet or artist — go *thou* and *do* — not merely feel — likewise" — or otherwise, as the case may be; this is a precept which art need not preach, yet whose neglect by *us* is a misuse of all art. Phebe did not say this; I put it here to indicate what she implied in her single word and toss, equally disdainful and bewitching. Phebe comes of Puritan stock, but is as pink as a rose.

"Feelings!" was her one word. "Feelings!" said Phebe.

"And why not?" gently asked Smith. "Are not they the ultimate wealth!"

"The ultimate wealth!" she exclaimed, and smiled upon the landscape and us as calling us to witness that this was what he said. "Feelings, the ultimate wealth!"

"And why not?" persisted Smith. "Whether for heaven or earth, are not all things else but the coin with which to buy them?"

I hoped he would say more — “And are feelings ever rightly buried except as seed is, to bring forth finer store of joy at last for others or ourselves ! And is it not for feelings that this grove is kept from the axe, and that we are in it here, and that this (Stella’s) classic volume is our illustrious companion ?” — Something of that sort ; but he did not. He ceased abruptly and then laughingly observed :

“An argument may end in a story, but a story should never degenerate into an argument.”

Phebe answered jestingly, away from the point, and agreed with the rest of us as we went, that each step away from the green shade was a conscious self-denial, a seed-burial of a happy mood. How many a time since then have I gone back thither and dug up the bone of that sweet, friendly hour !

In a man of any real mind, two things there are for which only *un*familiarity ever breeds contempt ; two things that are never rightly loved in vain, and only bondage to which can beget satiety : good books, green in the woods.

It is true, as long as woods are vast their first name is utility. The sun has two wives ; the sea, the forest ; and it is by both that he is father to the sheltering cloud, the rain, the snow, brooks and rivers. From the forest we have, besides, the gifts of fire and fruitful soil. But to woods grown precious by rarity, woods into which we go without even Thoreau’s axe, we give a better name, sign of a higher, lovelier office ; a name “in religion,” as a nun might say ; Paradise for instance. Food, raiment, shelter, we tax them for these no longer ; and in payment for this consecrated immunity they tenderly remind us of the vanity of many of our “wants,”

and give us time and room, away from them, to perceive the working of a power, not ourselves, that makes for universal order and delight.

Hence, in the right use of woods, we do not go into them until for the time being our material wants are at the least quieted. To every earthly paradise there must be some sort of tarryawhile. We may reduce the number of our wants. Blessed are we if we do so. But we cannot annihilate the majority of them, or even hold them long in abeyance except on condition that mankind at large show better sense than to try to imitate us. Thoreau, could not begin this experiment, at Walden, until he had borrowed an axe. Borrowing that axe, he put himself at once thereby in debt to the whole huge machinery of the industrial world, without which that axe never would have been made. Our wants are our progeny. They grow and hunger and get hurt and quarrel and cry, with all a progeny's tyranny, and the best we can do is in favorable moments of weather and health to leave them parentally put to sleep and slip away to some "unuseful" spot which, because it can neither supply nor suppress *those* wants, our house-building, field-planting industry calls "waste land." The most motherly of all poetesses has a parable that teaches the same thing :

" There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children (so many wants, that is)
she did n't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
Then whipped them (the wants, I mean) all
soundly and sent them to bed."

Now observe: that all we have said about inutile woods, in their relation to sentient life and specially to

our wills and wants, is equally true as to books of song and story. One superiority, however, the books have: that in them the life and passion are human. Thus they feed with stronger fuel, as one might say, the bivouac fires of our human sympathies and keep more fully awake our guardian principles of behavior while our tired wills take their short rest between battles. Such books are the complement of the landscape, supplying us with just what we want to retain when we flee the crowd and seek woodside or brookside to give the soul a rest which may renew its patience, kindness and humility toward a world only too much like ourselves. Just what we *need* to retain; a fragrant, bittersweet, tonic quintessence of the crude throng, with its bad and good, dull and witty, silly and wise, mean and magnanimous, and its multitudinous average of commonplace folk whom, as one who knew them best believed, "God must love or He surely would never have made so many of them."

We can take these strong sweet extracts of life into the woods; we cannot take the crowd itself. It is when I meet the crowd, not in the streets, the mills, the mines, the tenements, the train, but in the woods, that I feel my sense of kinship to it sicken in a way of which I am ashamed — it gives me pride to confess.

I say not a crowd, though there is risk always; but the crowd, which has no more true use of the woods than of a lark's wings; which feels nothing there but itself turned loose, and wants to wrestle and box, to run races, dance on boards, buy ice-cream, throw sucked lemons and play hand-organs and practical jokes. Where the crowd is in the woods — and, mark you, the crowd is not always the ignorant or poor, any more than the ignorant and poor are always of the crowd — all that is most exquisite and precious in human fellowship is trampled clean out of

shape by human insensibilities and contrarities as hopeless as they are amiable.

But books; not all books, even of song or story, for many such promise us Paradise and lure us to a log-rolling (of transient questions and schemes of doubtful use and more than doubtful beauty); but the right books — telling beautifully or grandly of other wills and fates, actual or supposable, in their relations to things of constant and universal concern — draw our own wills and free convictions along the lines of their least resistance, diminish our meaner and multiply our higher wants. Such books are like the unmixed company of wise, sweet friends with perfect manners. Why need I ever call the lovely and wonderful roll of birds and flowers of Paradise woods, when I can say that I have roamed its ferny hollows and reclined upon its banks with such volumes — in both shapes, book-form and human? In the corner of homely Tarryawhile, where we break bread, and where the windows open almost into the woods, on the old-fashioned mantelpiece which is the room's chief ornament, I have long promised myself some day to cut — not for one or two alone of those dear hearts, but for a third and fourth and fifth, not forgetting the Doctor, and yet for each one separately — that much crooned note from the Rubaiyat:

“A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
O! wilderness were Paradise enow.”

Well, well, what a patter of chestnuts. Let us see what we have gathered.

First, That neither friendship nor love can long carry on business without at least the loaf and jug. Our tops

climb the sky, but our roots are fast interwoven in the material and perishable. Yet—

Secondly, We sanctify the material and perishable, by spiritual partnership in their frugal use. O, the wise sermon there is in every true dining-room!

Thirdly, We may have this partnership in three forms — with nature, with friends and with books. Books of the right sort are the attar of the other two, with all the attar's gain and loss. And what is the right sort? Well, certainly, and first of all, *no weak book*, "Useful books," then? Nay, good Northamptonian puritan; not what you once meant by the term. Not the kind to which you used to send your son of sorrow when you caught him with his hair wet, or surprised him in some covert of Paradise deep lost in those tales that shortened the nights of the dread Sultan and lengthened the days of Scheherezade. Knowledge! intellectual discipline! pious exhortation! what resplendent utilities they are. But after all, the books — fact or fiction — which inspire the imagination and kindle, while they chasten, the emotions. These are the world's great books; these are the right sort.

Lastly, what we call fiction is but a refinement of truth harmoniously concentrated and foreshortened — yes, and diaphanously clothed with fiction, from beneath which it presents to, and pre-eminently for, our emotions the varieties of life, only rearranged with an economy impossible in actual experience. The fictional husk, to be sure, is important, like clothing on the persons of our friends, but worth no more without the body of truth within than a coat minus its owner. Truth is the diamond; fiction is one style of cutting and setting it.

Finally, brethren, our emotions, as Smith says, are our ultimate wealth. They are the soul in vibration.

All things else are but means. How many more of us are of abundant means than of abundant wealth? How many men, how many women, but no little children, for theirs is the kingdom of inutile and innocent delights. Greed of the utilities is what keeps the most of us poor. Not to spend ourselves for things is heaven's own economy. Behold the fowls of the air—and then behold us! our affections and purposes reverted in a perpetual strife for means, means, means; all valuations and admirations bent toward the useful; so few pointing the right way; what frizzled fowls we be!

The utilities for the feelings; and still, it is for that very reason that our fair Phebe has such a fine, sane feeling for the utilities. In fancy I see her now, saying to Smith, with her rosebud pout, that he who would keep up his spiritual fire must keep up his material woodpile. But, ah! what huge woodpiles we make, and how much more of them goes to the benumbing than to the warming of our souls. Whereas, the right book of verse or story, coming consigned to our emotions for their exaltation, purification and enrichment, without sting, dreariness or toil, is a fairy galleon laden with this ultimate wealth.

What! art for art's sake, and all that? No, no more than the loaf and jug for the loaf and jug's sake. But everything, in turn and according to its final value, for the soul's—the embodied soul's sake. Attribute soul and universe to a divine Providence, or call them only amazing facts that must be taken into every minute's account, as we may, the part of wisdom is the same; in every turn and hour of life to make delight the finishing touch of all goodness and so of all existence.

I call to mind a certain gray day in early November. The air was mild, motherly, but the landscape, poor girl, was in violent hysterics, and her heartless brother, the

northwest wind, was teasing her on to fresh transports, till she tore her chestnut locks and strewed them thick upon the ground, soaked with her frantic tears, and I could not but think how reprehensible it was for October to show such conspicuous attentions as he had paid her and then to go off and leave her as he had done. It was a good day to sit inside and hear the rain rumble on the tins and around the doors, trying to squeeze in between the weather-strips; to watch it stream lugubriously down the window-pane and see it swirl across the lawn, and the trees of Paradise wring their wasted hands, while one abstractedly noted what a wise provision of nature the modern dwelling is. My pen would not go. The spirit of work dribbled out of me. Musing, I pictured under summer boughs once more the dear group I tell of, and it was then I came again upon this notion of Smith's — call it his for short — with an indolent mood's tranquillity of conviction: Spiritual delight the crowning use of all spiritual being.

In a forthcoming dictionary of my own, hitherto unpublished only for lack of funds, you will find Utility defined as: The capacity of anything directly or indirectly to increase or maintain our resources of spiritual delight. In the same work physical delights are ranked among the utilities; while whatever by gracious, human, constructive design turns sense or thought directly into feelings beyond the physical is of the nature of art, the utilization of the utilities; a process without whose persistent activity we are fit neither for education, government, society nor religion.

Thousands of operations whose end is simple utility are illumined with this grace of delight, also; but it is the special function of art to supply delight without indirection, postponement or adulteration for utility's sake;

or, as my dictionary says, with the shortest possible delay and the slowest possible decay. With least delay, for thus is it differentiated and excused from utility ; and without decay ; for the following reason.

Our spirits really know but two divisions of time, the past, the future ; the present is a mere meridian, and no delight can have a spiritual value save as it is able to join itself, with entire worthiness to hope and to memory. Wherefore, in order to have any high perfection, a delight must be in harmony with every essential of our own happiness as this finds being in memory and hope, and of that universal happiness of which our own is but an inseparable living member. For it to bear within itself its own blight or the blight of any higher or purer emotion, makes the art it springs from so much less noble, hence, spiritually the less delightful, and hence the less, or, at least, the lower art.

This is why fiction may never lie. Not primarily because the story-teller is a moral being, but because his story-telling is an art. For art may be as imaginative, as fanciful, as fantastic, as make-believe, as the artist pleases ; but the moment it is mendacious the narrowest idolator of beauty is bound to admit it is bad art. So neither may it commit any other moral lapse. For to touch emotion so as to tempt the soul to approve or excuse *any* clear moral obliquity is a kind of lying, since it is to induce us to believe a lie, and we know that a lie is the spore of decay, as decay is the moth and rust and fungus of delight. Art, purely as art ; fiction, purely as fiction, may not lie. It need not be "useful ;" it must be beautiful ; and *then* it need not be aggressively virtuous, but it must be innocent. It *must* be beautiful, but its beauty must be more than skin-or-canvas or page-deep. It must be beautiful clear through. Otherwise, like the hero in

Stevenson's story, it may possess its "little greatness well economised," but it can never be *greatest* in the kingdom of the all-beautiful.

Yet, "tarry a while," I seem to hear you say, for I dare say you are quite ready to push up doubts and queries that would compel me to pause and move my most confident assertions out of check. But I have an answer that sweeps the field: I refer you to my forthcoming dictionary! I call it the Tarryawhile dictionary. Not for its slow forthcoming, but because I do not complete any definition in it to my permanent satisfaction, and as I can't remove this seeming blemish I propose to make it a strong feature of work, with this on the title-page: "Not that we have lordship over your faith, but are helpers of your joy."

G. W. CABLE.



NOTES

¶ I have been reading a musty little volume in French which tells of *Les Jeux Floraux* of Toulouse. Most of us know a little of how in that city of Languedoc something like the mediæval court of love has been preserved from the middle ages, and how from the foundation of Clemence Isaure, of gracious memory, each year a rose of gold and one of silver are adjudged the successful contestants at a trial of verse-making.

The legend of the establishment is a lovely one, and as pleasant reading as might be found for the countryside. But what I wanted to call especial attention to is a quaint passage in the early history of the floral games. So deliciously naïve and frank is it that no woman should take offence now, but rather look on it as a mile-stone from which to mark her sex's progress. I translate from an account of the judges's acts:

“ Among other pleasant rules which they did make, and which those who maintained the games did wish should be published under the title ‘The Laws of Love,’ they ordered that no heretic, no schismatic, or excommunicated person might contest for the flowers; nor indeed might women, unless indeed one should be found who, besides the rarity of her virtue and the dignity of her position, was so well instructed in the art of making verses that it could not be reasonably supposed that she had employed the labor of another in the composition of her own.”

¶ The publisher of this volume by Monsieur de Caseneuve was himself a noteworthy person. His modesty has a pleasant flavor to it, and I cannot doubt that he had much delicacy of taste. Here is a morsel of self-effacement and a conception of the humble mission of a publisher rare now.

“TO THE READER.”

“While it does not pertain to me that I should judge books, I may nevertheless be allowed to advance what I have heard said by very intelligent persons, that of all the works of the late Monsieur de Caseneuve there is no one which may be compared with this little *Traité des Jeux Floraux*.”



DRAWN BY MARY L. PRINDIVILLE

¶ By the deluge of comments on a recent sensational Jewish novel my attention is again turned to the Semite. There is so much we all want to say for or against the Jewish race if we only dared. We have neither the courage of our bigotries nor of our more generous impulses. I say this in explanation for offering a question of so inconsiderable importance as to be only an incidental to a side issue.

What, pray, are the English Jewish names? If you will run over the list of names which suggest Hebrew origin, you will find them without exception German. You will remember to have seen certain Russian and Polish names where the Jewish quality was indistinguishable to the foreign ear. But beyond this, all English, French, and German Jews seem to have German names. Yet one popularly speaks of the children of Israel as having scattered to the four corners of the earth. Why, then, were their surnames made in Germany?

¶ What I said last issue about essay writing and the lack of American stylists seems to have proved at least that I touched on a live issue. The letter which is printed below is from Mr. Maurice Thompson whom I invoked for light on some of his beliefs.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK—

Dear Sir: Your suggestion in the department of Notes, in the CHAP-BOOK issued September 1, would, were I to meet it, plunge me into a literary fight out of which I should come badly punished, with no profits to balance against my welts and bruises. Far off be the day when I shall undertake to “furnish a list of American writers who might properly be called stylists.” My dear Mr. Editor, do you recollect what the Kentucky colonel said about whiskey? “Sah,” said he, “all

whiskey is good. Some kinds are better than others; but, sah, *all* kinds of whiskey are good." Is it possible that you have not discovered that all American writers are stylists? Some write better than others, doubtless, yet even the least among us has notable charm and indestructible perseverance, and would be justly shocked if left out of the list you propose. Moreover, the fighting habit is at its maturity in our literary development just now, and it would be sheer folly to expose oneself as a target for enraged stylists to fling critical brick-bats at. No, if you please, I shall not make a list.

What I would do gladly, were I a good writer and possessed of sufficient self confidence, might, when done, be called *An Essay Showing the Difference Between Style and Diction*. This would make it plain, even to the running reader, that excellent phrasing may be quite devoid of style. The master of style is a master of words; but he is also mastered by himself, and his words take his personal shape when he groups them for expression. What we call "charm of style" should not be the fascination of mere diction. Here is where the uninspired word-grubber makes his mistake. He fancies that the masters of writing may be robbed of their tricks by dutiful study of their diction; and after some days and nights of conning he takes up his pen and begins phrasing.

Literary men and women may be roughly grouped as follows:

1. Those with nothing to say and a poor manner of saying it.
2. Those with nothing to say and a dexterous manner of saying it.
3. Those with something to say and a poor manner of saying it.

4. Those with something to say and charm of style in saying it.

Probably every good critic will join me in placing in the fourth of these groups all of the greatest masters of literary art. Somehow excellent diction has a way of ringing flat and thin when set up as a mere empty cob-house of words; but when it has the weight of rich thought or the fire of creative imagination under it the effect is powerful and steadfast. Style is the man himself, as Buffon guessed, and when the man himself is a genius he somehow finds a diction peculiarly his own, as did Stevenson and Poe and Hawthorne and Keats and Guy de Maupassant and Theocritus and Sappho and many another stylist of the highest type who had something to say and the gift of absolute expression.

The literary professor can train his class to a nimble in tricks of diction more or less admirable, so that this or that student can be relied upon for an essay cunningly worded and prettily cut into neatly turned paragraphs. Yet some isolated boy or girl, too poor to buy schooling, will most certainly strike the key-note of a style not to be learned of the professor, a style ringing back to connect itself with the magic of the incomparable and inexplicable masters. Learning is a great commodity worth all manner of hard work done to acquire it. It gives far perspectives to literary art and enriches the author's vocabulary; but no amount of study and learning can give style that distinction which, like the zest of a fruit, flashes from words, phrases and sentences the individual characteristics of a genius. If we have no stylists in America we have no literary artists. The mere purveyor of glittering diction is not a stylist. There are bursts of style in the *Canterbury Tales* beside which Walter Pater's smoothest writing is ugly. The accomplished dictionist is but a

master artisan; the perfect stylist is a master artist. The former may whittle cherry-stones into marvels of cunning workmanship; the latter brings from within him the wonder of creative force not to be wasted upon trifles.

Genius is never wanting in dignity. It takes itself seriously and regards art as the power especially reserved to clothe with eternal life what is worthy of immortality. Doing pretty nothings in literary fretwork may hit the market and turn a penny honestly enough what time the jig-saw phase of civilization shall last; but the enduring thing in the writer's art is the beautiful thought-form clothed upon with style, not the beautiful diction form with no thought in it. The art of saying nothing, so that it passes for a while as something, may be fascinating in a way. At best it is a clever cheat. The art of saying something new and true, so that the manner of saying it has the imperious and enduring charm of style, is the highest attainment of genius in literature. The trouble with those who mistake diction for style is that in remembering how to do fine phrasing they forget how to think. There is a large play-ground between Ruskin's carved stone fence and the airy tinsel inclosure within which some of our latest word-jugglers do their tricks at a shilling a turn.

You shall not hear me say that the light little men and women, who cleverly simulate a rich verbal style and make smart phrasing decorate commonplace thought until it struts like a peacock, fill no respectable place in literature. That we have too many of them and too few of a larger race is, perhaps, because there is at present slack demand for real literature. The taste of readers somehow controls the genius of writers more than it did in the somewhat distant past; but we cannot

charge the present lack of good essay-writing, for example, to a want of essay-readers.

There is a more sordid reason why a man who depends upon his pen for his family's bread does not write essays. He cannot afford it. He must, as prices go, write four good long ones before breakfast or do without coffee. When Horace was writing his *De Arte Poetica* he had a farm and a rich patron to depend upon for a living. When there is someone ready to pay well for good literature the literature will be on tap.

I am, my dear sir, Yours very truly,
MAURICE THOMPSON.

Crawfordsville, Indiana,
September 5, '96.

¶[Mr. Thompson's reply to my call makes interesting reading, and I am happy in the thought that it may induce some who left me unread before to hunt up the last issue of this magazine. But though he will please the reader, to me he seems to elude me. Though I have never been able to bring myself to see as do others the reprehensibility of making literary fretwork gewgaws, I know at heart that such artificers are in reality of no great moment. I should say their greatest use was to inspire Mr. Thompson's third class to become fourth class — that is, to help those who have something to say to learn to say it well.

But I still desire a list from Mr. Thompson. My claim was and is that we have not in America his second class. We are not dextrous when we have nothing to say. "The literary professor can train his class," etc., says Mr. Thompson. Yes, perhaps, but he *does* not. Where are these "little men and women who cleverly simulate a rich verbal style?" Sinners though they are I could welcome them.

THE CHARIOT RACE



DRAWN
BY
CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

¶ Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte, writing of other matters, has the following to say to my complaint about the scarcity of essays:

“I am interested in a note in the CHAP-BOOK just published—the note upon essay-writing. But the writers who leave it alone are wise. It is a fact that very *poor* fiction is acceptable when a very *fair* essay is tossed aside as dull and old-fashioned. Editors and critics believe, and say so in print, that the essay is, of necessity, simple platitude—a mere preparation for the serious work of writing fiction dealing with east side drinking bouts. The CHAP-BOOK may be hospitable to the essayist, but no other periodical in America would print an essay upon any consideration—taking merit and literature for granted—even if the author should be willing to pay for its insertion. There is simply no market, or even opening for the essay in newspaper or magazine, and book publishers regard an essayist as stark mad. . . . So why should anyone waste time in an attempt to master the most difficult form of literature after blank verse and the sonnet, simply to accumulate ridiculous posthumous works?”

This seems to amount to Mr. Thompson's remark: “When there is someone ready to pay well for good literature the literature will be on tap.” Can we not form an *American Society for the Resurrection of the Essay and the Care of Essayists*?

¶ The cable reports tell us that the Prince of Wales has accepted Miss Gerard's translation of Maurus Jokai's *Black Diamonds*, and one of my English papers reprints a delightful note of the Princess Christian's in gratitude for a gift of aerated bread of peculiar excellence. The latter is printed as an advertisement it is true, while the

former is headed *Literary Gossip*. Yet the emotions of publisher and baker are doubtless equally lively.

Truly, the possibilities of advertising are an unexplored country. These fugitive instances of royal graciousness suggested to me a whole system of national finance for our English cousins. Why should not tradespeople and manufacturers supply all the wants of the royal house for the sake of the advertisement and thus reduce the burden of the taxpayers? Royalty seems a fairly useless appendage to a democratic government, but if trained eyes, ears and palates could make of the imperial family a set of professional tasters for the public, the latter would be greatly benefited. All the manufacturers of aerated bread would meet in competition before the Princess Christian and the manufacturer who pleased her could well afford to supply her table for the year. Competitions should be held yearly so that the manufacturers would be held up to the mark.

If writers could be held up to the mark in the same way we should all rejoice. The little that is known of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria's literary tastes would not, however, encourage this scheme. The domain of Marie Corelli is already large, especially over the female mind, and if the Queen's admiration were made official we might not find anything else on the book stalls.



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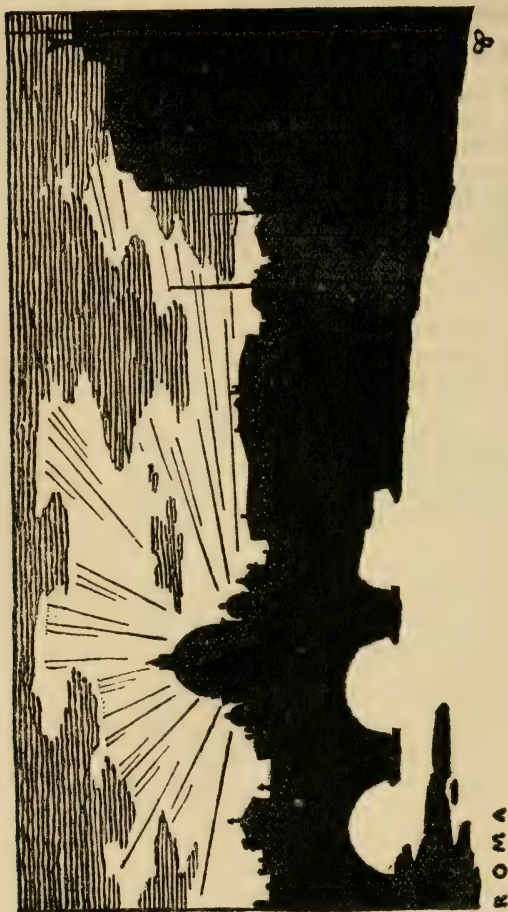
IT'S oh, and oh, 't is merry to go
In the windy April weather,
When the clouds are high and warily by
Troop the roes and the does together.
It's sweet to hear, in the fall of the year,
Horns ring through the forest cover;
While Scarlett's singing and Marian's stringing
A chain of haws for her lover.

It's good to dwell, as we know right well,
Deep down in a forest hollow,
With the singing brook for our missal-book
And never an eave for the swallow.
And a Friar we have, whom long God save,
To throw and fight me, and love me,
To shrive and sain me when Death has ta'en me,
And turn the green sods above me.

No more I ask than in sun to bask,
And a nook of fern to curl in;
When winds are high, or snow is nigh,
And my arms have locked my girl in.
God give our May till her brown head's gray,
And faint grows Robin's Hood's hollo,
Good store of deer in the wood of Shere,
And Little John strength to follow !

NORA HOPPER.





DRAWN BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

THE LION'S DREAM.

NINE o'clock in the evening in the dime museum. The gas-lights burned yellow with the fetid atmosphere of the place. The last stage-show was in progress in the "auditorium." Two men on the stage, one in the height of the fashion and the other in rags, and both with pallid smooth faces, bawled out, in a kind of incessant sing-song recitative, a little drama-story of a rich young man who refused alms to a beggar; who then gambled and drank away all his money, while the beggar obtained a situation and rose to comfort; the ruined rich man in his turn asked an alms of the one he had once spurned, and was nobly befriended. The squalid audience, made up for the most part of crop-haired, youngish men with bristly moustaches and a week's beard on their faces, with ears sticking out sideways, bat-like, in the deformity of the slums, applauded wildly this high-pitched, roaring piece of morality and sentiment. Just a moment before a stout girl who turned a startling somersault in long skirts had been allowed to go off without a hand-clap.

Out in the "curio-hall," on a long platform running the length of the room, a fat snake-charmer, wrapped in a bath-robe, half thrown aside on account of the heat, revealing red, dingy knitted tights, crocheted nimbly. Stupid serpents were coiled up in a glass case at her side. Near her sat a great negro whose business was to eat glass: he dozed while he waited for the stage show to be over and the curio hall's turn to come.

Empty chairs, surrounded by the machinery and trappings of charlatanry, stood on the platform. The freaks to whom they belonged were somewhere outside, and, when the bell should ring, would come filing down a

long stairway to do their parts. At one side of the hall a stout young man, in a droning, nasal voice, invited the few people in the hall to try their strength on a lifting machine.

In the centre of the room was another raised platform on which stood a cage of lions, with just space enough at the side of it for the wooden chair in which sat the Professor — the lecturer and master of ceremonies of the place. He was a short man in shiny broadcloth; he rested his chin wearily on the silver head of a cane, and gazed vacantly across the room.

In the cage three great lions lay sprawled out asleep. Two of them, males, were flattened out against the floor in the utter abandonment of stupid relaxation. The third, a female, lay with her head between her forepaws, her hind legs thrust out sidewise into the stomach of the larger male.

This animal lay with his back against the bars of the cage, his tawny hide protruding between them all along. He was so big that, from the tip of his nose and his open mouth to the end of his extended tail, he reached almost the length of the cage. The hind foot that came uppermost as he lay was thrust up into the air, as if he had had an impulse to push away the thorny feet of the sleeping lioness, sticking deep into his abdomen, and then had fallen into a deeper sleep and forgotten it.

He was a giant among lions — a formidable beast in every muscle and line. But he looked here, stretched out in stupid sleep, just what he was — a lion born in captivity, whose father and mother were born in captivity, a tamed and docile hourly victim of a woman's whip.

Presently the beautiful Zoraida would appear, clad in silken tights and a spangled bodice, and, entering the cage, would shriek at the lions, and crack her whip, and

lash them into a semblance of fury, and seize this big lion by the jaws and thrust her painted face between his glittering rows of teeth, while the professor, standing alongside the cage, would bawl out a wonderful lecture, telling how the lion had been captured in an Indian jungle after he had been a famous man-eater for years; how, in the five years since he had been in captivity, he had killed four men, and how the beautiful Zoraida hourly took her life into her hands in defying him.

Meantime the lion seemed to fall into a deeper sleep; but his skin began to twitch, and his breath to come quick and hard. His open jaws snapped together. The in-drawings of his breath were rough and guttural. His eyes blinked, but their opening showed no waking; they were glassy with deep sleep. But his relaxed muscles became rigid. Long claws emerged from his paws, as it by a will of their own. A look of ferocity took the place of one of stupidity on his great face, narrowing down from his little wicked ears to the tip of his nose — a beautiful, savage, most singular face, triangular but for the graceful curves made by his yellow cheeks.

Now the lion seemed to be choking in his sleep. The lioness woke, and drew herself away a little, and blinked, and seemed to look a long way off, and sank down again on her back by the side of the lion, and slept once more.

The lion's breath came more heavily. His teeth closed together so that the muscles of his neck could be seen by the Professor, looking curiously at him, to draw like ropes strained by tugging oxen. The Professor wondered at this, and fancied that something must be the matter with the lion. And yet he reflected that the animal only seemed to be enacting a fight in his dream. "If I didn't know," the Professor thought, "that the fellow was born in captivity, and his father and mother

before him, I should think he was dreaming of the jungle. But he couldn't dream of the jungle. He never was in one."

Then the Professor put his silver-headed cane slowly through the bars of the cage, and by a light movement laid it down on the lion's neck. The tamed beast, used to the touch of man, did not wake. His dream of the jungle went on.

The Professor himself dozed then. He had a dream of his own in which he saw a wonderful sight. It was something like the lying story which he had told five times a day, for two weeks now, of the capture of this false man-eater in his invented jungle; only it was more terrible, and he seemed to be within the lion's skin, and to be looking out into the woods through the beast's eyes. Lurking in a nest among tangled branches and trailing vines, a lioness just like the one in the cage seemed to have aroused him and to have called his attention to a stealthy sound in the jungle. He had risen, half crouching, from the ground, and concentrated himself into the keenest intentness of seeing, and listening, and smelling, to make out what might be approaching through the bushes. Then a great panic, the next instant mingled with and overborne by a greater ferocity, filled him, as he recognized in the sound the footfall of a man; he knew it to be a man's because it had a kind of hardness and little crushing quality in it, not like an animal's soft caress of the earth. He had never before thought of observing such qualities, or the want of them, in the walk of man or beast.

Then a scent struck his nostrils — a kind of far-away attenuation of that of the dime-museum when the crowd urged about the platform. Used as he was to that smell, he had always abhorred it. Now the thin, distant

suggestion of it seemed to fill him with destructive fury — and also a kind of awful hunger.

The sound came nearer — and was multiplied with others like it. The lioness leaped up, and snarled, and turned quickly about, and then he was aware that men were behind them too. The foot-falls came closer; they were all around.

Then, in a few moments, the fight was on. The men who swarmed up were all dark men, and they had no fire-arms; but there was a ring of steel in the jungle, and there were shouts and screams of the men and the roar of the beasts. The dreamer escaped at last through the ring of steel, with fierce pain piercing his flank — but he had Prey in his mouth, and a glorious, wild, ineffable thrill of satisfaction seemed to fill his whole being.

A gong sounded, and the dozing Professor woke with a start. He heard a roaring of feet on the bare floor, and knew that the people were trooping in from the auditorium, and that the stage-show was over and the time come for him to get up and begin his lecture. Down the narrow stairway came the motley array of freaks. Among them was the Beautiful Zoraida, in her spangles and silk and paint.

The Professor looked quickly over at the lion; unconsciously he had drawn away his cane from the animal's neck. The lion slept on — his muscles more tense than ever, his panting quicker and heavier.

The Professor introduced the snake-charmer with only a word, and forbore to describe with scientific particularity the process of digesting solid substances as practiced by the negro glass-eater. He had a feverish haste, he hardly knew why, to get to the lions, which were next on the programme.

The crowd — dirty, half-shaven, slum-deformed,

foul-smelling — wheeled about from the curio-platform to the central rostrum. The Beautiful Zoraida stood up on this rostrum, with folded arms and complacent visage, while the Professor praised her intrepidity and her matchless beauty; she stood still thus while the Professor launched into his story of the capture of the man-eater in the Indian jungle; and she was thrilled herself by this lie, for never before had she heard the Professor tell it with such spirit and circumstantiality. For the first time since the days, long before, when she had learned the easy task of intimidating these cowed and half-asphyxiated creatures, she felt a sinking of fear as she caught the whip that the Professor tossed to her and entered the cage through the door in the bars, which was quickly closed after and fastened with a great chain, to make the performance the more impressive.

The big lion slept on. But the Beautiful Zoraida cracked her whip in his face, and he sprang upon his feet. She had seen him do that before; but then his ears had been thrown back in a mere snarling, cowardly resentment of the lash. Now his attitude was quite different. The tamer's look was fixed upon a light in his eyes that she had never before seen there; it was cruel, and deep and strange. A sudden fear seized the tamer; now it was she who was tamed. Yet in the terror which shook her she reflected upon the maxims of her craft, and knew that she must daunt the lion. Therefore, she clubbed her whip, laden with lead at the butt, and with it dealt the beast a hard blow between his eyes.

Then with a roar the lion leaped upon her and seized her by the shoulder. His jaws seemed to enfold her arm and side. She did not scream, but fainted; and the lion, crouching, his stomach on the floor of the cage, dragged her toward a corner.

The Professor was pale as death. "Unchain the door! In God's name; unchain the door!" he shouted.

But the helper in the museum who had fastened the door was enveloped now in the crowd, in which two currents were striving with each other—one to get nearer the cage and the other to get farther away from it. Even in the slums, among men ground to earth and starved in spirit, the instinct to help, to risk life and do prodigies for others, survives and grows up side by side with the sickening cowardice bred in moral darkness. In this place there were a hundred men who were determined to save this woman somehow, and as many who were trampling each other to escape farther from the jaws of a creature from which they were already protected by an impassable barrier.

One strong, uncouth fellow leaped to the rostrum beside the little door and tried to undo the chain that held it. It was only a heavy iron latch, in fact, with the chain looped once over the end of it; but the man's excitement unsteadied him, and he fumbled with the chain and bolt. Then there was a scream in the crowd, "Lift the latch! Lift the latch!" Another man's hand seized the iron and pulled in the contrary way from this one's.

The rushing and trampling went on. The old Professor was wailing in a high-pitched voice, "Oh, my God! my God!" The woman was almost within reach of his hand, but he was separated from the door by a surging mass of people. He saw the lion set his teeth deeper and deeper into the woman's flesh; and when, in a few moments more, a man was found who opened the door by throwing aside the chain and lifting the latch, and another came with a rifle prepared to send a bullet through the lion's body, he knew it was too late.

The lion's eyes were blazing with a terrible fire, unseen there before in all the beast's long craven life under the tamer's whip. He had dreamed of the jungle, and, waking, had wreaked a vengeance long overdue.

JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.



CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF
BY-GONE DAYS

IV

THE PILLORY.

HAWTHORNE says in his immortal *Scarlet Letter*:

“This scaffold constituted a portion of a penal machine which now, for two or three generations past, has been merely historical or traditionary among us, but was held in the old time to be as effectual in the promotion of good citizenship as ever was the guillotine among the terrorists of France. It was, in short, the platform of the pillory; and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze. The very ideal of ignominy was embodied and made manifest in this contrivance of wood and iron. There can be no outrage, methinks, against our common nature — whatever be the delinquencies of the individual — no outrage more flagrant than to forbid the culprit to hide his face for shame.”

This “essence of punishment” — the pillory or stretch-neck — can be traced back to a remote period in England and on the Continent — certainly to the twelfth century. In its history tragedy and comedy are equally blended, and martyrdom and obloquy are alike combined. Seen in a prominent position in every village and town, its familiarity of presence was its only retrieving characteristic; near church-yard and in public square was it ever found; local authorities forfeited the right to hold a market unless they had a pillory ready for use.

A description of a pillory is not necessary to one who

has read any illustrated history of the English Church, of the Quakers, Dissenters, or of the English people; for the rude prints of political and religious sufferers in the pillory have been often reproduced. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, gives six different forms of the pillory. It was an upright board, hinged or divisible in twain, with a hole in which the head was set fast, and usually with two openings also for the hands. Often the ears were nailed to the wood on either side of the head-hole. Examples exist of a small finger-pillory, or thumb-stocks, but they are rare.

It would be impossible to enumerate the offences for which Englishmen were pilloried. Among them were treason, sedition, arson, blasphemy, witchcraft, perjury, wife-beating, cheating, forestalling, forging, coin-clipping, tree-polling, gaming, dice-cogging, quarrelling, lying, libelling, slandering, threatening, conjuring, fortune-telling, "prigging," drunkenness, impudence. One man was set in the pillory for delivering false dinner invitations; another for a rough practical joke; another for selling an injurious quack medicine. All sharpers, beggars, impostors, vagabonds, were liable to be pilloried. So fierce sometimes was the attack of the populace with various annoying and heavy missiles on pilloried prisoners that several deaths are known to have ensued. On the other side, it is told in Chambers' *Book of Days* that a prisoner, by the sudden collapse of a rotten foot-board, was left hanging by his neck in danger of his life. On being liberated he brought action against the town and received damages.

The pillory in England has seen many a noble victim. The history of Puritanism, of Reformation, is filled with hundreds of pages of accounts of sufferings on the pillory. When such names as those of Leighton, Prynne, Lil-

burne, Burton and Bastwick appear as thus being punished we do not think of the pillory as a scaffold for felons, but as a platform for heroes. Who can read unmoved that painful, that pathetic account of the punishment of Dr. Bastwick. His weeping wife stood on a stool and kissed his poor pilloried face, and when his ears were cut off she placed them in a clean handkerchief and took them away, with emotions unspeakable and undying love.

De Foe said, in his famous *Hymn to the Pillory*:

“Tell us, great engine, how to understand
Or reconcile the justice of this land;
How Bastwick, Prynne, Hunt, Hollingsby and Pye—
Men of unspotted honesty—
Men that had learning, wit and sense,
And more than most men have had since—
Could equal title to thee claim
With Oates and Fuller, men of fouler fame.”

Lecture-day, as affording in New England, in the pious community, the largest gathering of reproofing spectators, was the day chosen in preference for the performance of public punishment by the pillory. Hawthorne says of the Thursday Lecture: “The tokens of its observance are of a questionable cast. It is in one sense a day of public shame; the day on which transgressors who have made themselves liable to the minor severities of the Puritan law receive their reward of ignominy.” Thus Nicholas Olmstead, in Connecticut, is to “stand on the pillory at Hartford the next lecture-day.” He was to be “sett on a lytle before the beginning and to stay thereon a lytle after the end.”

The disgrace of the pillory clung, though the offence punished was not disgraceful. Thus in the year 1697 a

citizen of Braintree, William Veasey, was set in the pillory for ploughing on a thanksgiving day which had been appointed in gratitude for the escape of King William from assassination. The stiff old Braintree rebel declared that James II. was his rightful king. Five years later Veasey was elected a member of the General Court, but was not permitted to serve, as he had been in the pillory.

Throughout the Massachusetts jurisdiction the pillory was in use. In 1671 one Mr. Thomas Withers, for "surriptisiously endeavoring to prevent the Providence of God by putting in several votes for himself as an officer at a town meeting," was ordered to stand two hours in the pillory at York, Maine. Shortly after (for he was an ingenious rogue) he was similarly punished for "an irregular way of contribution," for putting large sums of money into the contribution box in meeting to induce others to give largely, and then again "surriptisiously" taking his gift back again.

There was no offense in the southern colonies more deplored, more reprobated, more legislated against than what was known as "ingrossing, forestalling, or regrating."

This was what would to-day be termed a brokerage or speculative sale, such as buying a cargo about to arrive, and selling at retail, buying a large quantity of any goods in a market to re-sell, or any form of huckstering. Its prevalence was held to cause dearth, famine and despair. English "regratours" and forestallers were frequently pilloried. Even in *Piers' Plowman* we read:

"For these aren men on this molde that moste harm
worcheth,

To the pore peple that parcel-mele buyggen
Thei rychen thorow regraterye."

The state archives of Maryland are full of acts and resolves about forestallers, etc., and severe punishments were decreed. It was, in truth, the curse of that colony. All our merchandise brokers to-day would in those days have been liable to be thrust in prison or pillory.

In the year 1648, I learn from the Maryland archives, one John Goneere, for perjury, was "nayled by both eares to the pillory, 3 nailes in each eare and the nailes to be slitt out, and whipped 20 good lashes." The same year Blanche Howell wilfully, unsolicited and unasked, committed perjury. The "sd Blanche shall stand nayled in the Pillory and loose both her eares." Both these sentences were "exequuted."

In New York the pillory was used. Under Dutch rule, Mesaack Maartens, accused of stealing cabbages from Jansen, the ship-carpenter living on *'t maagde paatje*, was sentenced to stand in the pillory with cabbages on his head. Truly this was a striking sight. Dishonest bakers were set in the pillory with dough on their heads. At the trial of this Mesaack Maartens, he was tortured to make him confess. Other criminals in New York bore torture: a sailor, wrongfully, as was proven; a woman, for stealing stockings. At the time of the Slave Riots cruel tortures were inflicted. Yet to Massachusetts, under the excitement and superstition caused by that tragedy in New England history, the witchcraft trials, is forever accorded the disgrace that one of her citizens was pressed to death, one Giles Corey. The story of his death is too painful for recital.

Mr. Channing wrote an interesting account of the Newport of the early years of this century. He says of crimes and criminals in that town at that time:

"The public modes of punishment established by law

were four, viz.: executions by hanging, whipping of men at the cart-tail, whipping of women in the jail-yard, and the elevation of counterfeiters and the like to a movable pillory, which turned on its base so as to front north, south, east and west in succession, remaining at each point a quarter of an hour. During this execution of the majesty of the law the neck of the culprit was bent to a most uncomfortable curve, presenting a facial mark for those salutations of stale eggs which seemed to have been preserved for the occasion. The place selected for the infliction of this punishment was in front of the State House."

A conviction and sentence in Newport in 1771 was thus reported in the daily newspapers, among others the *Essex Gazette* of April 23:

"William Carlisle was convicted of passing Counterfeit Dollars, and sentenced to stand One Hour in the Pillory on Little-Rest Hill, next Friday, to have both Ears cropped, to be branded on both Cheeks with the letter R, to pay a fine of One Hundred Dollars and Cost of Prosecution, and to stand committed till Sentence performed."

Severe everywhere were the punishments awarded to counterfeiters. The Continental bills bore this line: "To counterfeit this bill is Death." In 1762 Jeremiah Dexter of Walpole, for passing on two counterfeit dollars, "knowing them to be such," stood in the pillory for an hour; another rogue, for the same offense, had his ears cropped.

Mr. Samuel Breck, speaking of methods of punishment in his boyhood in Boston, in 1771, said:

"A little further up State Street was to be seen the pillory, with three or four fellows fastened by the head and hands, and standing for an hour in that helpless

posture, exposed to gross and cruel jeers from the multitude, who pelted them constantly with rotten eggs and every repulsive kind of garbage that could be collected."

Instances of punishment in Boston by the pillory of both men and women are many. In the *Boston Post-Boy* of February, 1763, I read:

"BOSTON, JANUARY 31.—At the Superior Court held at Charlestown last week, Samuel Bacon of Medford, and Meriam Fitch, wife of Benjamin Fitch of said Medford, were convicted of being notorious Cheats, and of having by Fraud, Craft and Deceit, possess'd themselves of Fifteen Hundred Johannes the property of a third Person; were sentenced to be each of them set in the Pillory one Hour, with a Paper on each of their Breasts and the words A CHEAT wrote in Capitals thereon, to suffer three months' imprisonment, and to be bound to their good Behaviour for one Year and to pay Costs."

From the *Boston Chronicle*, November 20, 1769:

"We learn from Worcester that on the eighth instant one Lindsay stood in the Pillory there one hour, after which he received 30 stripes at the public whipping-post, and was then branded in the hand; his crime was Forgery."

The use of the pillory in New England extended into this century. On the 15th of January, 1801, one Hawkins, for the crime of forgery, stood for an hour in a pillory in Salem, and had his ears cropped. The pillory was in use in Boston, certainly as late as 1803. In March of that year the brigantine "Hannah" was criminally sunk at sea by its owner, Robert Pierpont, and its master, H. R. Story, to defraud the underwriters. The two criminals were sentenced after trial to stand one hour in the pillory in State Street on two days, be confined in prison for two years and pay the costs of the prosecution. As

this case was termed "a transaction exceeding in infamy all that has hitherto appeared in the commerce of our country," this sentence does not seem severe.

The pillory lingered long in England. Lord Thurlow was eloquent in its defense, calling it "the restraint against licentiousness provided by the wisdom of past ages." In 1812 Lord Ellenborough, equally warm in his approval and endorsement, sentenced a blasphemer to the pillory for two hours, once each month, for eighteen months; and in 1814 he ordered Lord Cochrane, the famous sea-fighter of Brasque Roads fame, to be set in the pillory for spreading false news. But Sir Francis Burdett declared he would stand on the pillory by Lord Cochrane's side, and public opinion was more powerful than the Judge. By this time the pillory was rarely used save in cases of perjury. As late as 1830 a man was pilloried for that crime. In 1837 the pillory was ordered to be abandoned, by Act of Parliament; and in 1832 it was abolished in France.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

AUTUMN SONG.

ONCE more the woods grow crimson,
Once more the year burns down,
Once more my feet come home
To the little seaboard town.

Once more I learn desire
Prevails but to endure,
And the heart springs to meet
Your hand-touch — and be sure.

BLISS CARMAN.





DRAWN BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY.

“**M**ADAM,” said Mr. Daly, the manager, in his politest style, “no one could regret the occurrence more than myself” — he pronounced the word “meself” — “especially as you say it has hurt your feelings. Do n’t I know what feelings are?” He pronounced the word “failings,” which tended in some measure to alter the effect of the phrase, though his friends would have been inclined to assert that its accuracy was not thereby diminished.

“I have been grossly insulted, sir,” said Mrs. Siddons.

“Grossly insulted,” echoed Mr. Siddons. He played the part of echo to his stately wife very well indeed.

“And it took place under your roof, sir,” said the lady.

“Your roof,” echoed the husband.

“And there’s no one in the world sorrier than myself for it,” said Mr. Daly. “But I do n’t think that you should take a joke of the college gentlemen so seriously.”

“Joke?” cried Mrs. Siddons, with a passion that caused the manager, in the instinct of self-preservation, to jump backward. “Joke, sir! — a joke passed upon Sarah Siddons! My husband, sir, whose honour I have ever upheld as dearer to me than life itself, will tell you that I am not accustomed to be made the subject of ribald jests.”

“I do n’t know the tragedy that that quotation is made from,” remarked Mr. Daly, taking out his snuff-box and tapping it, affecting a coolness which he certainly was far from possessing; “but if it’s all written in that strain I’ll bring it out at Smock Alley and give you

an extra benefit. You never spoke anything better than that phrase. Pray let us have it again, madam — ‘my husband, sir,’ and so forth.”

Mrs. Siddons rose slowly and majestically. Her eyes flashed as she pointed a shapely forefinger to the door of the green-room, saying in her deepest tones:

“Sir! degrade the room no longer by your presence. You have yet to know Sarah Siddons.”

“Sarah Siddons,” murmured the husband very weakly. He would have liked to maintain the stand taken up by his wife, but he had his fears that to do so would jeopardize the success of his appearance at the manager’s treasury, and Mr. Siddons now and again gave people to understand that he could not love his wife so well loved he not the treasury more.

Mr. Daly laughed.

“Faith, Mrs. Siddons,” said he, “’t is a new thing for a man to be ordered out of his own house by a guest. I happen to be the owner of this tenement in Smock Alley in the city of Dublin, and you are my guest — my honoured guest, madam. How could I fail to honour a lady who, in spite of the fact of being the greatest actress in the world, is still a pattern wife and mother?”

Mrs. Siddons was visibly softening under the balmy brogue of the Irishman.

“It is because I am sensible of my duties to my husband and my children that I feel the insult the more, sir,” she said, in a tone that was still tragic.

“Sure I know that that’s what makes the sting of it so bitter,” said Mr. Daly, shaking his head sadly. “It’s only the truly virtuous, madam, that have feelings” — again he pronounced the word “failings.” “Enough, madam,” he continued, after he had flourished his handkerchief and had wiped away an imaginary

tear. "Enough ! In the name of the citizens of Dublin I offer you the humblest apology in my power for the gross misconduct of that scoundrel in the pit who called out 'Well done, Sally, my jewel !' after your finest soliloquy, and I promise you that if we can find the miscreant we shall have him brought to justice."

"If you believe that the citizens of Dublin are really conscious of the stigma which they shall bear for ages to come, for having insulted one whose virtue has, I rejoice to say, been ever beyond reproach, I will accept your apology, sir," said Mrs. Siddons with dignity.

"I'll undertake to swear that the citizens feel the matter quite as deeply as I do, Mrs. Siddons," cried Mr. Daly, with both his hands clasped over his waistcoat. "I dare swear that they do not even now know the enormity of your virtue, madam. It will be my pleasing duty to make them acquainted with it; and so, madam, I am your grateful humble servant."

With a low bow he made his escape from the green room, leaving Mrs. Siddons seated on a high chair in precisely the attitude which she assumed when she sat for the Tragic Muse of Reynolds.

"Thank heavens that's over !" muttered the manager as he hurried down Smock Alley to the tavern at the corner kept by an old actor named Barney Rafferty, and much frequented by the Trinity College students, who in the year 1783 were quite as enthusiastic theatre-goers as their successors are in the present year.

"For the love of heaven, Barney, give us a jorum," cried Daly as he entered the bar parlour. "A jorum of punch, Barney, for I'm as dry as a lime kiln, making speeches in King Cambyse's vein to that Queen of Tragedy."

"It 'll be at your hand in a minute, Mr. Daly, sir," said Barney, hurrying off.

In the parlour were assembled a number of the "college boys," as the students were always called in Dublin. They greeted the arrival of their friend Daly with acclamation, only they wanted to know what had occurred to detain him so long at the theatre.

"Delay and Daly have never been associated before now when there's a jorum of punch in view," remarked young Mr. Blenerhassett of Limerick, who was reported to have a very pretty wit.

"It's lucky you see me among you at all, boys," said the manager, wiping his brow. "By the powers, I might have remained in the green room all night listening to homilies on the virtues of wives and the honour of husbands."

"And 't is yourself that would be nothing the worse for listening to a homily or two on such topics," remarked young Blake of Connaught. "And who was the preacher of the evening, Daly?"

"None else than the great Sarah herself, my boy," replied the manager. "Saint Malachi! what did you mean by shouting out what you did, after that scene?" he added.

"What did I shout?" asked Jimmy Blake. "I only ventured humbly to cry, 'Well done, Sally, my jewel' — what offence is there in that!"

"Ay, by Saint Patrick, but there's much offence in 't," cried Daly. "Mrs. Siddons sent for me to my dressing-room after the play, and there I found her pacing the green room like a lioness in her cage, her husband, poor man, standing by as tame as the keeper of the royal beast."

A series of interested exclamations passed round the room, and the circle of heads about the table became narrower. "Mother o' Moses! She objected to my civil words of encouragement?" said Mr. Blake.

"She declared that not only had she been insulted, but her husband's honour had been dragged in the mire and her innocent children's names had been sullied."

"Faith, that was a Sally for you, Mr. Daly," said young Home, the Dublin painter to whom Mrs. Siddons had refused to sit, assuring him that she could only pay such a compliment to Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Boys, may this be my poison, if I ever put in a worse half hour," cried Daly, as he raised a tumbler of punch and swallowed half the contents.

"I'd give fifty pounds to have been there," said Home. "Think what a picture it would make! — the indignant Sarah, the ever courteous manager Daly, and the humble husband in the corner. What would not posterity pay for such a picture?"

"A guinea in hand is worth a purse in the future," said one of the college boys. "I wish I could draw a bill on posterity for the payment of the silversmith who made my buckles."

"Daly," said Blake, "you're after playing a joke on us. Sally never took you to task for what I shouted from the pit."

Mr. Daly became dignified — he had finished the tumbler of punch. He drew himself up, and, with one hand thrust into his waistcoat, he said, "Sir, I conceive that I understand as well as any gentleman present what constitutes the elements of a jest. I have just conveyed to you a statement of facts, sir. If you had seen Sarah Siddons as I left her — egad, she is a very fine woman — you would n't hint that there was much jest in the mat-

ter. Oh, lord, boys"—another jug of punch had just been brought in, and the manager was becoming genial once more — "Oh, lord, you should have heard the way she talked about the honour of her husband, as if there never had been a virtuous woman on the boards until Sarah Siddons arose."

"And was there one, Daly?" asked young Murphy, a gentleman from whom great things were expected by his college and his creditors.

"There was surely, my boy," said Daly, "but I've forgot her name. The name's not to the point. I tell you, then, the Siddons stormed in the stateliest blank verse and periods, about how she had elevated the stage; how she had checked Brereton for clasping her as she thought too ardently — how she had family prayers every day, and looked forward to the day when she could afford a private chaplain."

"Stop there," shouted Blake. "You'll begin to exaggerate if you go beyond the chaplain, Daly."

"It's the truth I've told so far, at any rate, barring the chaplain," said Daly.

"And all because I saw she was a bit nervous and did my best to encourage her and give her confidence by shouting 'Well done, Sally!'" said Blake. "Boys, it's not Sarah Siddons that has been insulted, it's Trinity College—it's the city of Dublin! by my soul, it's the Irish nation that she has insulted by supposing them capable of insulting a woman."

"Faith, there's something in that, Jimmy," said half a dozen voices.

"Who is this Sarah Siddons, will ye tell me, for I'd like to know?" resumed Blake, casting a look of almost painful enquiry round the room.

"Ay, that's the question," said Daly, in a tone that

he invariably reserved for the soliloquy which flourished on the stage a century ago.

“We ’re all gentlemen here,” resumed Mr. Blake.

“And that’s more than she is,” said young Blenerhassett of Limerick.

“Gentlemen,” said the manager, “I beg that you ’ll not forget that Mrs. Siddons and myself belong to the same profession. I cannot suffer anything derogatory” — the word gave him some trouble, but he mastered it after a few false starts — “to the stage to be uttered in this apartment.”

“You adorn the profession, sir,” said Blake. “But can the same be said of Mrs. Siddons? What could Garrick make of her, gentlemen?”

“Ahem! we know what he failed to make of her,” said Digges, the actor, who sat in the corner, and was supposed to have more Drury Lane scandal on his fingers’ ends than Daly himself.

“Pooh!” sneered Daly. “Davy Garrick never made love to her, Digges. It was her vanity that tried to make out that he did.”

“He did not make her a London success — that’s certain,” said Blake. “And though Dublin, with the assistance of the College, can pronounce a better judgment on an actor or actress than London, still we must admit that London is improving, and if there had been any merit in Sarah Siddons she would not have been forced to keep to the provinces as she does now. Gentlemen, she has insulted us and it’s our duty to teach her a lesson.”

“And we’re the boys to do it,” said one Moriarty.

“Gentlemen, I’ll take my leave of you,” said the manager, rising with a little assistance, and bowing to the

company. "It's not for me to dictate any course for you to pursue. I don't presume to ask to be let into any of your secrets; I only beg that you will remember that Mrs. Siddons has three more nights to appear in my theatre, and she grasps so large a share of the receipts that, unless the house continues to be crowded, it's a loser I'll be at the end of the engagement. "You'll not do anything that will jeopardize the pit or the gallery — the boxes are sure — for the rest of the week."

"Trust to us, sir, trust to us," said Jimmy Blake, as the manager withdrew. "Now, boys," he continued in a low voice, bending over the table, "I've hit upon a way of convincing this fine lady that has taken the drama under her wing, so to speak, that she can't play any of her high tragedy tricks here, whatever she may do at Bath. She does n't understand us, boys. Well, we'll teach her to."

"Bravo, Jimmy!" "The Blakes' country and the sky over it!" "Give us your notions," came several voices from around the table.

"She bragged of her respectability; of her armour of virtue, Daly told us. Well, suppose we put a decent coat on Dionysius Hogan and send him to propose an elopement to her to-morrow — how would that do for a joke when it gets around the town?"

"By the powers, boys, whether, or not, Dionysius gets kicked down the stairs, she'll be the laughing-stock of the town. It's a genius" — he pronounced it "janyus" — "that you are, Jimmy, and no mistake," cried young Moriarty.

"We'll talk it over anyway," said Jimmy.

And they did talk it over.

II

Dionysius Hogan was a celebrated character in Dublin during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The Irish capital has always cherished curious characters, for pretty much the same reason that caused badgers to be preserved; any man, or, for that matter, any woman, who was only eccentric enough, could depend on the patronage of the people of Dublin. Dionysius Hogan afforded his fellow-citizens many a laugh on account of his numerous eccentricities. He was a man of about fifty years of age, but his great anxiety was to appear thirty years younger; and he fancied he accomplished this aim by wearing in 1783 the costume of 1750, only in an exaggerated form. His chief hallucination was that several of the best known ladies in society were in love with him, and that it was necessary for him to be very careful lest he should compromise himself by a correspondence with some of those who had husbands.

It need scarcely be said that this idea of his was not greatly discouraged by the undergraduates of Trinity College. It was not their fault if he did not receive every week a letter from some distinguished lady begging the favour of an interview with him. Upon many occasions the communications, which purported to come from mature ladies, took the form of verses. These he exhibited with great pride, and only after extorting promises of profound secrecy, to his student friends.

It was immaterial that Dionysius found almost every week that he had been the victim of practical jokes; his belief in his own powers of captivating womankind was superior to every rebuff that he encountered. He exhibited his dapper little figure, crowned with the wig of a macaroni, to the promenaders in all the chief thorough-

fares daily, and every evening he had some fresh story to tell of how he had been exerting himself to avoid an assignation that was being urged on him by a lady of quality sojourning not a hundred miles from the Castle.

The scheme which Mr. Blake had suggested to his fellow-students in the Smock Alley tavern found a willing agent for its realization in Dionysius Hogan. Mrs. Siddons, her beauty, and her powers, were, of course, the talk of the town during her first visit to Dublin. It only needed Jimmy Blake to drop a few dark hints in the hearing of Dionysius one evening on the subject of a rumour that was current, to the effect that a certain well-known gentleman in Dublin had attracted the attention of the great actress, to make Dionysius believe that he had made a conquest of the Siddons.

For the remainder of the evening he took to dropping dark hints to this effect, and before he had slept that night there was no doubt on his mind that Sarah Siddons was another lady who had succumbed to his attractive exterior. To be sure, he had heard it said that she was as hard as marble, but then she had not seen him until she had come to Dublin. All women, he believed, had their weak moments, and there was no article of his creed more strongly impressed upon him than that the weak moment of many women was when they saw him for the first time.

When, on descending from his bed-room to his little sitting-room in his humble lodgings — for Mr. Hogan's income did not exceed eighty pounds a year — a letter was put into his hand bearing the signature "S. S.," and when he found that above these initials there was a passionate avowal of affection and a strong appeal to him to be merciful as he was strong, and to pay her a visit at her lodgings before the hour of one, "when Mr.

S. returns from the theatre, where he goes every forenoon," poor Dionysius felt that the time had at last come for him to cast discretion to the winds. The beauty of Mrs. Siddons had had a powerful effect upon his susceptible heart when she had first come upon his eyes on the stage of the Smock Alley theatre.

On that night he had believed that she kept her eyes fixed upon him while repeating some of the beautiful soliloquies in "Isabella." The artful suggestions of Jimmy Blake had had their effect upon him, and now he held in his hand a letter that left him no room to doubt — even if he had been inclined that way — the accuracy of the tale that his poor heart had originally told him.

He dressed himself with his accustomed care, and, having deluged his cambric with civet — it had been the favourite scent of thirty years before — he indulged in the unusual luxury of a chair to convey him to the lodgings of the great actress; for he felt that it might seriously jeopardize his prospects to appear in the presence of the lady with soiled shoes.

The house where Mrs. Siddons lodged was not an imposing one. She had arrived in Dublin from Holyhead at two o'clock in the morning, and she was compelled to walk about the streets in a downpour of rain for several hours before she could prevail upon any one to take her in. It is scarcely surprising that she conceived a strong and enduring prejudice against Dublin and its inhabitants.

On enquiring in a whisper and with a confidential smirk for Mrs. Siddons, he learned from the maid servant that the lady was in her room, and that Mr. Siddons had not returned from his morning visit to the theatre. The servant stated, however, that Mrs. Sid-

dons had given the strictest orders to admit no one into her presence.

"Ah, discreet as one might have expected," murmured Dionysius. "She does not mean to run the chance of disappointing me. Which is her parlour, child?"

"It's the first front, yer honour," said the girl; "but Lord save yer honour, she'd murder me if I let ye go up. Oh, it's joking ye are."

"Hush," whispered Dionysius, his finger on his lips. "Not so loud, I pray. She is waiting for me."

"Holy Biddy! waiting for yer?" cried the maid. "Now don't be afther getting a poor colleen into throuble, sir. I'm telling ye that it's killed entirely I'd be if I let ye go up."

"Don't be a fool, girl," says Dionysius, still speaking in a whisper. "I give you my word of honour as a gentleman that Mrs. Siddons is awaiting me. Zounds! why do I waste time talking to a menial? Out of my way, girl."

He pushed past the servant, leaving her somewhat awe-stricken at his grand manner and his finery, and when she recovered and made a grab for his coat tails, he was too quick for her. He plucked them out of her reach, and she perceived that he had got such a start of her that pursuit would be useless. In a few moments he was standing before the door of the room on the first floor that faced the street.

His heart was fluttering so that he had scarcely courage to tap upon the panel. He had tapped a second time before that grand contralto, that few persons could hear without emotion, bade him enter. He turned the handle and stood facing Mrs. Siddons.

She was sitting in a gracefully majestic attitude by the side of a small table on which a desk was placed. Mrs. Siddons never unbent for a moment in private life. She assumed majestic attitudes in the presence of the lodging-house servant, and spoke in a tragic contralto to the linen-draper's apprentice. She turned her lovely eyes upon Dionysius Hogan as he stood smirking and bowing at the door. There was a vista of tragedy in the delivery of the two words —

“Well, sir?”

It took him some moments to recover from the effect the words produced upon him. He cleared his throat — it was somewhat husky — and with an artificial smirk he piped out:

“Madam — ah, my charmer, I have rushed to clasp my goddess to my bosom! Ah, fair creature, who could resist your appeal?”

He advanced in the mincing gait of the macaronis. She sprang to her feet. She pointed an eloquent forefinger at a spot on the floor directly in front of him.

“Wretch,” she cried, “advance a step at your peril!” Her eyes were flashing and her lips were apart.

His mincing ceased abruptly; and only the ghost of a smirk remained upon his patched and painted face. It was in a very fluty falsetto that he said:

“Ah, I see my charmer wants to be wooed. But why should Amanda reproach her Strephon for but obeying her behests? Wherefore so coy, dear nymph? Let these loving arms —”

“Madman — wretch —”

“Nay, chide me not, dear one. 'Tis but the ardour of my passion that bids me clasp thee, the fairest of Hebe's train. We shall fly together to some retreat — far from the distractions —”

“ Oh, the man is mad — mad ! ” cried the lady, retreating a step or two as he advanced.

“ Only mad with the ardour of my passion,” whispered Dionysius.

“ Oh, heavens! that I should live to hear such words spoken in my presence!” cried Mrs. Siddons, with her hands clasped in passionate appeal to a smiling portrait of the landlady’s husband that hung over the fireplace. Then she turned upon Dionysius and looked at him.

Her eyes blazed. Their fire consumed the unfortunate man on whom they rested. He felt himself shrivelled up and become crisp as an autumn leaf. He trembled like one, as a terrible voice, but no louder than a whisper, sounded in his ears:

“ Are you a human being or the monster of a dream, that you dare to speak such words in my hearing? What wretch are you that fancies that Sarah Siddons may be addressed by such as you and in language that is an insult to a pure wife and mother. I am Sarah Siddons, sir; I am a wife who holds her husband’s honour dearer than life itself — I am a mother who will never cause a blush of shame to mantle the brow of one of her children. Wretch! insulter! why are mine eyes not basilisks, with death in their glance, to such as you?”

Down went Dionysius on his knees before that terrible figure that stretched out wild quivering hands above his head. Such gestures as hers would have filled the stage of Drury Lane. In the lodging-house parlour they were overwhelming.

“ For God’s sake spare me, spare me,” he faltered, with his hands clasped and his head bent before that fury.

“ Why should I spare such a wretch — why should I not trample such a worm into the dust?”

She took a frantic step toward him. With a short

cry of abject terror he fell along the floor, and gasped. It seemed to him that she had trampled the life out of his body.

She stood above him with a heaving bosom beneath her folded arms.

There was a long pause before he heard the door open. A weight seemed lifted off him. He found that he could breathe. In a few moments he ventured to raise his head. He saw a beautiful figure sitting at the desk writing. Even in the scratching of her pen along the paper there was a tone of tragedy.

He crawled backward upon his hands and knees, with his eyes furtively fixed upon that figure at the desk. If when he had looked up he had found her standing with an arm outstretched in the direction of the door, he felt that he would have been able to rise to his feet and leave her presence; but Mrs. Siddons' dramatic instinct caused her to produce a deeper impression upon him by simply treating him as if he were dead at her feet — as if she had indeed trampled the life out of his body.

He crept away slowly and painfully backward until he was actually on the lobby. Then by a great effort he sprang to his feet, rushed headlong down the stairs, picked himself up in the hall, and fled wildly through the door, that chanced to be open, into the street. He overthrew a chairman in his wild flight, and as he turned the corner he went with a rush into the arms of a young man who, with a few others by his side, was sauntering along.

“Zounds! sir, what do you mean by this mode of progression?” cried the young man, holding him fast.

Dionysius grasped him limply, looking at him with wild staring eyes.

“For God’s sake, Mr. Blake, save me from her — do n’t let her get hold of me, for the love of all the saints.”

“What do you mean, you fool?” said Jimmy Blake.
“Who is anxious to get hold of you?”

But no answer was returned by poor Dionysius. He lay with his head over Blake’s shoulder, his arms swaying limply down like two pendulums.

“By the powers, he has gone off in a swoon,” said young Blenerhassett. “Let us carry him to the nearest tavern.”

In less than half an hour Dionysius had recovered consciousness; but it required a longer space of time and the administration of a considerable quantity of whisky to enable him to tell all his story. He produced the letter signed “S. S.” which he had received in the morning, and explained that he had paid the visit to Mrs. Siddons only with a view of reasoning her out of her infatuation, which, he said with a shadowy simper, he could not encourage.

“I had hardly obtained access to her when she turned upon me in a fury,” said he. “Ah, boys, those eyes of hers! — I feel them still upon me. They made me feel like a poor wretch that’s marched out in front of a platoon to be shot before breakfast. And her voice — well, it sounded like the voice of the officer giving the word of command to the platoon to fire. When I lay ready to expire at her feet, every word that she spoke had the effect of a bayonet’s prod upon my poor body. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! I’ll leave it to yourself, Mr. Blake, was it generous of her to stab me with cold steel after I was riddled with red hot bullets?”

“I’m sorry to say, Mr. Hogan,” replied Blake, “that I can’t take a lenient view of your conduct. We all know what you are, sir. You seek to inculcate the gallantries of the reign of his late Majesty upon the present highly moral age. Mrs. Siddons, sir, is a true

wife and mother, besides being a most estimable actress, and you deserved the rebuff from the effects of which you are now suffering. Sir, we leave you to the gnawings of that remorse which, I trust, you feel acutely."

Mr. Blake, with his friends, left the tavern room as Dionysius was beginning to whimper.

In the street a roar of laughter burst from the students.

"Mother o' Moses!" cried Moriarty. "'Tis a golden guinea I'd give to have been present when the Siddons turned upon the poor devil."

"Then I'll give you a chance of being present at a better scene than that," said Blake.

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" asked Moriarty.

"I mean to bring you with me to pay a visit to Mrs. Siddons this very minute."

"'Tis joking you are, Jimmy?"

"Oh, the devil a joke, ma bouchal! Man alive, can't you see that the fun is only beginning? We'll go to her in a body and make it out that she has insulted a friend of ours by attributing false motives to him, and that her husband must come out to the Park in the morning."

"That's carrying a joke a bit too far," said Blenerhassett. "I'll not join in with you there."

"Nobody axed ye, sir," said Blake. "There are three of us here without you, and that's enough for our purpose."

"If Mr. Siddons kicks you into the street, or if Sally treats you as she did that poor devil in the tavern, 't is served right that you 'll be," said Blenerhassett, walking off.

"We'll have a scene with Sarah Siddons for our trouble at any rate," laughed Blake.

The three young men who remained when the more

scrupulous youth had departed, went together to Mrs. Siddons' lodgings. They understood more than Dionysius did about the art of obtaining admittance when only a portress stood in the way — a squeeze, a kiss and a crown combined to make the maid take a lenient view of the consequences of permitting them to go up the stairs.

When, after politely rapping at the door of the parlour, the three entered the room, they found the great actress in precisely the same attitude she had assumed for her last visitor. The dignity of her posture was not without its effect upon the young men. They were not quite so self-confident as they had been outside the door. Each of them looked at the other, so to speak; but somehow none of the three appeared to be fluent. They stood bowing politely, keeping close to the door.

“Who are these persons?” said Mrs. Siddons, as if uttering her thoughts. “Am I in a civilized country or not?”

“Madam,” said Blake, finding his voice at last, when a slur was cast upon his country. “Madam, Ireland was the home of civilization when the inhabitants of England were prowling the woods naked except for a coat of paint.”

Mrs. Siddons sprang to her feet.

“Sir,” she cried, “you are indelicate as well as impertinent. You have no right to intrude upon me without warning.”

“The urgency of our mission is our excuse, madam,” said Blake. “The fact is, madam, to come to the point, the gentleman who visited you just now is our friend.”

“Your friend, sir, is a scoundrel. He grossly insulted me,” said Mrs. Siddons.

“Ah, ’t is sorry I am to find you do n’t yet understand the impulses of a warm-hearted nation, madam,” said Blake, shaking his head. “The gentleman came to com-

pliment you on your acting, and yet you drove him from your door like a hound. That, according to our warm-hearted Irish ways, constitutes an offence that must be washed out in blood — ay, blood, madam.”

“What can be your meaning, sir?”

“It only means, madam, that your husband, whom we all honor on account of the genius — we don’t deny it — the genius and virtue of his wife, will have to meet the most expert swordsman in Ireland in Phoenix Park in the morning, and that Sarah Siddons will be a widow before breakfast time.”

There was a pause before there came a cry of anguish more pitiful than any expression of emotion that the three youths had ever heard.

“My husband! my husband!” were the words that sounded like a sob in their ears.

Mrs. Siddons had averted her head. Her face was buried in her hands. The wink in which Jimmy Blake indulged as he gave Moriarty a nudge was anything but natural.

“Why was I ever tempted to come to this country?” cried the lady wildly.

“Madam, we humbly sympathize with you — and with the country,” said Blake. He would not allow any reflection to be cast upon his country.

She took a few steps toward the three young men, and faced them with clasped hands. She looked into the three faces in turn, with passionate entreaty in her eyes.

“Have you no pity?” she faltered.

“Yes,” said Blake. “That we have; we do pity you heartily, madam.”

“Are you willing to take part in this act of murder — murder?” cried Mrs. Siddons, in a low voice that caused the flesh of at least two of her audience to creep.

“Are you blind? Can ’t you see the world pointing at you as I point at you, and call you murderers?” She stood before them with her eyes half closed, her right hand pointing to each of them in turn as she prolonged the word, suggesting a thousand voices whispering “murderers!” There was a long pause, during which the spell-bound youths, their jaws fallen, stared at that terrible figure — the awful form of the Muse of Tragedy. Drops of perspiration stood on the forehead of young Moriarty. Blake himself gave a gasp. “Have you no compassion?” Mrs. Siddons continued, but in another tone — a tone of such pathos so no human being could hear unmoved. Claspings her hands, she cried, “My poor husband! What harm has he done? Is he to be dragged from these arms — these arms that have cherished him with all the devotion that a too-loving wife can offer — is he to be dragged away from this true heart to be butchered? Sirs, we have children — tender little blossoms — oh, cannot you hear their cries? Listen, listen — the wailing of the babes over the mangled body of their father.”

Surely the sound of children’s sobbing went around the room. One of the young men dropped into a chair and burst into tears.

Blake’s lips were quivering, as the streaming eyes of the woman were turned upon him.

“For heaven’s sake, madam,” he faltered — “for heaven’s sake — oh, my God! what have we done? — what have we done? Worse than Herod! the innocent children! — I hear them — I hear them! Oh, God, forgive us! God forgive us for this cruel joke.”

He broke down utterly. The room now was certainly filled with wild sobbing and the sound of convulsive weeping.

For several minutes the three emotional Irishmen sat weeping. They were in the power of the woman, who, at the confession of Blake, had become perfectly self-possessed in a moment. She stood watching them, a scornful smile upon her lips. She knew that the magic which she had at her command could enchain them so long as she wished. She was merciful, however.

“If you consider your jest sufficiently successful, gentlemen,” said she, “perhaps you will oblige me by withdrawing. I have letters to write.”

The spell that she had cast around them was withdrawn.

Blake sprang to his feet and drew his handkerchief across his eyes.

“Mrs. Siddons — Madam,” said he, “we have behaved like scoundrels — nay, worse, like fools. We are not bold enough to ask your pardon, madam ; but believe me, we feel deeply humiliated. You may forgive us, but we shall never forgive ourselves. Madam, you are the greatest actress in the world, and you may expect the finest benefit ever given to an actress in this city.”

But in spite of the fact that Mrs. Siddons’ benefit the following night was all that Mr. Blake predicted it would be, she wrote some very hard words about Dublin to her friend Mr. Whately of Bath.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

LABOR LIMAE.

THE slow, unheated file 'tis fit
Should gnaw a finish on your wit:
But more beset the hammer, while
You forge a blade is worth the file.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



UNE IMPRESSION

DRAWN BY ROB WAGNER

AMERICAN CRITICISM TO-DAY

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER has recently made a trenchant analysis of the present conditions of literary criticism in the United States; and he had no difficulty in showing that feeble flattery was far too frequent in our book reviews and that there was altogether too much puffery needing to be punctured by sharp thrusts. He has made clear his opinion that American literature would to-day be in a healthier condition if we had more competent and more impartial critics. That this opinion is sound will be disputed, I think, by no one who has any intimate knowledge of book reviewing as it is practiced nowadays in the United States and in Great Britain.

But some of the writers who have taken Mr. Warner's essay as a theme for remarks of their own, have gone so far as to imply that criticism in America is to-day in a state of decadence and that we are now worse off than we were once upon a time. For this suggestion, I believe, there is no warrant whatever. In America, in England, in France, the critic having both insight and equipment is a rare bird, no doubt; but then he has always been a rarity. In no time and in no country have competent critics ever been plentiful. Really great critics have always been very scarce; far scarcer than great novelists or great dramatists. The list of the poets, for example, who have adorned the literature of our language in this century is long indeed, while the list of the critics of corresponding rank, who have written in English, is startlingly brief. There were four great Greek dramatists, but Aristotle was the only critic of that golden age worthy to be classed with Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripedes and Aristophanes. There were three great French dramatists,

Corneille, Molière and Racine; but no critic of their time can be placed on their level unless it be Boileau, by courtesy.

Here in America to-day, the need of competent criticism is felt more sharply than ever before, and here, as in other countries and in other centuries, the supply is quite inadequate to the demand. But there has been no decadence, no decline, no falling off. On the contrary, every student of the history of American literature cannot but acknowledge that there are more honest and capable critics in the United States to-day than there were in any period of the past. The level of contemporary criticism in America is far higher than it was when Dennie edited the *Portfolio*, for instance, or than it was when Poe edited the *Broadway Journal*. Any one who wants to see how far we have gone forward has only to turn over the pages of Griswold's "Poets of America," or to remember that time was when the *Albion* (a weekly written by expatriated cockneys for colonial cockneys) was the review to which most American readers looked for guidance. Whatever deficiencies we may choose to discover in the *Dial*, of Chicago, or in the *Bookman*, of New York, to compare either of them with the *Albion*, or the *Broadway Journal*, or the *Portfolio*, would be as insulting as it would be absurd.

And we may go farther, it seems to me, and declare not only that our criticism has improved steadily with the growth of our literature, but also that it is less inadequate in dealing with scientific subjects than with artistic. If we apply De Quincey's distinction between the "literature of knowledge" and the "literature of power," we should class under the former head history, for example, and all the allies of historical investigation, and under the latter we should group fiction and poetry

and the drama. It is in the reviewing of the books which belong to the literature of power that our present condition is least satisfactory — in the analysis of works of literary art, in the application of the eternal principles to the ephemeral story or lyric. Much better provision has been made for the due consideration of the books which belong to the “literature of knowledge,” and which are in a measure scientific.

Here we have been helped by the development of the genuine university and by the increase in the number of institutions capable of giving post-graduate instruction. The author of a history, of the biography of a statesman, of a political essay, of an economical treatise, of a philosophical or psychological or pedagogic enquiry, can now feel assured that his book will be judged by experts not ashamed to back their opinions by their signatures. Of its kind there is no better book-reviewing anywhere than that which we find regularly in the *Political Science Quarterly*, in the *Educational Review*, in the *American Historical Review*, in the *Psychological Review*, and in any one of half a dozen other journals of a like learning and impartiality. It is true that in some of these articles written by scholars to be read by students, there may be detected now and again a tendency to lay perhaps undue stress on technicalities; but the letter of the law, even if it be not as important as the spirit thereof, has an importance of its own, only too often overlooked in the happy-go-lucky, catch-as-catch-can criticism of the writers who lack the special knowledge of the expert.

It is greatly to be regretted that there is in the United States no artistic review worthy to be compared with these scientific reviews, and able to give as much space and as conscientious treatment to works of pure

literature as these give to the books which fall within their several fields. Here we miss the *North American Review* as it was when Lowell edited it, and before it become a rival of the syndicate page of the Sunday newspaper. Only at rare intervals does the *Forum* find room for an exhaustive study of an author,—such, for example, as Prof. W. P. Trent's recent and most interesting paper on "Theodore Roosevelt as a Historian." Articles of this sort sometimes appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but they are generally anonymous and are therefore wanting in weight.

One of the chief reasons why criticism is finer and more influential in France than it is in either Great Britain or the United States, is that the critic in France warrants his opinions with his signature. What the French critic has to say about another man's work, he says boldly, with no mask of skulking disguise; and that this openness in no wise cramps his freedom of speech will be admitted by all who have read the articles on M. Georges Ohnet's novels, which M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Anatole France wrote, one after the other. The habit of signing criticisms tends to courtesy of phrase and to carefulness of statement; it forces the critic to make sure of his facts and to weigh his words well; it spares the author from the contemptible meanness and the cowardly malignity which sometimes lurk in anonymous criticism.

Although only authors of experience know the immense superiority of the signed to the unsigned book review, the general public seems to have the same preference. The New York correspondent of the London *Author*, noting that the American *Bookman*, in less than a year after it was started, had attained to a circulation larger than those of the *Nation* and of the *Critic* com-

bined, suggested that perhaps this success was due to the fact that most of the book reviews of the *Bookman* bore the names of their writers. In not a few of the daily newspapers of late the more important criticisms are authenticated by the name or by the initials of the writers. The practice seems to be spreading, and in time it may become general. It will have the disadvantage, of course, of putting an increased premium on the work of the writers who have well-known names; but, after all, the writers with the well-known names are probably those who best deserve to be known. And, on the other hand, it will have the advantage, I think, of increasing the class of writers who are not multifarious as the ordinary newspaper reviewer is now forced to pretend to be, but who have educated themselves in one or more specialties. It will aid in developing critics who may fairly be called experts in poetry and in fiction.

As a novelist myself I am inclined to hope, that with the abandonment of the habit of anonymity, there will come a demand for the expert opinion of our fellow-craftsmen. To my mind no writing about literature is more interesting or more instructive than that of an author who practises in the same department of literary art. Mr. Stedman's discussion of the "Victorian Poets" and of the "Poets of America," owes a part of its charm to our knowledge that Mr. Stedman is a poet himself. The epigram of one of Disraeli's characters to the effect that "critics are those who have failed in literature and art," is true only of those who fail as critics also. The really successful critics are those who have succeeded in literature and art—Arnold, Lowell, Fromentin. I find myself reading the dramatic criticisms of M. Jules Lemaitre with a greater zest now that he has himself come forward as a writer of plays. And when Mr. Howells discusses an

American novel and dwells cordially on its merits, the author whom he praises has the pleasure of feeling that this is the approbation of one who has proved himself a master of the craft.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

TO P. V.

SO they would raise your monument,
Old vagabond of lovely earth ?
Another answer without words
To Humdrum's, "What are poets worth?"

Not much we gave you when alive,
Whom now we lavishly deplore, —
A little bread, a little wine,
A little *caporal*—no more.

Here in our lodging of a day
You roistered till we were appalled ;
Departing, in your room we found
A string of golden verses scrawled.

The princely manor-house of art
A vagrant artist entertains ;
And when he gets him to the road,
Behold, a princely gift remains.

Abashed, we set your name above
The purse-full patrons of our board ;
Remind newcomers with a nudge,
"Verlaine took once what we afford!"

The gardens of the Luxembourg,
Spreading beneath the brilliant sun,
Shall be your haunt of leisure now
When all your wander years are done.

There you shall stand ; the very mien
You wore in Paris streets of old,
And ponder what a thing is life,
Or watch the chestnut blooms unfold.

There you will find, I dare surmise,
Another tolerance than ours, —
The loving kindness of the grass,
The tender patience of the flowers.

And every year, when May returns
To bring the golden age again,
And hope comes back with poetry
In your loved land across the Seine,

Some youth will come with foreign speech,
Bearing his dream from over sea,
A lover of your flawless craft,
Apprenticed to your poverty.

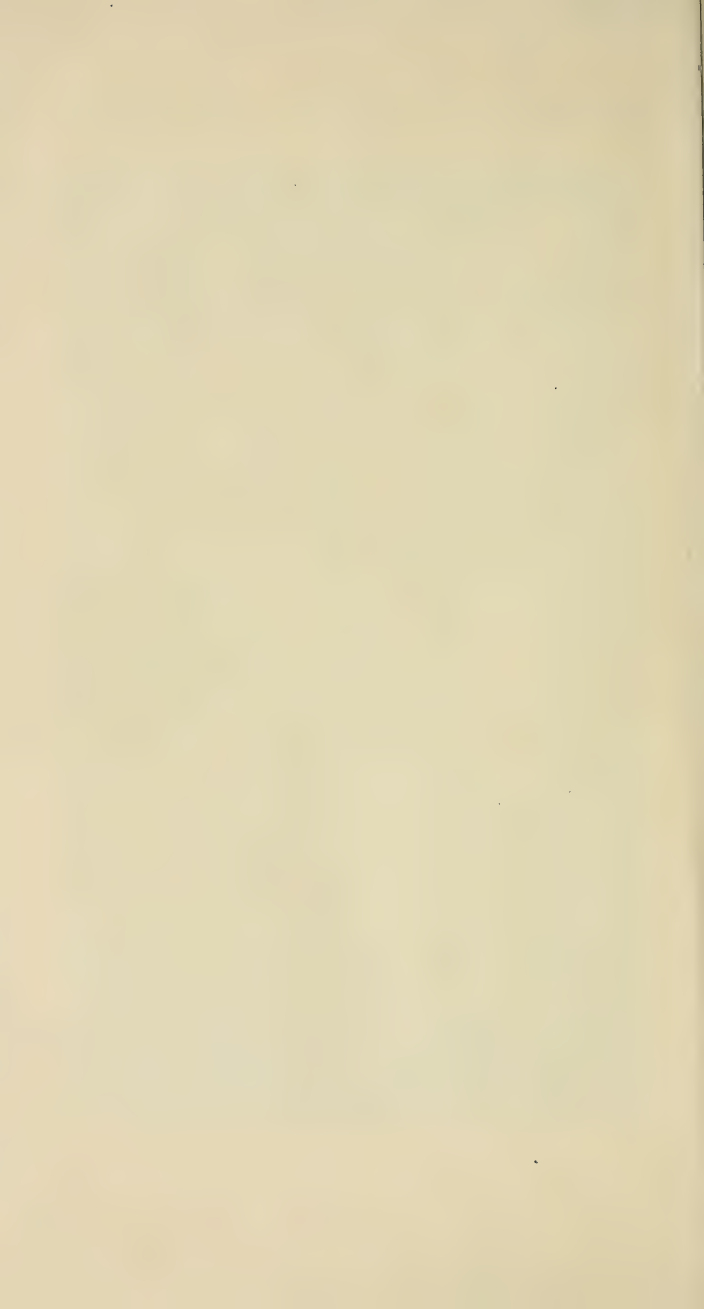
He will be mute before you there,
And mark those lineaments which tell
What stormy, unrelenting fate
Had one who served his art so well.

And there be yours, the livelong day,
Beyond the mordant reach of pain,
The little gospel of the leaves,
The *Nunc dimittis* of the rain !

B. C.



MR. WILLIAM ARCHER.
THE CHAP-BOOK, October 1, 1886.



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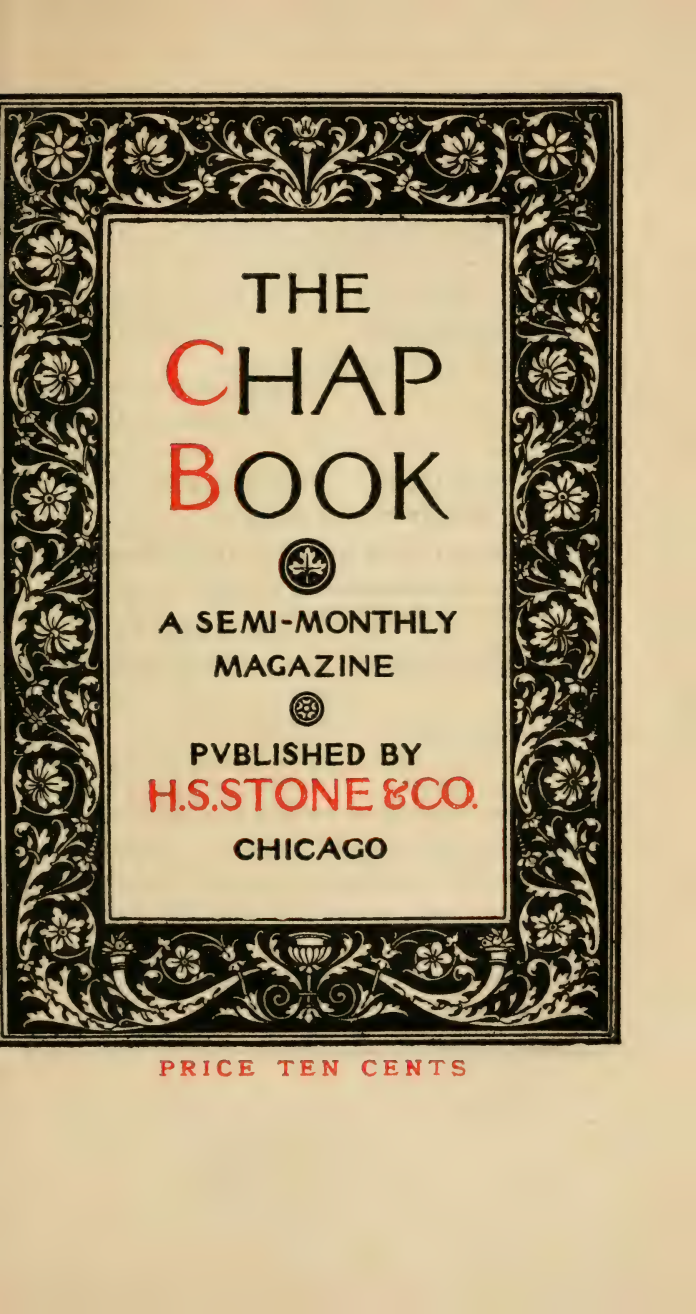


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Bestow fresh beauty on our eyes,
Despite of Time's declining cheer,
Of Spring departed, chillier skies :
But though she tame the magic gaze,
Disquiet heart, rebellious curl,
Benignant comeliness displays
The matron lovelier than the girl.

Spring is the maiden, tall and cool,
Approaching joy with tender zest,
Her forehead frankly beautiful,
A bed of lilies in her breast :
Yet though she stir our eager blood,
Perfection does not dwell in this ;
Her sleeping force of motherhood
Awakes our brightest dreams of bliss.

Autumn's the mother. How she smiles
Upon her tawny kindred there,
Who, in the yellow cornland miles,
With joy bind up the golden fare.
Her talent used, her bosom lent
To nurse us with immortal aid,
We worship her, divinely sent,
A matron lovelier than a maid.

NORMAN GALE.



CURIOSITY AND CONCENTRATION

THE tendency in this country to ease any intensity of feeling by the play of humor adds very much to the pleasantness of American life, but it is sometimes a serious menace to the force of public opinion and to that concentration of purpose which drives straight to its end. In England a dirty street, impudence in hotel clerks, indifference on the part of railway officials, evokes a wholesome indignation which is not to be diverted or dissipated until it has secured an explanation or a reform. In this country few men are willing to take the trouble to be angry on any subject. The influence of a certain very effective journalist was recently explained by the statement that he is the only man in America who can remain angry three weeks at a time. Most of us indulge a brief indignation when we have been imposed upon, but our wrath evaporates in a rapid discernment of the humorous aspects of the affair. We make jokes about dirty streets, municipal rings and political bosses when our wills ought to be set like steel to change or destroy them. Our keen sense of humour saves us from some follies, but it also robs us of a good deal of force, and our genius for laughter is not without its perils.

The American, as a rule, finds it hard to concentrate his whole power on any single object and hold it there steadily for a long period of time. As humor dissipates his power of indignation, so intellectual curiosity and alertness disperse his intellectual force over a great variety of interests instead of focussing it on a few carefully chosen ends. We are a very quick and agile people intellectually, but we are defective in concentration, and concentration is the condition of intellectual achievement

along high lines. In literature, for instance, our characteristics so far have been lightness of touch, refinement of taste, and a fine strain of idealism rather than virility, elemental strength, and the kind of vigor which brings with it the sense of a new force at work. There seems to be, in many American writers of real gift, a lack of fibre ; they touch things charmingly, but they do not grasp them. We enjoy their delicacy, their humor, their facile ease and skill ; but they do not strike home to our deepest selves ; they seem, somehow, provisional and prefatory to something more fundamental and original. They skim gracefully over the surface of our life ; they do not search its depths.

As a rule, our writers do not take themselves or their vocation seriously enough. It is true, some whose gifts are of the lightest sort, and whose taste is most uncertain, treat themselves with a seriousness altogether out of proportion to the importance of their work, and attach to ill-considered trifles a dignity which belongs to work of a very different quality. But entirely aside from these ambitious but feeble practitioners of one of the most exacting of arts, it remains true that many writers of real gift spend their force upon a great variety of themes of secondary importance, and treat literature very much as they would treat journalism ; studying to discover those aspects which have what is called a timely interest, or which afford the opportunity of easy and graceful treatment. In looking through the current periodical writing one is struck with the variety of subjects presented and the high average of skill with which they are presented ; but one is also struck by the paucity of serious discussions of serious literary interests.

It must be added, as a partial explanation of this condition of things, that American readers, are, as a rule,

afraid of serious reading ; they wish to be amused and entertained ; they do not care to be instructed and inspired. This is not saying, of course, that the country is entirely lacking in discriminating and highly trained men and women who are accustomed to demand the best from the writers they read, and who expect to give the best in exchange ; on the contrary, it is safe to say that no new book of high quality — Amiel's *Journal*, for instance — will find elsewhere a quicker or more sympathetic recognition. It remains true, nevertheless, that the vast majority of those who read neither invite serious attention nor give it. To these readers literature is not a serious art, nor is the writing of it serious business. They expect to be entertained by it ; they do not regard it as among the greater resources of life, nor do they regard it as one of the most vital and spiritual expressions of that life. These readers are quite ready to skim the depths opened up by what is known as the higher criticism when those depths are stirred up by the writer of *Robert Elsmere* ; but they are quite unwilling to read the works of the critics themselves. They are eager to read a popular condensation of recent scientific advances and discussions, but they carefully avoid personal contact with the works in which discovery and theory are set forth at first hand. It is the short-cut which is crowded ; the path by which the subject has been opened is rarely trodden.

There is a good deal of curiosity about popular writers, and the demand for personal sketches, with photographs, is apparently insatiable. If Bacon were alive there would doubtless be numberless accounts of the man, his belongings, habits and tastes, with pictures of his library, his favorite walk, the pen with which the *Novum Organum* and the *Essays* were written ; but it is doubtful if the

Novum Organum or the *Essays* would have any marked increase of readers. Dante would be the victim of reporters if he were living in exile in this country, but the *Divine Comedy* would still remain a lofty peak, rising in lonely majesty above the world of Letters, seen by many but visited by few.

This unwillingness to put the mind to serious uses in the way of reading is due neither to lack of ability nor to intellectual sluggishness ; it is due largely to lack of concentration and to the predominance of curiosity over intelligent interest. Hosts of people waste in miscellaneous and superficial reading, time and strength which, rightly directed, would secure real acquaintance with the finest works of literature. If the newspapers and popular magazines make any revelation of the taste of the average reader, that taste is for the superficial and personal treatment of a great variety of unimportant subjects and of insignificant people. Much of the reading matter supplied by these periodicals is addressed apparently to mature people, but is selected distinctly for minds which are still unformed and untrained ; minds which are in the stage of childhood, when curiosity is the characteristic mood, and the habits of sustained thinking and of intellectual concentration have not yet been formed. It is possible that curiosity and restlessness are inherent in the very youthfulness of America, and that we are doing quite as much serious and sustained work as could be expected from so new a people ; but even if this be true it is high time that we should begin to submit ourselves to the mutual discipline which makes the production of literature of the highest order possible. It is time for serious reading and for serious writing.

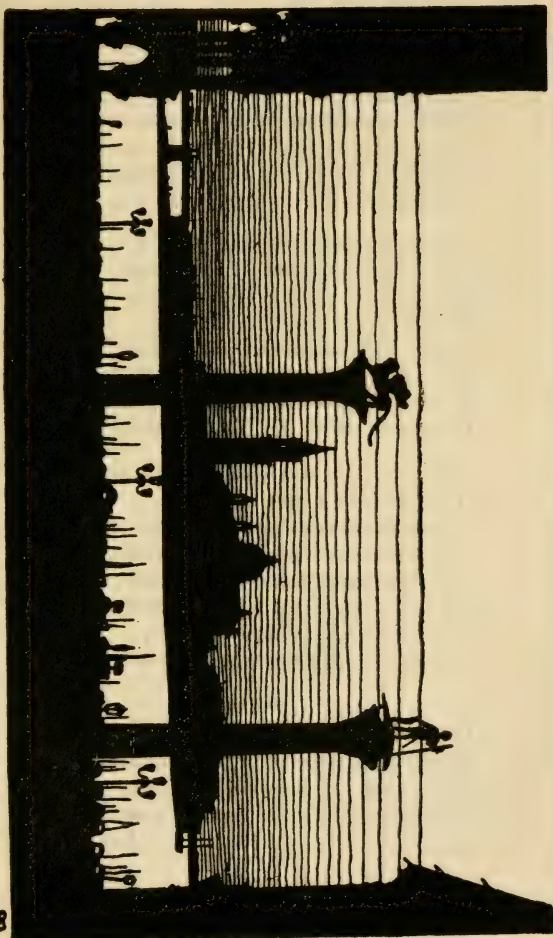
Writers of sustained force and originality often have the gift of the light touch, but they are always serious

in their attitude to their profession, and they are not afraid of treating literature in its fundamental aspects. A great deal of good-natured humor was directed at different times to the immense respect in which Tennyson held his own powers and the high seriousness with which he treated himself as a representative English poet. If he had held his art or himself more lightly it is very certain that the Victorian age would not have had a laureate who, in the rushing stream of modern interests and activities held his art so nobly and consistently in its antique dignity of place, and clothed it with such unsullied splendor of purpose and achievement. The poet who is afraid to be serious, who is sensitive to the atmosphere of light satire which now-a-days, in so many circles, plays pleasantly but destructively about all earnestness of mood and purpose, may write graceful verse but will never write great poetry. Humor is one of the highest gifts which fall to the lot of the artist, but it is significant that the great humorists have all been in dead earnest. Lightness of touch is the peculiar grace of many writers of high skill, but it is noticeable that it is always united in such cases to great power of concentration. No modern English writer has touched things more lightly than Matthew Arnold, but what toughness of fibre his work has, what persistence of purpose runs through it, what concentration of interest and thought binds it together, and builds it into solid symmetry !

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.



VENEZIA



DRAWN BY CLAUDE PAYETTE BRAGDON

BALLADE OF THE FIELDS

THE light of noonday white and clear,
The babble of a sleepy stream
Whose monotone melts in the ear
And lures the weary lids to dream,
The warm and earthy smells that steam
From sunburnt soil, the locusts brown
That skim the air with dizzy scream —
A meadow with the bars let down.

The little winds that flaw and vere,
And lengthen out an endless theme,
That clover blossoms bend to hear
Of voyages in the blue supreme
Where half-forgotten wonders teem,
And growing faint and fainter drown
In honey where the bees blaspheme —
A meadow with the bars let down.

And then the still light, far and near,
Is centred in a single beam,
Where warm curls glisten, tier on tier,
And under eyelids white like cream,
Pure eyes that pardon and redeem ;
So, following these, I leave renown
And traverse to its dear extreme,
A meadow with the bars let down.

ENVOY.

Lord, when the golden barriers gleam
Where she awaits with starry crown,
Grant that the heavenly land may seem
A meadow with the bars let down.

ANN DEVOORE.

THE RESTORATION

IT was a surprise to every one that Moab was nominated. No one had taken his candidacy seriously, though they all understood that he had intended it so. It was the great misfortune of Moab Rinker that the world seemed to regard him as a joke, beginning with his name, and continuing to all his aspirations. Only as a mild joke, it is true, for he was not broadly ridiculous. And as for his aspirations, he was not wildly ambitious. He had lived quietly for twenty years on the farm which his father had left him, newly hedged and broken, four zig-zag miles out on the prairie. He was not a talkative man, and he did not "hustle." At one time he had thought of becoming township trustee, but his neighbors smiled, and his opponent laughed, and Moab himself was the only man in the community who was unable to extract any merriment from the election.

He had gone through the war, and at the first, just after his return, the two other men who came home with him had testified to his soldierly good character and personal bravery. But one of them died, and the other drifted away to Dakota, and it came to pass that after Moab had joined the G. A. R. Post which was organized in Minchester, he was a silent member in most of the meetings. Finally, when Captain Fortwright, who had lain safely behind a tree at Shiloh, and ploughed up the ground within a radius of ten feet with his mis-directed lead, learned that Moab expected to be the sole representative of the post at the state encampment, he intimated that it might be well to send a more patriotic delegate than Comrade Rinker. And so, although Comrade Rinker drew down upon himself the commander's stern displeasure by calmly carrying out his

plan, he was irregular in his attendance at the post meetings thereafter.

People were also openly skeptical about his success as a farmer, and he was driven at last to an agreement with them in the matter, and sold his deteriorated farm, and bought a lot and a small house in Minchester. He brought a team and a wagon from the farm with him, and made a scant living by hauling stray trunks and boxes, and the regular draying of the ten or twelve Minchester stores. For nearly five years his steadiness and his wife's careful economy, made it possible for them to live comfortably, though simply. Then came an evening when Martha Rinker, glancing at her husband as he drove slowly past the window toward the stable, saw something in his face which made her study it more closely. She gave no other sign, but she met him at the door, as she had always met him when they both were young. He moved slowly and wearily, as he hung up his hat and coat, though there had been little work for the afternoon. She finished setting the table without questioning him, but after the blessing had been muttered, reverently, but unintelligibly, he did not eat.

"Mother," he said, with an effort — he had used the name unchangeably since the death of their only child years before — "I do n't know what's to become of us now. I found out this afternoon that Frank Burns is goin' to start a dray next week, and he's got the Beehive's haulin' engaged already, and the Globe's too."

"Frank Burns," she cried, in simple astonishment. "I wonder where he got a team." Then words failed her, and she put down the sugar-bowl again, and stared at her husband. After a moment she spoke, not lightly, but bravely. "Well, that's only two of the stores."

"There'll be more," said Moab, hopelessly.

The sun was setting, and the light streaming through the west window into his eyes, made him involuntarily turn them away.

She rose, and lowered the blind enough to shade him. "Moab," she said, as she turned to him again — and the grotesque name sounded sweet, from the lips which had formed it so often, "You don't deserve to have so much trouble — and all about hauling a few boxes and barrels. You're able to do a better kind of work than that; — why not try something that's more fit for you?"

He disclaimed, almost bitterly, any such superiority as she claimed for him; but that faith of hers, which had triumphed over so many attacks, conquered even him, at last. And so it was perhaps that which led him into the paths of ambition. It is certain that at the time she expressed it he was comforted.

But the rival teamster was young and popular, and day after day the few dollars came more and more slowly. Some change became absolutely necessary, and Moab announced his desire to be nominated for Justice of the Peace, and went quietly to work to secure votes. It was a strange undertaking, for so modest a man. Old 'Squire Hardin had held the office for twelve years, and was very actively announcing himself as a receptive candidate for another nomination. Moab held on, courageously at first — doggedly and desperately afterwards. It became apparent, even to him, that many of the assurance he received were the cruel hoaxes of practical jokers. His faith received blow after blow, until at last he saw fully the real absurdity of his attempt. That day was the darkest of all days to him, since the one on which he had buried his baby boy. It was not alone the vanished hope of obtaining the office

which distressed him. It was not the consciousness that he had made himself ridiculous, though that, especially for Martha's sake, hurt him cruelly. The wasted days burdened his conscience, the hours spent, as he bitterly declared, "in making a fool of himself," while even his wife could not deny that their affairs were in such a condition that delay was intolerable.

"The whole summer is as good as gone, now," he cried. "Two months ago I might have saved myself. Now it is too late; every chance is gone, thrown away, and nothing left."

But it was the very fact that aggravated his disappointment that brought him salvation. The same evening that Moab sat disconsolate the news came of young Hardin's illness, and the old 'Squire announced that he would go at once. It was understood that he was likely to act in accordance with his son's wishes, and make his home with him in the city, and so the field was left vacant, except for Moab, which amounted to the same thing. For the convention was only three days away, and in Minchester it takes nearly that to see an opportunity, and twice as long to grasp it. So the seemingly impossible happened, and Moab had a walkover. The political constitution of Minchester was such that not ten men in the town would have ventured to think of deserting their principles so basely as to vote for any nominee of the opposite party, and Moab was for the first time since the war fortunate enough to be on the winning side. So he became 'Squire Rinker almost before the people were aware of it, and certainly without any conviction on their part that he was fitted for the place.

Ordinarily the densest ignoramus might have filled the office for months without having any occasion to betray himself, but the evil star which had been over Rinker

throughout his life was balefully brilliant now. An attention was paid him from the first which was far from complimentary, and two of his official experiences gave him immediate notoriety. The first came when he had been in office but forty-eight hours, and was already wondering when the financial advantage of his new dignity would begin to manifest itself.

It was a gloomy night. Minchester mud was at its greatest passable depth, and only dire necessity could force a man to launch his horses into the black mortar of the roads. The low clouds scurried over the prairie, and seemed barely to escape the two church spires in safety. The wind was chilly, damp, and penetrating, and it occasionally blew careless pedestrians off the plank walks, as they turned the corners. Sometimes it hurled a dash of rain into their faces. Martha Rinker, as she sprinkled down the clothes for the ironing in the morning, and listened to the howling of the blast at the house-corners, told herself that winter was at hand. Then she was startled by a knock, and Moab opened the door for Tobe Ebbitts to enter, which he did with a loud greeting, and an all-pervasive smile. As an attempt at humanity, Tobe was about as complete a failure as a hundred towns like Minchester could exhibit, but he was more or less feared for the sharpness of his tongue, and especially so since he had inserted one or two Minchester letters in the Argosport *Daily Lighthouse*. Martha, therefore, regarded him with a suspicious eye, and listened with considerable anxiety.

“Well, Moab,” announced his dubious visitor, “you’re in luck. Got a wedding the very first thing. I guess you’re goin’ to do a regular land-office business.”

It was certainly what Moab had been hoping for, and

yet his knees suddenly gave way under him, and he sank into his chair.

“Who is it?” he asked, feebly.

“Jeff Solar’s the man,” returned the other, “and I do n’t remember her name. She’s a widder woman, any how, and she’s got a baby with her. They’re right out in front.”

Moab turned his chair toward the table, kicking one of the varnished legs violently, and causing Ebbitts to smile.

“Tell ’em to come in,” he commanded.

“They won’t come in,” objected Tobe. “Jeff’s pretty well loaded, and he says to come right out and marry ’em in the wagon. You’ve got a lantern, have n’t you?”

“Yes,” said Moab, and slowly started for it. Suddenly a mental illumination made him forget the lantern. “Did they get a license?” he queried. “You know I can’t marry them without.”

He was granted only temporary relief. Tobe opened the door and called out into the darkness, “Have you got a license, Jeff?”

“Yes, they’re in my pocket,” came the assuring reply. “Come and get ’em, and see if you can’t punch the old coon out sometime.”

Rinker took the paper, and read it by the double light of lamp and lantern, while Tobe, called by the angry tones which drifted unceasingly in through the murk, returned to the wagon.

But the delay became unbearable even to him, and he splashed back again to the house. He found Moab still holding the license before his face and intently examining it. The paper shook at his entrance, but the reading continued.

“Well, ain’t you about ready?” demanded the younger man.

“Yes,” answered Rinker. “I’m almost ready. I’m—just looking over this license a little.”

Tobe threw off the mask, and there was a sneer upon his face.

“Don’t you know how to marry ’em?” he demanded. But the old man faced him at once.

“Yes, sir; yes sir!” he said, standing up stiffly. “I do know how to marry them, according to my oath of office and the statutes of this commonwealth.”

Tobe turned with remarkable precipitancy, and led the way to the wagon. The feeble light fell upon the steaming horses, and revealed the great rolls of mud clinging to the spokes, and hiding them from view. It climbed up to the wagon-box, and showed two spring seats—a man in the front one, alone, and full of curses, but rapidly emptying himself, and behind, a draggled, hard-looking woman, with a child of two or three years in her lap.

The man was savage. “What the —— are you keeping us out here all night for?” he demanded. “Can’t ye ’tend to yer bizness, before we forget what we come for? Hurry it up now. or I’ll get out and put a head on you.”

Moab straightened up, and then looked down again.

“Had n’t you better come into the house?” he suggested.

“In the house?” roared the bridegroom. “What d’ ye s’pose we’ve been soaking out here in the rain all night for, if we wanted to go in the house? Can’t you go ahead, or can ye?”

Rinker looked from one to the other, as if puzzled by their position, but an oath from Solar, and a scowl from

the fair bride, decided him, and he "went ahead." And just as a burst of rain was dashed into the man's face, and, striking the child in the woman's arms, made it cry out, the two were made one.

"We're married now, are we?" demanded the newmade husband, picking up the whip.

"Yes," Moab answered, "you are."

"Well, it's about time you got it done," growled the other, and the horses floundered ahead into the mud and darkness. Moab issued no invitation, but Tobe followed him into the house. He stood grinning while Moab hung up his hat and put out the lantern, and then he laughed aloud.

"Guess I'll get married myself," he scoffed. "It's pretty cheap, since you've got to be 'Squire."

The old man stopped, and stared at him with his hand upraised, and then he clenched it, and brought it down upon the table.

"I never thought of that once," he gasped. "I clean forgot to charge him."

Tobe vanished, with a final shout of laughter, while Moab sat with stricken face, looking into the fire.

"It is n't the money," he mourned. "It is n't the money, though goodness knows I need that bad enough. But just to think that I'm such a fool. Such a fool!"

Then Martha Rinker, forgetful of herself, put her hand timidly upon her husband's shoulder.

"Do n't, Moab," she said, softly. "Do n't talk so. It's the best kind of a fool to be, to forget yourself. A good many would have been more likely to remember the pay, and forget about doing something to deserve it." She hesitated, but a glance at his bowed head led her on. "That's the difference between you and them. It's nothing to feel bad about."

He sat still a moment, and then, slowly and awkwardly, he took the roughened, loving hand from his shoulder, and pressed it against his cheek. But Tobe Ebbitts was already telling his story to a group of loungers, and the next day, Rinker's appearance on the street was a signal for derision.

But Fate had set another trap for him. It was only two weeks afterward that Mr. Jerry Harris, his small fund of patience having been exhausted, brought suit against his whilom tenant, Abe Foster, in the court of Moab Rinker, J. P., for back rent. The trial was witnessed by numerous spectators. There was no doubt that the case was decided, but Moab's dazed and paralyzed condition afforded the misdirected ambition of Tobe Ebbitts a most unfortunate opportunity. Another Minchester letter found its way into the columns of the *Argosport Lighthouse*. It was undeniably interesting. It began with an explanation of the relations existing between Messrs. Harris and Foster. It emphasized the confidence in 'Squire Rinker which had led the plaintiff to bring suit in his court. It gave a picturesque description of the scene, beginning with the statement that "'Squire Rinker then tucked his judicial ermine into his boot-tops, and took his seat with dignity upon the wool-sack."

The account then proceeded to the events of the trial, and recited the fact, unfortunate, deplorable, but true, that Moab had taken nearly an hour to decide who should open the case, and had announced his ruling in the following words: "According to the Statutes, the party who has the burden of proof upon him must open the case. Now, this time it seems to me that the burden of proof is for the defendant to prove why he don't owe the rent, so he must produce his witnesses first, and make the first and last speech."

It was still more deplorable that the editor of the *Lighthouse* was so much amused by this product of rural jurisprudence that he wrote a delicious editorial upon it. And thereafter Moab did not even venture upon the street, except for urgent reasons. He built a small office in the corner of his yard, other cases came, and experience taught him to escape further disaster, but his official reputation was apparently fixed forever by his unfortunate beginning.

It was a bright June morning when John Nilsson drove into Minchester in his farm wagon. He brought no load, for he had come to buy necessary food and clothing, and he had, wadded up in his pocket, five and ten dollar bills enough to pay cash for all his purchases. Next door to the feed stable was Murphy's saloon, and when John had left his horses he braced himself with a glass of beer for haggling over prices. A hundred yards further west he met George Henty, who in his prosperous days had been auditor of Agate county, and it required two more glasses of beer to express their joy at the encounter.

It was here, in Weber's saloon, that John first met Jim Moller, and as he, Moller, Henty and Weber played a friendly game of pedro decided that his new acquaintance was a good fellow. That was not, by any means, Moller's general reputation. He was commonly considered the most dangerous man in the county, and was approached with some diffidence. He had lived in Minchester about four years, and had in that time had three fights, in each of which he had nearly beaten his man to death. It was perhaps due to the stimulating effect of these facts upon the imagination that he was popularly supposed to have killed a man somewhere in the dim past of which Minchester knew nothing.

Moller was a heavy, clumsy, muscular young fellow of medium height, with black hair, inclined to curl, unsteady black eyes, and a defiant face. He was fairly industrious, working most of his sober days, and making good wages as a tile ditcher. His wife — he had married two years before — idolized him, and declared that when he was not drinking he was the kindest husband in the world. She was silent about the other times, though there had been nights when the neighbors had been disturbed and excited, — with the Minchester excitement, which never leads to action, — by her cries. But whatever his faults, Moller was unquestionably a good partner at pedro, and Nilsson found him so, and an entertaining companion as well — and the discovery was ample excuse for several more glasses of beer.

They went out of the saloon together, and Henty left them.

Just what followed is not known, as the two men disappeared from public view. At three o'clock in the afternoon, two boys, coming through the alley by the drug store, were startled by a groan — coming apparently from the interior of Bankman's paint-shop. Cautiously and fearfully they tiptoed to the open door, and then jumped back ; then ventured to peer in again, and finally turned and ran to the street and gave the alarm.

When the crowd came, it found a man lying upon the floor, his great limbs stretched out limply and helplessly, and his bloody face turned up to the roof. There was no sign of consciousness, and under the bloody mask and clotted hair were numerous jagged cuts.

Minchester courage does not believe in ostentation, and no one touched the prostrate figure until the doctor arrived. He had carried the flag up Mission Ridge, in his time, and closed the war a Colonel, and poor Nilsson's wounds

were soon dressed, and he was put into comfortable quarters.

He was apparently entirely without money, and it was beyond question that he had been robbed. Several persons had noticed Nilsson and Moller upon the street together, and two men had seen them playing cards in the paint-shop. In fifteen minutes Constable Michael Barry had a warrant for Moller's arrest, and retired to his house to make preparation for the performance of his duty. When he reappeared, a good half hour later, after a tearful parting with his wife, he was somewhat pale under his reddish hair, but every one knew that he carried a heavy armament within his pockets.

The crowd trooped after him, but stopped at a respectful distance when he disappeared into Weber's saloon, where Moller was known to be. Much to their surprise there was no sound from within, and Barry soon presented himself again to view, with Moller walking peaceably by his side. The march was taken up again, each man walking well back of the constable, and stepping bravely back of his neighbor whenever the prisoner turned his head. After he was safely immured in the "calaboose," fifteen minutes were spent in staring at the white walls before the first member of the crowd showed his lack of public spirit by slowly going back to his business. After they all had gone came Jim's wife, and resting the end of a plank upon a projecting stone, and holding to the bars of the little cell window, stood crying and comforting Jim, with the sun beating down for over two hours upon her uncovered head.

The deputy-prosecutor reached Minchester just as the moon was rising out of the level prairie, miles and miles away.

Almost the entire population of the little town was

gathered upon the plank-walks and road-sides in the vicinity of Rinker's office. There was a cheerful sound of conversation in the soft evening air, and then a profound hush as the constable appeared with his prisoner. Moller walked sullenly, with a dark scowl upon his face, so that those who lined the walk shrank away from him, and were fervently thankful that they were not in Barry's place. The examination was a short one. There was no doubt of Moller's guilt, and Moab committed him to jail, in default of bail, to await the action of the grand jury.

The county jail was over twelve miles away, and the road lay partly through the scrub-oak and sand-ridges which covered the northern part of Agate county. Moller had so far proved entirely tractable, and the night was splendid with the light of the clear moon, but it was a long and lonely drive with as desperate a man as the prisoner was supposed to be. Barry ran his eyes over the faces near him.

"Where's John Burke?" he demanded. Mr. Burke had the honor of being deputy-sheriff. He was suddenly invisible, but was soon pushed forward. Barry addressed him.

"The prisoner is in the hands of the county, Mr. Sheriff," he declared. "I have done my duty, and I turn him over to you."

It was nearly John's bed-time, and it is small wonder that the dignity of his office seemed to him just then but a poor recompense for the dreariness of the prospect. He looked at Moller's sullen face.

"I won't take him!" he declared. "You've got him, and you can take care of him yourself."

"It's your duty," returned the constabular voice. "I've done my part, and he's got to be took care of by somebody."

“ Well, you ’ve got him,” reiterated the other, “ and I tell you I won’t take him away from you.”

The two angry men, with the prisoner between them, prolonged their dispute, as they walked slowly toward the “ brick block,” which was the center of the life, as well as the territory, of the town.

The crowd trailed behind, dropping away by fragments, so that by the time the post-office was reached, not over twenty men and boys were left. Among them was Frank Campbell, the minister’s son, who separated himself from the rest at the corner. Passing the three principal figures, he heard Moller ask permission to get a drink, and, leaning against the brick wall of the corner store, he awaited developments. Moller came to the pump, some twenty feet from the officers — filled the iron cup with a few strokes of the handle, stooped over and drank, then glanced quickly ahead, and, dropping the cup with a rattle dashed lumberingly down the street. The boy made a movement ; he could have caught him easily, but no one gave pursuit, and he did not feel that the responsibility rested upon him. When he had taken a moment to think, he went home filled with disgust by the conviction that the whole thing had been effected by the connivance of the officers.

There was naturally but one topic of conversation in Minchester, throughout the next forenoon. Probably no one in the village had not by dinner-time expressed an opinion with reference to Moller’s escape. The prevailing sentiment was contempt for the men who had permitted it. At one o’clock came the report that the sheriff had just started across the country, to take the recapture and care of Moller into his own hands. At the same time, the rumor gained circulation that the fugitive was in hiding along one of the hedges south-

east of town, and expectation was keyed to the highest pitch.

But at two o'clock Moab Rinker appeared before the drug store, and, though no one knew it at the time, his appearance utterly ruined the prospects. He listened to the discussion of the sensational reports, and then quietly asked for confirmation of them.

Upon receiving it, he set off silently toward home. Young Campbell met him upon the street-crossing, and questioned him.

"Well," said Moab, looking down the street with a troubled gaze, "this thing is a disgrace to the town. If Jim Moller's hiding anywhere near here, and is left alone until the sheriff comes and gets him, every man in Minchester ought to be ashamed of himself."

"That's what I think," answered the young fellow, hotly. "And yet," with a laugh, "I did n't seem to want to go after him myself, when he ran past me last night."

"Of course not," Moab asserted. "It would n't be right for you; it's a man's place."

He closed his mouth, almost with a snap, and went off, with a glitter of the gray eyes which made the young fellow look after him curiously. He ran to him, and touched his arm.

"Let's go together and get him!" he cried, with his face flushed. Moab looked at him in astonishment.

"You!" He shook his head slowly. "Not you, no, sir. That won't do. I'm goin' after him myself, only I don't want everybody to know about it, and a crowd to follow me out there. But you—if I thought you were goin', by yourself or with anybody else, I'd tell your father in time to have him stop you—let alone takin' you with me."

The boy took the warning, and walked slowly away, while Moab entered his own house. Then Campbell quickened his pace. At the door of Willit's hardware store he met his friend, John Willit, walking slowly toward the rear; Campbell made an explanation which quickened Willit's face with excitement, and led to a hurried transfer at the desk. Then, by a somewhat circuitous course, he reached the railroad bridge, and hid himself beneath it.

Almost from the bridge Poorman's hedge ran directly to the east. A quarter of a mile north Hartman's land was bounded by a parallel hedge. Half a mile to the east still another hedge, running north and south, intersected the others at right angles. Ten minutes after the boy had hidden himself Rinker came out of the house again, and sauntered off carelessly toward the creek with a willow fishing pole thrust ostentatiously over his shoulder.

He crossed the creek on the water gate, slipping in the process and filling one shoe with water, strolled slowly down the opposite bank to the north until he reached Hartman's hedge, then dropped his pole behind it and walked swiftly and awkwardly to the east. Young Campbell smiled at the manœuvre, and, waiting five minutes to start, was soon making his way rapidly along Poorman's hedge.

Coming cautiously to the intersection he saw Rinker, as he expected, approaching from the north, now walking slowly and peering at the hedges as he came. Campbell dodged back and crept as far under the prickly, raking twigs of the Osage orange as he could, trusting that Moab would turn to the east. He was so near to the corner that he heard the old man mutter, "He must be east of here," and listened to his slow footsteps as he came through the gap and turned away.

When he could no longer hear them he thrust out his head and watched.

Very slowly the old man went on, studying the hedge in front of him. Suddenly he stopped. A hundred yards ahead a man rolled out of the green wall, and broke into a clumsy run. Rinker stared at him a moment and then cried, "Halt, there. Hold on!"

The fugitive kept right on and Moab started also.

"Stop," he cried, as he ran. "You coward you; you coward to run from an old man!"

Moller turned his face over his shoulder and saw Moab running with empty hands. He stopped immediately, and the old man came up and stood panting. Moller scowled at him.

"Well," he muttered, menacingly, "what's the matter? What do you want?"

Rinker's breath was coming back, and he waited for it, while Moller clenched his fists and his face grew blacker.

"I want you — to go back with me," came Rinker's gasping, but grim, reply. Moller laughed contemptuously, and the old man's gray eyes flashed. "And you're going, too — if I go," he added slowly.

Jim's laugh turned into a sneer. "Am I? I do n't see your gun."

"You do n't want to see it, Jim," said Rinker. "You'd better come with me."

He put his hand upon Moller's arm, but the ruffian threw it off and struck it with his fist. Then, as Rinker was on the point of grappling him, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket. Even in the instant, Moab noticed the stone tied in the end of it, and understood the bruised cuts upon poor Nilsson's face. He whirled it viciously, and the old man's arm, thrown up to guard

his head, dropped limply as the stone struck it. Campbell was coming like a race-horse, but the men did not notice him until his voice rang out clearly:

"Here's a revolver, Mr. Rinker," he cried.

Moller started, and with his improvised sling-shot still swinging, glanced half round. The hardened old knuckles caught him fairly on the jaw and he fell heavily, without consciousness. Moab turned to the boy:

"Never mind," he said. "I've got a revolver. I guess I'll have to drive him in with it, because my arm's broken. I wish we had him there."

Moller was opening his eyes, and the expression which followed their first glance caused Rinker to look around. The sheriff of Agate county was coming through the gap with a great crowd at his heels.

"Did you shoot him?" he asked, seeing the revolver.

"No," answered the old man. "I did n't want to; he was n't armed. I hit him."

There was a gasp of astonishment. "I bound him over to the grand jury in my court last night," he went on. "It appeared as if they let him get away—but he's here—and I guess you can take care of him now."

The pain of his injured arm was almost intolerable, and made him oblivious of the admiring crowd which pressed him on every side as they walked home. The murmur of voices throbbed vaguely in his ear, without impressing him. Finally, a remark pierced to his consciousness. It was in the voice of Jerry Harris, whose name always suggested unpleasant memories to him.

"It certainly beats me," Jerry was telling his neighbor. "I never thought he had anything in him at all. It was always a big puzzle to me what such a woman as Marthy Rinker could see in him, any way. But I

s'pose she 'll be about the proudest woman in Minchester now."

Then Moab's face was slowly raised, and as he looked up, with the red sunset light lining his rugged features, his slow smile was as full of an infinite content as that of a sleeping child.

JOHN MAXWELL CROWE.



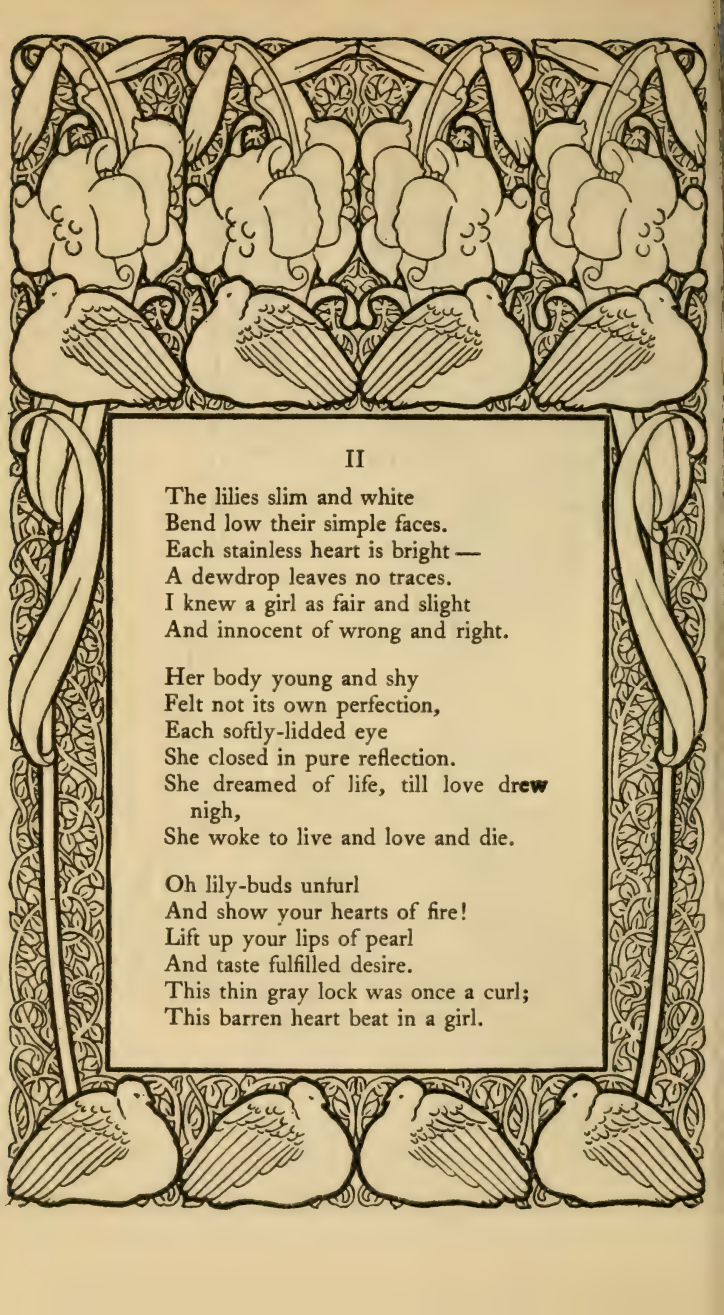
AN OLD WOMAN IN HER GARDEN

I

I lay your crimson petals, rose,
Against my withered cheek,
With every fitful wind that blows
I feel them warm and sleek
Pat softly there like baby hands
That know not what they seek.

I am so old and lonely, rose;
The greedy years have fled,
Rich freighted with my joys and
woes
Till grief itself is dead;
And though I feel soft, clinging hands,
I have no tears to shed.



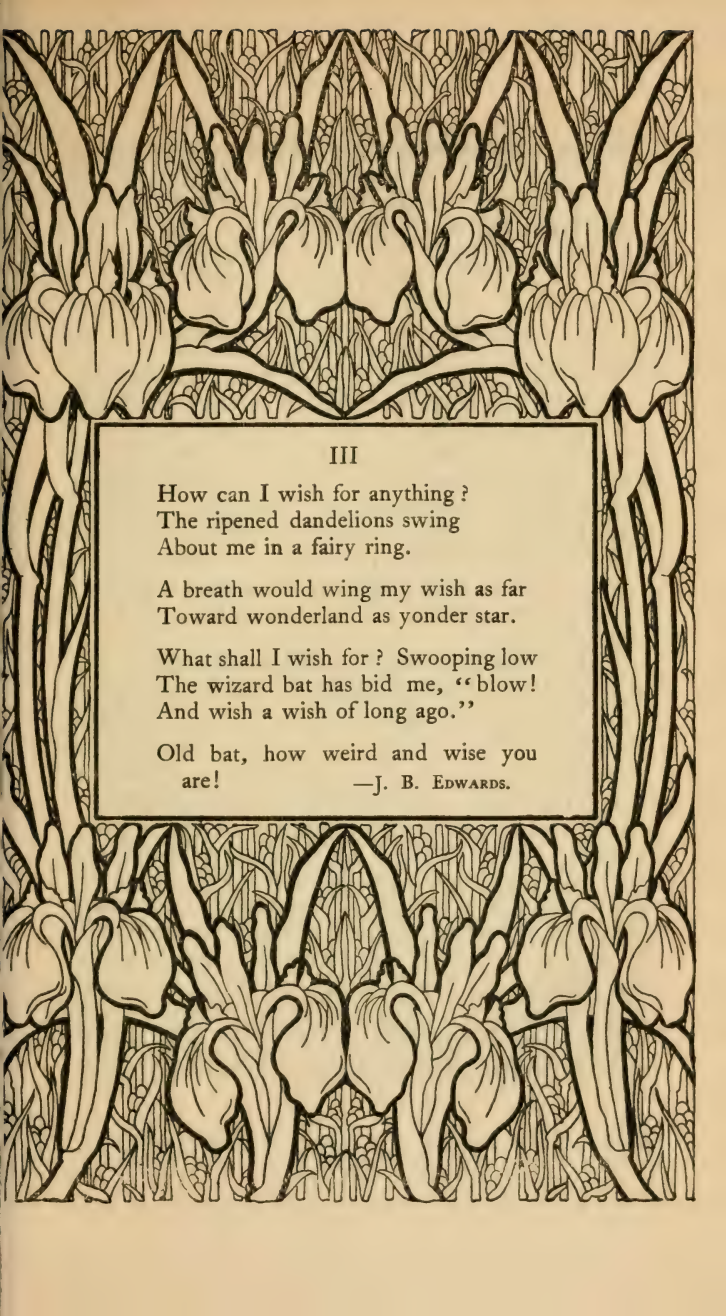
The page is framed by a decorative border. At the top, there is a row of four lily buds. Below them are four birds, possibly doves, facing right. The bottom of the page features another row of four birds, also facing right. The entire page is enclosed in a rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical floral and foliate patterns on the left and right sides.

II

The lilies slim and white
Bend low their simple faces.
Each stainless heart is bright —
A dewdrop leaves no traces.
I knew a girl as fair and slight
And innocent of wrong and right.

Her body young and shy
Felt not its own perfection,
Each softly-lidded eye
She closed in pure reflection.
She dreamed of life, till love drew
nigh,
She woke to live and love and die.

Oh lily-buds unfurl
And show your hearts of fire!
Lift up your lips of pearl
And taste fulfilled desire.
This thin gray lock was once a curl;
This barren heart beat in a girl.



III

How can I wish for anything ?
The ripened dandelions swing
About me in a fairy ring.

A breath would wing my wish as far
Toward wonderland as yonder star.

What shall I wish for ? Swooping low
The wizard bat has bid me, "blow!
And wish a wish of long ago."

Old bat, how weird and wise you
are!

—J. B. EDWARDS.

CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF
BYGONE DAYS

V

PUNISHMENTS OF AUTHORS AND BOOKS

THE punishments of authors deserve a separate chapter ; for since the days of Greece and Rome their woes have been many. The burning of condemned books began in those ancient states. In the days of Augustus no less than twenty thousand volumes were consumed ; among them all the works of Labienus, who, in despair thereat, refused food, pined and died. His friend Cassius Severus, when he heard sentence pronounced, cried out in a loud voice that they must burn him also if they wished the books to perish, as he knew them all by heart.

The Bible fed the flames by order of Dioclesian. And in England the public hangman warmed his marrow at both literary and religious flames. Bishop Stockesly caused all the New Testaments of Tindal's translation to be openly burnt in St. Paul's churchyard. On August 27, 1659, Milton's books were burnt by the hangman ; Marlow's translations kept company. These vicarious sufferings were as nothing in the recital of the author's woes, for the sight of an author or a publisher with his ear nailed to a pillory was too common to be widely noted, for anyone who printed without permission could, by the law of the land, thus be treated ; when the author was released, if his bleeding ear was left on the pillory, that did not matter. The rise of the Puritans and their public expression of faith is marked by most painful episodes for those unterrified men. Dr. Leighton, who

wrote *Zion's Plea Against Prelacy*, paid dearly for calling the Queen a daughter of Heth, and Episcopacy satanical. He was degraded from the ministry, pilloried, branded, whipped, his ear was cut off, his nostril slit; he was fined £10,000 and languished eleven years in prison, only to be told on his tardy release, with the irony of fate, that his mutilation and imprisonment had been illegal.

In 1664 Benjamin Keach, a Baptist minister, was arraigned for writing and publishing a seditious book. His arrest was brought about by another minister named Disney, who, as his fellow-countrymen would say, "sings small" in the matter. Disney wrote "to his honoured friend Luke Wilkes, esqre, at Whitehall, with speed, these presents":

"Honour'd Sir And Loving Brother :

This Primmer owned by Benjamin Keach as the Author and bought by my man George Chilton for five pence of Henry Keach of Stableford Mill neare me, a miller; who then sayd that his brother Benjamin Keach is author of it, and that there are fiveteen hundred of them printed. This Benjamin Keach is a Tayler, and one that is a teacher in this new-fangled-way and lives at Winslow a market town in Buckinghamshire. Pray take some speedie course to acquaint my Lord Archbishop his Grace with it, whereby his authoritye may issue forth that ye impression may be seized upon before they be much more dispersed to ye poisoning of people; they containing (as I conceive) schismaticall factions and hereticall matter. Some are scattered in my parish, and perchance in no place sooner because he hath a sister here and some others of his gang, two whereof I have bought up. Pray let me have your speedie account of it. I doubt not but it will be taken as acceptable service to

God's church and beleave it a very thankful obligation to

Honoured Sir,

Your truly Loving Brother,

THOMAS DISNEY."

As a result of Disney's neighborly and zealous offices, Benjamin Keach was thus sentenced :

"That you shall go to gaol for a fortnight without bail or mainprise ; and the next Saturday to stand upon the pillory at Ailsbury for the space of two hours, from eleven o'clock to one, with a paper on your head with this inscription : *For writing, printing and publishing a schismatical book, entitled ' The Child's Instructor ; or, a New and Easy Primmer.'* And the next Thursday so stand, and in the same manner and for the same time, in the market of Winslow ; and there your book shall be openly burnt before your face by the common hangman, in disgrace to you and your doctrine. And you shall forfeit to the King's Majesty the sum of £20, and shall remain in gaol till you find securities for your good behaviour and appearance at the next assizes, there to renounce your doctrine and to make such public submission as may be enjoined you."

Keach stood twice with head and hands set in the pillory, and his book was burnt, and his fine was paid; but never was he subdued, and never did he make recantation.

Pope wrote a well-known, oft-quoted, yet false line: "Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe."

The great Daniel De Foe did stand on high on a pillory, but he was not earless. He was by birth and belief a Dissenter, and he wrote a severe satire against the Church party, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which so ironically, and with such apparent

soberness, reduced the argument of the intolerant to an absurdity, that for a short time it deceived zealous church-folk, who welcomed and praised it, but who turned on him with redoubled hatred when they finally perceived the satire. It was termed a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, and fifty pounds reward was offered for him. He was arrested, tried, pilloried in three places, and imprisoned for a year; but the Queen paid his fine for his release from prison, and his pillory was hung with garlands of flowers, and his health was drunk, and scraps of his vigorous doggerel from his *Hymn to the Pillory* passed from lip to lip.

“Men that are men in thee can feel no pain
And all thy insignificants disdain
Contempt that false new word for shame
Is, without crime, an empty name.

The first intent of laws
Was to correct the effect and check the cause
And all the ends of punishment
Were only future mischiefs to prevent.

But justice is inverted when
Those engines of the law
Instead of pinching vicious men
Keep honest ones in awe.”

Williams, the bookseller, set in the pillory in the year 1765 for republishing the *North Briton*, was also treated with marks of consideration and kindness. He held a sprig of laurel in his hand as he stood, and a purse of two hundred guineas for his benefit was collected in the crowd.

As times changed, so did opinions. The Bishop of Rochester denounced Martin Luther and all his works,

and Luther's books were burned in the public squares. Puritan publications by the hundreds fed the flames; Quaker and Baptist books took their turns. Then the Parliamentary soldiers burned the Book of Common Prayer. In France, in the year 1790, the monasteries were ransacked and their books burned. In Paris eight hundred thousand were burned; in all France over four million: of these twenty-six thousand were in manuscript.

Crossing the Atlantic to a land void of printing presses could not silence Puritan authors. They still had pen and ink, and manuscripts could be sent back across the ocean to a land full of presses and type.

A rather amusing episode of early Massachusetts history anent authors happened in 1634, as may be found in Volume I, page 137, of the *Colonial Records*.

“Where Mr. Israel Stoughton hath written a certain book, which hath occasioned much trouble and offence to the Court; the said Mr. Stoughton did desire of the court, that the said book might be burnt, as being weak and offensive.”

Such extraordinary and unparalleled modesty on the part of an author did not save Mr. Stoughton's bacon, for he was disabled from holding any office in the commonwealth for the space of three years. Winthrop said he used “weak arguments,” all of which did not prevent his being a brave soldier in the Pequot Wars, and serving as a colonel in the Parliamentary army in England.

A fuller account of the trials of a Puritan author in a new land is told through notes taken from the court records. First may be given a declaration of the Court:

“The General Court, now sittinge at Boston, in New England, this sixteenth of October, 1650. There was brought to or hands a booke writen, as was therein subscribed, to William Pinchon, Gent, in New England,

entituled The Meritorious Price of or Redemption, Justification, &c. clearing it from some common Errors &c. which booke, brought ouer hither by a shippe a few dayes since and contayning many errors & heresies generally condemned by all orthodox writers that we haue met with and haue judged it meete and necessary, for vindication of the truth, so far as in vs lyes, as also to keepe & pserue the people here committed to or care & trust in the true knowledge & faythe of or Lord Jesus Christ, & of or owne redemption by him, and likewise for the clearing of orselves to or Christian brethren & others in England, (where this booke was printed & is dispersed), hereby to ptest or innocency, as being neither parties nor priuy to the writinge, composinge, printinge, nor diuulging thereof; but that, on the contrary, we detest & abhorre many of the opinions & assertions therein as false, eronious, & hereticall; yea, & whatsoeuer is contayned in the sd booke which are contrary to the Scriptures of the Old & New Testament, & the generall received doctrine of the orthodox churches extant since the time of the last & best reformation & for proffe and euidence of or sincere & playne meaninge therein, we doe hereby condemne the sd booke to be burned in the market place, at Boston, by the common executionor, & doe purpose with all convenient speede to conuent the sd William Pinchon before authority, to find out whether the sd William Pinchon will owne the sd booke as his or not; which if he doth, we purpose (Gd willinge) to pceede with him accordinge to his demerits, vnles he retract the same, and giue full satisfaction both here & by some second writinge to be printed and dispersed in England; all of which we thought needfull, for the reasons aboue aleaged, to make knowne by this short ptestation & declaration. Also we further purpose, with what convenient speede we may, to

appoynt some fitt psn to make a pticuler answer to all materiall & controuersyall passages in the sd booke, & to publish the same in print, that so the errors & falsityes therein may be fully discoued, the truth cleared, & the minds of those that loue & seeke after truth confirmed therein p curia."

"It is agreed vpon by the whole Court, that Mr. Norton, one of the reuend elders of Ipswich, should be intreated to answer Mr. Pinchon's booke with all convenient speede."

The sentence of this book to be burned by the common hangman was changed to be burned by some person appointed to the duty who would consent to perform it. It was not always easy to get a hangman.

In 1684 a man in Maryland "of tender years" was convicted of horse-stealing and sentenced to death. A "private and secret" pardon was issued by the Assembly, but he was given no knowledge of it until he was conveyed to the place of execution and the rope placed round his neck, when he was respited on condition that he would perform the part for life of common hangman, which he did.

The hangman was usually some respited prisoner under sentence of death. In some shires in England, he had to be hung at last himself, else the power of possessing a hangman lapsed from the town. One hangman, mortally sick, was bolstered up by his friends with a shoemaker's bench and a kit in front of him, pretending to work, and when the sheriff came to seize him and carry him to the gallows, he did not seem very sick and they left the house without him. He died that night peaceably in bed. All these doings seem too barbarous for civilized England.

Thomas Maule was a Salem Quaker and an author.

His book was ordered to be burned in 1695 in Boston market place. The diary of the Reverend Dr. Bentley says of him :

“Tho’s Maule, shopkeeper of Salem, is brought before the Council to answer for his printing and publishing a pamphlet of 260 pages entitled “Truth held Forth and Maintained,” owns the book but will not own all, till he sees his copy which is at New York with Bradford who printed it. Saith he writt to ye Gov’r of N. York before he could get it printed. Book is ordered to be burnt—being stuff’d wth notorious lyes and scandals, and he recognizes to it next Court of Assize and gen’l gaol delivery to be held for the County of Essex. He acknowledges that what was written concerning the circumstance of Major Gen. Atherton’s death was a mistake, was chiefly insisted on against him, which I believe was a surprise to him, he expecting to be examined in some point of religion, as should seem by his bringing his Bible under his arm.”

In 1654 the writings of John Reeves and Ludowick Muggleton, self-styled prophets, were burned in Boston market-place by that abhorred public functionary the hangman. Other Quaker books were similarly burned, and John Rogers of New London, who hated the Quakers, but whom the Boston magistrates persisted in regarding and classifying as a Quaker, had to see his books perish in the flames in company with Quaker publications. In 1754 a pamphlet called *The Monster of Monsters*, a sharp criticism on the Massachusetts Court which caused much stir in provincial political circles, was burned by the hangman in King Street, Boston. We learn from the *Connecticut Gazette* that about the same time another offending publication was sentenced to be “publicly whipt according to Moses Law, with

forty stripes save one, and then burnt." The true book-lover winces at the thought of the blood-stained hands of the hangman on any book, even though a "Monster."

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

THE CATS AT NIGHT

HERE in the streets, beneath the stars —
The silent stars, the watching stars —
The self-same Jupiter and Mars —

Beneath the same bejewelled dome,
Whose rays saw Theban stragglers home,
These feline creatures nightly roam.

They wail, they weep, yet shed no tears.
Their cries have tortured human ears
Thro' many thousand thronging years.

"Why, why," they, knowing nothing, wail,
"Must we bear increase without fail,
Yet all our cares have no avail ?

"Why into generation leap
We, while all other creatures sleep ;
Why must our hordes their numbers keep ?

"But, Oh, we must ! Alas, we must !
For Passion hath her talons thrust
All through our humble race's dust.

"But you, ye men of high desires,
Whose fathers mummified our sires,
Take warning from our wailing choirs.

“ Know that to merely multiply,
Without one dream of progress high,
Is evil ; therefore do we cry.

“ We moan, and cry, and howl, and groan ;
In wordless ignorance we own,
That lust is loss of life alone.”

H. M. WILLIAMS.

NOTES

¶ The jaded reviewer, being a man of honor, puts down the third volume, read to the uttermost word, and sighs. He draws his paper toward him, takes pen in hand and writes. “ George Hemingway is probably young ” — then he stops and stares at what he has put down. One has read it so often and written it so often. But that, or its paraphrase, has to be said nevertheless. Why a hard-working man should not avail himself of a printed slip in such a case, it is difficult to say. And this is the idea I want to make public for the partial reformation of American criticism. One pushes “ George Hemingway ” aside and meditates. Every week there comes to hand this bale of glittering novels. One work of merit, perhaps—if so, we are lucky—one or two inflated impostors to be scored, and the rest ! — those deserving mediocrities and their well-meant, unobjectionable books ! It is here that the pathos of a reviewer’s life comes in. Nothing is more objectionable than an unobjectionable book. It is as trite as a morning paper, as uninteresting as the face of a fashionable beauty, as commonplace as a society wedding ; and hard it is to say why we should not deal with them as the ladies’ papers do with those functions. You know the sort of thing

they send out. "On blank, at blank, was celebrated the wedding of blank, son of blank, to blank, daughter of blank. The ceremony was performed by blank, assisted by blank. The happy bride, who was given away by blank, was charmingly attired in blank." And so on.

¶ Here, for instance, is a form that would be constantly useful. "We judge—— is a young writer; and if so, there is not a little promise in her work. But the construction is crude, the sentiment conventional, and the dialogue, though easy and natural, deals uninterestingly with uninteresting things and has only an occasional relation to the story.——the heroine, is drawn with considerable sympathy, but——bears about the same relation to an English lord that an English lord bears to a human being. (Two lines blank here for indication of plot.) The attempt to infuse humor by adding a drunken Irishman who says 'Begorra!' is scarcely successful. The description of the scenery of—— is evidently by an eye-witness. ——'s style is fluent and inoffensive, it is a trifle wanting in distinction, and her choice of words is blameless, if her use of them is occasionally erratic. We shall look with interest for a maturer work from her pen."

¶ After all, you must write something of that sort. For all you know, you may be dealing with a genius, who has still to learn how to put her work together. There is a tale of Charles Baudelaire bidding someone be very careful about some Gold Coast idol or fetish. "He *may* be the right one." You should think of this when a new work comes "under your lash." It seems very dull, dirty, pompous, affected, but—it may be the right one. Indeed, given admiring friends in comfortable circumstances, an up-country experience, and nothing more

than an average vanity and a really very clever girl might publish a book to fit the formula I have given. You must n't go smashing people in the dark like that. Genius or not, every beginner's construction is crude; it is experience and finished art alone that can save dialogue from running to seed; and as for sentiment — who wears her heart on her sleeve at sweet seventeen? Really, when I reflect on it, I wonder anyone has enough courage to damn a bad novel or a minor poet. The tale *may* be a "Richard Feverel"; the poetaster a Keats or a Wordsworth. It's the conceit of these reviewers I suppose; the certainty that *they* are right in every case. Byron thought Pope a finer poet than Coleridge or Wordsworth, and Mathew Arnold, in addition to his Shelley heresies, firmly believed that "Enoch Arden" was the finest of all Tennyson's poems, and would admit merit to none of his contemporaries except Miss Ingelow. The reviewer knows that he has made no such mistakes and flatters himself, by comparison, into the conviction that he alone sees literature steadily and whole and without personal or other bias, and perhaps, after all, it is lucky that a belief in his own literary taste is the last vanity a man outgrows. Still mistakes have been made and that is why an occasional reviewer like myself, who at times feels most disgustingly fallible, hesitates to crush this novice of seventeen. And to ignore her altogether would be even more brutal than abuse. No reviewer grumbles at having to give kindly encouragement to this copy-book fiction, but many of us feel that to impart anything like freshness to the seventy and seventh notice of the kind is an abominably difficult thing. A frank resort to formulæ seems an amazingly convenient way out of a troublesome position. Or a monthly massacre of reviewers might keep things fresh, perhaps.

¶ Here again would be a handy formula for the reviewer in ordinary. "Mr. — is one of the (innumerable) masters of the art of Poe. The reader goes shivering through pool after pool of sloppy English, in a pelting shower of mysterious horrors. The sketch, called — is weirdly incomprehensible, and the story of the strange sausage is as ghastly and grewsome as anything in Le Fanu. A sufficiently nervous person will find the tale about — full of creepy suggestiveness. You almost shriek with horror at some of Mr. —'s ghoulish fancies. Decidedly this is not a book to read in a lonely room late at night," — or, indeed, at any other time. "Mr. — has a wonderful turn for the ghastly and he does not spare us," etc., etc. For it is one of the unwritten laws of American criticism that no one has an ill word for the "grewsome." Try sentiment and a hundred voices are raised in derisive protest; be as witty as Sterne or as biting as Swift and your reviewer keeps tepid; but write a hideous tale of a man with empty eye-sockets or the ghost of a vampire, and forthwith Poe and Lytton, Mrs. Crowe, Mrs. Shelley, Hawthorne and Blake are rolling at your feet in a flattering bouquet. It is the correct thing and a modest reviewer does not care, of course, to make himself peculiar. Still it would save one all the boredom of ringing the changes on "weird" and "creeps" and the rest of it anew, if a printed form were available.

¶ A printed form each would also be convenient just now for the manly book for boys, the one-volume novel of serious indecency, local-color books from Scotland and Wisconsin, detective stories and the British museum romance. Yet, after all, one has to think of the regular subscriber a little, and after a while, however admirably

the forms were done, they would pall on the constant reader. Possibly something like Mr. Clement Ley's weather charts might be workable. He proposes several hundred typical maps which would cover all the possible distribution of weather over the country. Then put up the number for the day in the postoffice and every one will refer to the atlas, read the explanation and know what to expect. Similarly—a list of novels in a leading review, with a number referring to a standard handbook against each title. Or a system of abbreviations like the scholastic advertisements in the English educational papers might do well. For it really is an exceedingly difficult problem to get new reading by way of reviews out of a book that is devoid of individuality from cover to cover. The man who solves it will do a real service to the advancement of literature. At present there is nothing for it but to slate a mediocrity as though he were a criminal, to praise him as a genius, or to do his or her unentertaining blamelessness unentertaining justice. The latter, of course, would be the proper one, beyond all question, if only reviews were not primarily written with a view to their being read.

¶But, in all seriousness, I would ask, how is it that in this country we have no adequate book reviews? How is it there is no journal the average man can confidently turn to for a sane and quotable criticism of what a book is? Criticism there is by the ton; but of what wretched value! No literary journal in America seems to me to be within a mile of *The Dial*, but I confess an inability to read it all through. I wish sometimes it would step down from the pedagogue's chair and lay aside its cap and gown and mix genially with its fellow-mortals. What forbids *The Dial* to smile? The more

you appreciate its high aims the more you wish it would enforce them by a slight relaxation now and then, some gracious pleasantry, some harmless departure from its Olympian neutrality. Frozen scholarship and congealed criticism will never popularize literature. Apart from *The Dial*, the only two papers that make any pretence to scientific criticism are *The Critic* and *The Bookman*; of which the former is crude and amateurish and the latter smug and commonplace. Some of the Boston daily papers contain sound, sensible reviews, but what can be said for those hideous, sprawling, three-column digests of books which fill the Sunday journals and are accepted as legal tender for criticism? At present we have no paper that can approach the English literary weeklies, that can compete with the trenchant liveliness of the *Saturday Review*, or hold its own with the benign dignity of the *Athenæum* or *Academy*. The explanation, I think, lies in the fact that here we have practically no literary class, no men of the order to which, let us say, Andrew Lang, Edward Gosse, Austin Dobson, and Quiller Couch belong; and that consequently our reviews are written for us either by journalists who are ignorant or professors who are pedantic.

¶I do not know any valid reason why a man who can write a popular book should be able to deliver a popular lecture; but, no doubt, under the genial guidance of Major Pond, Ian Maclaren will thoroughly enjoy himself here during the next two months. There are few writers who have enough moral courage to refuse to turn themselves into popular entertainers. Mr. J. M. Barrie is one of the few. He was invited about a year ago by the Aberdeen Corporation to deliver a public lecture in that city. His reply was characteristic: "You are very

kind," he wrote, "and I thank you very heartily for this pleasant remembrance of me that induced the committee to send me this invitation ; but on the few occasions on which I have been on a platform, I wished to get beneath it. I never did lecture, and I am sure I never could." To Mr. Barrie evidently belongs the rare and valuable quality of knowing and laughing at his own shortcomings. Do you remember how he was once induced to take the chair at a Burns supper at Ayr ; how he sat glum and helpless at the head of the table, doing none of those things which we expect a chairman to do, not even simulating enjoyment ; how the papers chaffed him for his gaucherie ; how the cruelest chaff of all appeared in the *National Observer*, an article on "Mr. Barrie in the chair," and how those people said this was a bit too strong, that there were limits, that it showed personal animus and so on and how it eventually leaked out that the man who had laughed most unmercifully at Barrie was —— Barrie !

¶ The literary ghouls who arrive with the undertaker to lay out a notable corpse in a drapery of sonnets and reminiscences are still making a carnival of Lady Tennyson's death ; and the world learns with polite surprise and a certain sense of having been cheated of its due, that there was no scandal in the Tennyson home at Aldworth, that there are no "revelations" to be made and that Lady Tennyson was a mild, unpretentious, every-day sort of woman, living a quiet life in uncomplaining ill-health. And the wise world is justly aggrieved, knowing well that Carlyle in the act of throwing his breakfast out of the window is a truer picture of the realities of a literary household than Tennyson wheeling his wife about the garden in a back-chair. For the kind of life that

writers lead is judged by the appearance it makes in fiction and the drama, and these things are usually in a distressing enough condition. The husband, as you know, has a hacking cough and the wife a dying baby, and they write in the intervals of these cares among the litter of the breakfast things. Occasionally a comic, but sympathetic, servant brings in an armful of rejected MSS., for in the dramatic life it never rains but it pours. Instead of talking about editors in a bright, vigorous fashion, as the recipients of rejected manuscripts are wont, the husband groans and covers his face with his hands and the wife, leaving the touching little story she is writing — she mails this about 11 a. m. and it produces a publisher and \$500 before 12:30 — comforts him by flopping suddenly over his shoulder. “Courage,” she says, stroking his hyacinthine locks (whereas all real literary men are either gray or bald). Sometimes, as in “Our Flat,” comic tradesmen interrupt the course of true literature with their ignoble desires for cash payments, and sometimes, as in “Our Boys,” uncles come and weep at the infinite pathos of a bad breakfast egg. But it’s always a very sordid, dusty, lump-in-your-throaty affair, and no doubt it conduces to morality by deterring the young and impressionable from literary vices. For surely it is better — if only as a relief to the congested literary market — that people should cling to the old theory and not put their trust too rashly in this last and most misleading of the Tennysonian Idylls.



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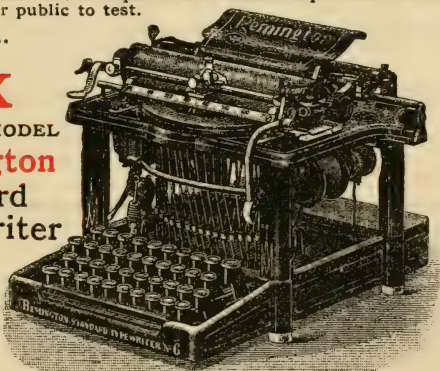
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“EVEN after twenty years London has hardly caught my tone yet,” said George Bernard Shaw, as he curled himself up in my arm-chair and looked placidly at the ceiling, stroking meanwhile a somewhat unkempt beard.

That sentence expresses shortly and accurately the attitude of Shaw to London, as well as that of London to Shaw. For Shaw has undoubtedly a tone peculiar to himself, Shawism being, as he himself avers, distinctly and fundamentally a religion. Now London has never been able to comprehend completely what Shaw has been about. It has gaped at him, shrugged its shoulders, smiled with a passing amusement, and gone its way, wondering vaguely if the religion of the future involves the apotheosis of the absurd. Shaw, on his side, takes courage when men call him a fool. “All human progress,” he replies, as in a recent article in *Cosmopolis*, “involves, as its first condition, the willingness of the

pioneer to make a fool of himself. The sensible man is the man who adapts himself to existing conditions. The fool is the man who persists in trying to adapt the conditions to himself." Now Shaw has always taken the extraordinary course of thinking out every question—from the Deity to mutton-chops—for himself, and, furthermore, of publishing his conclusions whenever he could find a hearing, and finally of acting upon them. This is a tone which London is still very far from catching. When, at the Shelley Society's first big meeting, Shaw announced himself as, like Shelley, "a socialist, an atheist and a vegetarian," London shivered, but understood. A socialist is a man who deals in dynamite, an atheist is a man who will steal your spoons, and a vegetarian is a man who has not the pluck of a louse. So far, so good. We have our Shaw in a nutshell, and his vegetarianism will protect us from the dreadful consequences of his atheism and his socialism.

But it presently appeared that Shaw by no means answered to his label. The atheist began writing articles which advocated the free and open use of churches at all times by all men. The socialist laughed at the impossibilities of anarchism and gently chaffed the futilities of the International Socialist Congress. The vegetarian who neither smoked nor drank alcohol was found to be as intellectually full-blooded as the scribblers who gather in bars where the wild asses quench their thirst. And when it was found that the agitator who wanted to invert the social order was a brilliant critic of music, of pictures and of plays, wishing no more than the Archbishop of Canterbury to eliminate art from life, London began to reconsider the label. When, finally, Shaw was found to be preaching revolt to the grimy East from a tub in the afternoon and tickling the cultured West with

“Arms and the Man” in the evening, London gave up the endeavour to place him. It decided to regard him as a disturbing element — the pinch of powder that causes the draught of life to effervesce. And certain it is that whenever Shaw pokes his pen into a matter or finds his feet at a meeting, there will be a fizz. For the average man believes in institutions; Shaw believes only in himself.

“And how,” I asked, “did you acquire your tone? Tell me something of your parentage and education.”

“I was born in Dublin in 1856. The great point about my family was its respectability. I had unlimited uncles and aunts, and myriads of cousins. Without disliking them personally, I had a theory that they were snobs and humbugs, a conception which I extended later to the whole class to which I belonged. Besides their respectability, their chief merit was a remarkable aptitude for playing all sorts of wind instruments by ear. Thus, for example, my father, the most unlucky, incompetent and impecunious of mortals, played ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ upon the flute. His post in the Civil Service was abolished by 1850, which will give you a notion of how surpassingly useless a sinecure it must have been. He sold his pension and embarked the proceeds in a wholesale corn business — we were too respectable for retail trade — and spent the rest of his life in contemplating his warehouse and wondering why he became poorer year by year. As to education, I had none.”

“But you can write?”

“Ah — but the word education brought to my mind four successive schools where my parents got me out of the way for half a day. In these *crèches* — for that is exactly what they were — I learnt nothing. How I

could have been such a sheep as to go to them when I could just as easily have flatly refused, puzzles and exasperates me to this day. They did me a great deal of harm, and no good whatever. However, my parents thought I ought to go, and everybody else thought I ought to go, and I thought I ought to go, being too young to have any confidence in my own instincts. So I went. And if you can in any public way convey to these idiotic institutions my hearty curse, you will relieve my feelings infinitely."

"I expect you were rather unpopular with your masters."

"As a schoolboy I was incorrigibly idle and worthless. And I am proud of the fact."

"After all," continued Shaw, curling one leg over the other, "I *did* get an education. My mother was a very active musician, and we had rehearsals of a choral and orchestral society in our house. So before I was fifteen, I knew at least one important work by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and Gounod from cover to cover, and whistled the themes to myself as the street-boy whistles music-hall songs. Moreover there is a modest National Gallery in Dublin where boys may prowl. I prowled. Whenever I had any money, which hardly ever happened, I bought volumes of the Bohn translation of Vasari; and at fifteen I knew enough of a considerable number of Italian and Flemish painters to recognize their work at sight. On second thoughts I must conclude that I was really a very highly educated boy — thanks to Communism in pictures."

"What brought you to London and literature?"

"I was driven to write because I could do nothing else. In an old novel of mine — 'Cashel Byron's

Profession' — the hero, a prizefighter, remarks that it's not what a man would like to do, but what he *can* do, that he must work at in this world. I wanted to be another Michael Angelo, but could n't draw — to be a musician, but could n't play — to be a dramatic singer, but had no voice. It's so very hard to discover what you *can* do; you may spend half your life in the search. I am quite sure I haven't found out half of my own capabilities yet. Anyhow, I did not want to write, but as that was the only thing I knew I could do, I did it. I began in the office of a land agent, who honorably appreciated the fact that I was intelligent, that I did not steal his money, and perhaps also that I did not take the faintest interest in his business. At twenty I determined to plunge into London."

"Had you published anything at the time?"

"My published works consisted of a letter written when I was sixteen or seventeen to 'Public Opinion,' in which I sought to stem the force of the first great Moody and Sankey revival by the announcement that I, personally, had renounced religion as a delusion."

"Then of course London greeted you as a prophet."

"London was not ripe for me. Nor was I ripe for London. I was in an impossible position. I was a foreigner — an Irishman, the most foreign of all foreigners when he has not gone through the University Mill. I was, as I have said, not uneducated; but unfortunately what I knew was exactly what the educated Englishman did not know, and what he knew I either did n't know, or did n't believe. My destiny was to educate London, but I had neither studied my pupil nor related my ideas properly to the common stock of human knowledge. I was provincial — unpresentable. Now, tell me candidly — do you regard me as a well-dressed man as I sit here?"

“Your outward appearance,” I replied, “suggests that you are — well — a fairly respectable plasterer.”

“Just so,” said Shaw, glancing placidly down his figure. “Now, when people reproach me with the unfashionableness of my attire, they forget that to me it seems like the raiment of Solomon in all his glory by contrast with the indescribable seediness of those days when I trimmed my cuffs to the quick with scissors, and wore a tall hat and *soi-disant* black coat, green with decay. I wrote novel after novel, five long ones in all, and innumerable articles. No publisher would touch them; no editor would look at me. But my self-sufficiency was proof against all discouragement. For nine years there was no break in the clouds. At first I earned a little by devilling for a musical critic, whose paper died, — partly of me. He followed it to the grave. Then London absolutely refused to tolerate me on any terms. As the nine years progressed, I had one article accepted by G. R. Sims, who had just started a short-lived paper. It brought me fifteen shillings. Full of hope and gratitude, I wrote a really brilliant contribution. That finished me. On another occasion a publisher asked me for some verses to fit some old blocks which he had bought up for a school prize book. I wrote a parody of the thing he wanted, and sent it as a joke. To my stupefaction he thanked me seriously, and paid me five shillings. I was touched, and wrote him a serious verse for another picture. He took it as a joke in questionable taste, and my career as a versifier ended. In those nine years I made £6. And yet I have been called an upstart.”

“And then the clouds scattered?”

“Yes — dispelled by the sunshine of William Archer’s countenance, which broke upon me one day in the British Museum reading-room, where I was found reading

Karl Marx's 'Capital,' with the orchestral score of 'Tristan und Isolde' on the folding-desk. That was in 1885. Archer took my affairs in hand; got me books to review from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and obtained for me the appointment of art-critic to the *World*. Then I began to make money—nearly £100 a year after a while. Archer also proposed collaboration in a drama which he had planned out on the 'well-made' lines of Scribe. I took it, and produced two acts so outrageously off the 'well-made' lines that Archer at once ceased to wonder that I was a failure. Some years afterwards I fished out the play, added a third act, and called it 'Widower's Houses.' It was produced at the Independent Theater, caused a fortnight's violent quarrelling in the press, and gave James Welch, the young actor who made a reputation as Lickcheese, his first big chance. However, I anticipate. For the next four years I criticised every picture show in London, and reviewed heaps of books. In 1884, when the *Star* was founded, I joined the political staff. Here my impossibility broke out worse than ever. They simply couldn't print my articles. Finally, as a compromise, I was given a column of the paper every week to fill with some non-political matter—say music. This column, which was signed 'Corno di Bassetto,' was a mixture of triviality, vulgarity, farce and tomfoolery with genuine criticism. Now that I had learned how to write and to criticise, my old knowledge of music filled my hands with weapons, and when Louis Engel, the best hated musical critic in Europe, got into a scrape with one of his pupils and had to leave the *World*, his post fell to 'Corno di Bassetto.' I wrote a page of musical criticism in the *World* every week until on Yates' death in 1894, I gave up this labor of Hercules (You have no

conception of what musical criticism means, done as I did it,) and was succeeded by Robert Hichens, of 'Green Carnation' fame. By that time I had only one more critical continent to conquer. But I wanted the right editor, one with the virtues of Yates — and some of his faults as well, perhaps. I found him in Frank Harris, who had just revived the *Saturday Review*, and offered me the post of dramatic critic. Then my fame went up by leaps and bounds; people began to talk about me, even to interview me. They thought it so quaint that a man who was uniformly sober should be uniformly brilliant."

"By the way, why did you become a vegetarian? Was n't it an awful nuisance?"

"I became a vegetarian about fifteen years ago, when vegetarian restaurants began to crop up here and there and make vegetarianism possible for a man too poor to be specially catered for. My attention had been called to the subject first by Shelley, and then by a lecturer. But of course the enormity of eating the scorched corpses of animals — cannibalism with its heroic dish omitted — becomes impossible the moment it becomes consciously instead of thoughtlessly habitual. I am a teetotaller because my family has already paid the Shaw debt to the distilling industry so munificently as to leave me no further obligations, and because my mind requires no artificial stimulant. A good proportion of the artistic work of the day, I know, is born of the tea-pot, the bottle or the hypodermic syringe. But I flatly declare that a man fed on whiskey and dead bodies cannot do the finest work of which he is capable."

"Do you mean to continue play-writing?"

"Certainly. I determined years ago that if I did not write six plays before I was forty, I would not write

plays at all. My fortieth birthday is past, and the six plays are written, with a little one thrown in as a make weight. You can only learn to do a thing by doing it over and over again. When I have written twelve plays I expect I shall be able to write a very good one. As to those already finished — of the first, 'Widower's Houses,' I have spoken already. It is published and is entirely unreadable except for the preface and appendices, which are good. The others are 'The Philanderer,' which contains one or two good scenes in a framework of mechanical farce and trivial filth, 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' — the oldest profession in the world, you know — an appalling play which it would serve the public right to have powerfully acted at them, 'Arms and the Man,' a romantic comedy of harmless disillusion, which, I believe, is almost popular in America, chiefly owing to Mr. Richard Mansfield's individuality, 'Candida,' a sort of religious play with an East End clergyman and so forth, 'The Man of Destiny,' a one act play in which Napoleon is the chief figure, and finally 'You Never Can Tell,' a Shawesque comedy. 'The Man of Destiny' has just been accepted by Sir Henry Irving. Putting aside absurd hole and corner performances for copyrighting purposes, these dramas, with the exception of 'Widower's Houses' and 'Arms and the Man' have never been performed. Yes, I certainly intend to go on writing plays. But I am afraid I don't go to work in a very methodical way. When an idea occurs to me I just work it up at odd moments — on the top of a bus or in a railway train. 'Arms and the Man' was mostly written on a bus. I have n't the least doubt of my own success. It may not be a commercial success. The public may fail in their part of the business. But I shall not fail in mine. And the difficulties in the way of

performance will finally be overcome by the fact that I possess the art of writing parts which are very attractive to actors and actresses. Just at present I have a melodrama in hand, and shall follow that up by a light opera. Both these forms of art are in an incredibly debased and silly condition."

"Do you find time with all this to peg away still at Socialism?"

"Well, the combination of agitation with musical criticism, especially when a general election comes at the height of the musical season, is enough to kill an elephant, and I have been forced to take things a little easier for the last year or two, so far as oratory is concerned. But, you know, I have been talking in public ever since 1879, when, being horribly nervous, I determined to master the art of public speaking. Ever since Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty' and Karl Marx's 'Capital' led me to find my feet in Socialism without altogether losing my head, I have been an agitator, and from 1883 to 1894, I delivered a harangue, with debate, questions, and so on, every Sunday (sometimes twice, or even thrice) and on a good many week-days, on all sorts of platforms, from the British Association to the triangle at the corner of Salmon's Lane in Limehouse. Of course people talk vaguely of me as an Anarchist, a visionary, and a crank. I am none of these things, but their opposites. I only want a few perfectly practical reforms which shall enable a decent and reasonable man to live a decent and reasonable life, without having to submit to the great injustices and the petty annoyances which meet you now at every turn."

"Then how do you suppose Shaw will go down to posterity — as a critic, a dramatist —"

"Shaw is undoubtedly both a critic and a drama-

tist, not to mention a novelist, an economist, a pamphleteer—”

“And a wag?”

“Ah — I think you have caught my tone. Wagging as a medium is invaluable. My case is really the case of Rabelais over again. When I first began to promulgate my opinions, I found that they appeared extravagant, and even insane. In order to get a hearing, it was necessary for me to attain the footing of a privileged lunatic, with the license of a jester. Fortunately the matter was very easy. I found that I had only to say with perfect simplicity what I seriously meant just as it struck me, to make everybody laugh. My method, you will have noticed, is to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say, and then to say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest. My friend Graham Wallas once, when somebody began to air some fancies about a biography of me, suggested that its title would probably be ‘The Court Jester who was Hung.’ And there he touched the essence of the situation.”

Shaw has had a hard fight for his success. He has spent his life, so far, on the side of the Opposition, and has grown so used to the denunciations of the respectable British householder that he would feel uncomfortable if he should happen to find himself on the side of the majority. I well remember how at the first night of “Arms and the Man” at the Avenue Theatre, after the audience had been successively puzzled, tickled and delighted, Shaw stepped before the curtain to face the applause. He was tremulous, unnerved, speechless. He looked as though he had expected cabbage stalks, and was disappointed. Suddenly a man in the Gallery began to hoot. Shaw was himself again at once. He opened

his lips, and amid the resulting silence he said, looking at the solitary malcontent. "I quite agree with my friend in the Gallery—but what are two against so many?" A single breath of opposition braced his energies. For Shaw is like the kite, and can rise only when the *popularis aura* is against him.

CLARENCE ROOK.

"THE MORN IS FINE"

THE morn is fine, the wind smells sweet :
The nomad man that lurks in me
Arouses, and I fain would meet
The fellowship of vagrancy.

Along the mountain roads of day,
Hail, foot-farers from near and far ;
Ye who do love the wandering way
Of Beauty, show what stuff ye are.

And face the westward-luring path :
The hours are yours 'twixt dawn and night ;
And since that Youth's sure aftermath
Is Memory—use the day aright,

That by the fire, when evening's here,
Your cronies gathered close around,
The old-time deeds may twinkle clear,
And peace be in the back-log's sound.

RICHARD BURTON.





DRAWN BY A. E. BORIE

THE YOUNG PERSON

THE prevailing characteristic of Mrs. Murdock's boarding-house was a faded gentility. Both Mrs. Murdock and No. 208 had seen better days. The lady herself, crossing her shining and veinous old hands over her black barege lap, was prone to remind her select company of boarders that she had once been a person of wealth and high standing.

But this was a fact that it was hardly necessary for Mrs. Murdock to verbally announce. One saw it at a glance. That this was a house originally intended for fine people who lived finely, the observant visitor at No. 208 could tell by the dim frescoes on the high ceilings, the long crystal chandeliers and the tall mirrors with great gilt frames. So the same observer could have seen by Mrs. Murdock's condescending dignity of manner, by her mode of expressing herself, and by her well modulated voice, that here was a lady above her fortunes.

After an interview with her, a visit to her sitting-room in the back of the house was all that was needed to convince the most sceptical of the glories of Mrs. Murdock's beginnings. Here, on a great mahogany side-board, shining and solid, stood out bravely the family silver, all marked with the late Murdock's crest. Here was her book-case full of her father—the Reverend Hiram Deane's—books. Here were the chairs with curved backs of glossy mahogany and horse-hair seats that had been her grandmother's. And to add the last touch of gentle refinement to this lady-like apartment, here, of sunny afternoons, Mrs. Murdock's niece, Elmira Deane, was to be found sitting stiffly upright on one of the horse-hair chairs, embroidering sun-flowers on a strip of linen.

Strange to say considering the conventional, one

might say Philistine, nature of Mrs. Murdock's boarding-house, its four boarders were all of the literary profession. That Mrs. Murdock herself somewhat looked down upon their sacred calling they none of them denied. That the atmosphere of the house was distinctly discouraging to the fine frenzies of imagination was to be felt by the dullest observer. And yet, so strong was the attraction of 208 for the literary mind, that the last vacancy left by Phenix Byron, who had been sent by Dawson & Company to write up Mexico, had been filled only two hours later by Stafford Connelly, a rising author of the most revolutionary school, of whom his friends said that "he possessed the power of a Zola with the polish of a Maupassant."

This gifted person had moved into his small apartment at No. 208 at five in the afternoon and at half-past might have been discovered sitting on the corner of his port-manteau, with the few unimportant trifles that comprised his wardrobe scattered about him, and before him, the lid thrown back, the sole-leather trunk that held the precious outpourings of his muse.

The side door of his room communicating with Billy Shenstone's was open, and Billy Shenstone stood in the doorway looking at his friend. Billy Shenstone had brought Connelly to Mrs. Murdock's boarding house. He had said, "it would be better for his style than years of study." And when Billy Shenstone said such things the world of mute, inglorious Miltons generally listened. For Billy Shenstone was the William Wallace Shenstone whose stories in the magazines are so widely read, and Stafford Connelly, notwithstanding the high hopes entertained of his literary prowess, had not yet found a publisher for his masterpiece, "The Hand of Jezebel," which was to place his name among the stars.

Even without reading his work one would have been inclined to say that the divine fire burnt in Stafford Connelly. He looked as a genius should look. Warrington in "Pendennis" was one of his heroes, and it was on the plan of Warrington that he modelled himself. Now in direct contrast to the sleek, smug neatness of Shenstone, he sat, unkempt and rugged, in his shirt sleeves and without a collar. He smoked a short briar-wood pipe, his chin was blue and stubby and his heavy dark hair hung in long, slightly curly locks about a fine forehead. Reaching down into the trunk for the manuscript of "The Hand of Jezebel," he said to his friend.

"Well, what's the charm to the budding genius about this house? Why did you insist on my coming? Is the old lady downstairs the one who is going to lead me by the hand into the temple of fame?"

"No," said Shenstone, "not the old lady, the young lady."

"The young lady? I never knew there was a young lady. How young a lady?"

Shenstone screwed up his eyes in meditative reckoning of Miss Deane's age.

"About eighteen — a sweet young girl about eighteen, with a pair of soft blue eyes, and a little red cherry for a mouth, and two round cheeks of a pale pink, and plump white hands with square tips to the fingers, and a passion for embroidering samplers with her back to the light — a charming young girl!"

"Great Powers!" murmured the newcomer, in the horror of the picture dropping "The Hand of Jezebel" on the floor, "How ghastly!"

"Ghastly? Charming! This sweet young thing is here, you will see her blushing like a violet by a mossy stone at dinner to-night. She will be too shy and too

well brought up to say more than a word to you, but that will not prevent her from leading you into the Temple of Fame. She has led others before you. We can't get there without her."

"You fall in love with a woman like that?" cried his friend in loud-voiced scorn.

"Not in the least. We've never thought of such a thing. But she helps us in our work. She guides our feeble steps. She goes before us carrying a light through the dark places."

"Will you kindly explain to me what you're talking about?"

"Assuredly — listen. You know *The Young Person*. You know how the editor cherishes her and compiles his magazine, and requests the author to write his book all for her perusal? You know the way we've railed against her, and called down maledictions on her head? And you know the way in the end she conquers us, and we bow before her and acknowledge her supremacy?"

"You may — I never will. Here, by 'The Hand of Jezebel,' I swear to defy *The Young Person*, as I always have. She is ruining our literature, she is killing our art. She has bound our muse down, and clipped its wings with the little scissors hanging at her girdle, till the poor thing will never fly again. She is the bane of every artist in the country. She has forced us all to be smirking liars. Because of her none of us dare to be true. She has broken the heart of naturalism and chilled the blood of romance. Let me starve in a garret before I cut a paragraph or change a sentence in a mistaken effort to keep her mind as blank as a sheet of white paper."

"That's the way we all begin by talking. Then, after a year of having our stuff 'returned with thanks' we realize what the power of *The Young Person* is — we

begin to see that it's a serious business to declare war against her. She starves us out — *mais il faut vivre.*"

"And you've capitulated?"

"Entirely. I am The Young Person's slave and champion. I am one of the most ardent advocates of keeping her mind like a sheet of white paper. I write stories that you might nourish babes upon. And the result?—I have ceased to walk on my uppers."

"Just for a handful of silver he left us!" That I should live to see you fall so low!"

"Yes, I know it's heartrending, but I'm coming to Miss Deane. This is the secret of her power — she *is* The Young Person! There are other types of the species in New York, but there can be no other as perfect as she is. And here, shut away in this old brown-stone front on the East side, Phenix Byron found her blushing unseen and wasting her sweetness on Mrs. Murdock and several, commonplace, illiterate boarders who never held a pen or read a book."

"And it is *her* literary judgment that you think would be of such value to me?"

"Precisely — of more value to you than years of study. See what it has done for Phenix Byron and for me! We always read our stuff to her and to Mrs. Murdock. When Mrs. Murdock coughs or sends Elmira up to get her handkerchief we always know that we must strike out the paragraph. At times Elmira expresses herself as somewhat surprised at the forward behavior of our heroine. Elmira is the best brought-up girl in the world, and we immediately subdue the heroine. After a reading to Elmira and her aunt, the MS. being neatly marked with a red cross where Elmira has been sent to get a handkerchief, with a 'B' where she has blushed, with an 'O' where she herself has observed

that the heroine did not please her, we know that our work may be submitted with safety to the magazine that is most boastfully 'fitted for perusal in the home circle.' And we are rarely disappointed in the results. I have often thought that Elmira is one of the most perfect examples of 'The Young Person in the savage state now extant.'"

"And this is the influence that was to do more for my style than years of study? Do you suppose in your wretched, mercenary mind that I would cut one sentence from any work of mine, because it would be too strong meat for a green girl? I am not a writer for babes and sucklings. I write for the thinking man and woman."

"It is not much use writing for the thinking man and woman when they never see it. But still—let that rest. Reserve your judgment till after to-night. This evening I purpose reading my new story to Elmira and Mrs. Murdock. You also may have the supreme felicity of listening, and you will see how necessary a person Elmira Deane is in the world of literature."

Half-past six was the dinner hour at No. 208, and as the old-fashioned clock chimed its single note, Mrs. Murdock and her boarders gathered round the table. The newcomer, coated and collared now, but with his long locks hanging leonine over his temples, was presented to Mrs. Webster, who did the article on "Woman and Her Fancies" in the *Sunday Shield*. Mrs. Webster, shaking out her stiff napkin and drawing it up over her shining silk lap to tuck one corner in between the straining buttonholes of her bounteous basque, thrust her head forward and peered at the new arrival under the red lamp-shade, then welcomed him jovially as became a member of the craft. Arthur Bronson, the fourth boarder, sub-editor of the weekly *High-Tone*,

was rarely present at dinner, Mrs. Murdock explained from behind the towering structure of an ancestral tea-urn. Then, as a side-door opened and a slim young figure entered the room, she delayed her task — her shrivelled hands with their shining knuckles and prominent veins hanging suspended over the tea-cups — to say proudly,

“My niece, Miss Deane, Mr. Connelly.”

The young girl sat down at the foot of the table and blushed, and nervously moved her knife and fork with a pair of plump hands. She wore a white dress, fastened round the neck and waist with broad light-blue ribbons. Her face in the lamp-light was as delicately pink as a Duchesse rose, and once, when Stafford Connelly undertook to survey her with a look of moody disapproval, he surprised an investigating glance from a pair of large, china-blue eyes that were as limpidly innocent as the eyes of a peaceful baby.

“Mr. Shenstone,” said Mrs. Murdock, as a neat-handed Phyllis began to pass the viands, “is going to be good enough to read us his new story to-night.”

“What’s the name, William?” asked Mrs. Webster, setting her knife and fork down with their tips resting against the sides of her plate, and ducking her head to peer at Shenstone under the lamp’s red umbrella.

“I have gone to Shakespeare again — ‘And I for no woman.’ I hope you’ll like it; I fancy it’s a little bit new.”

“When is Mr. Connelly going to treat us to some of the flights of his muse?” queried Mrs. Webster, turning her merry old eyes on the long-locked revolutionary.

“I’m afraid the flights of my muse would not meet

with the approval of the present company," said Connelly, determining to declare his independence in the very teeth of the Young Person.

At this everybody stared. Mrs. Webster laughed knowingly and wagged her head at him. Mrs. Murdock stopped rattling the tea-cups and fastened upon him the eyes of an aged experience in dubious questioning. But Miss Deane's limpid orbs raised suddenly and dwelling upon him with a look of wide and startled inquiry, were by far the most disconcerting.

"How do you mean?" she asked, her puzzled curiosity overpowered her shyness.

"Elmira, my child," said Mrs. Murdock in the tone one might imagine Cornelia using to the Gracchi, "Please tell Delia to bring back that stewed celery."

After dinner, Shenstone, with a lamp beside him, settled himself in one of the horse-hair chairs, and, facing his audience, began to read the new story. It was a romantic love-tale, in which a proud and penniless hero was beloved by a wealthy and tenderly adoring heroine. It seemed to interest the four listeners, especially Elmira, who soon let her work drop in her lap, and sat absorbed with her eyes upon Shenstone's forehead shining above the manuscript. When, however, toward the middle of the tale, the hero, in a moonlit moment of farewell, pressed a light and tender kiss upon the heroine's cheek, Elmira's gaze was suddenly lowered and she resorted to her sun-flowers, gently blushing.

Mrs. Webster coughed. Shenstone looked over the top of his manuscript, paused, felt in his pocket, and drawing out a pencil made a mark on the margin of the page. But later on, when the hero determined to bid the heroine an eternal farewell and she, overwhelmed by the horror of the thought, threw bashfulness and maidenly

reserve to the winds and, in broken accents, confessed her love, consternation was visible on Mrs. Murdock's aged countenance and her deep voice suddenly cut into the palpitating scene.—

“Elmira, please, dear, go to my room and bring me my glasses which you will find either on the mantel, or the bureau, or the shelf under your Uncle Josiah's portrait.”

“Yes, Auntie,” said Elmira, folded up her work and withdrew.

“What's the matter with that?” asked Mrs. Webster as soon as Elmira was outside the door. Shenstone had put his manuscript down on the table and was marking vigorously with his red pencil.

“I cannot allow Elmira to hear such things. No self-respecting woman would ever speak to any man in that manner. No — no — that scene must be changed before I can allow Elmira to hear it. The man must propose to the woman, and she may modestly accept.”

Shenstone, who had stopped marking, read over his mutilated manuscript and groaned feebly.

“It will be as flat as last night's beer,” protested Mrs. Webster.

Mrs. Murdock did not approve of this comparison and said stiffly.

“We must consider the mind of youth. Elmira cannot hear that story in its present form. If Mr. Shenstone cares about her hearing it he must change it.”

“It shall be changed,” said Shenstone, with the air of a hero and a martyr.

During the week that followed, each morning while he dressed, Stafford Connelly announced to his friend his intention of quitting No. 208 and seeking more congenial quarters. At night, however, after a good dinner

— for Mrs. Murdock's *cuisine* was capital — he seemed more reconciled to his Philistine environment, and there were times when he went so far as to commend Mrs. Murdock's antique graces, and now and then even spent the half-hour after dinners conversing with Miss Deane.

This young lady, grown accustomed to his leonine style, was quite talkative, and with her round and dimpled face bent over her long piece of embroidery, prattled gaily while he sat and stared at her with the interest of the writer for the new type.

"That girl is very extraordinary," he said to his friend upstairs in their rooms. "Do you think she's deficient in mind?"

"Elmira?" shouted Shenstone. "Great powers, no! Her little skull is as full of mind as an egg is of meat. But she's The Young Person, that's all. When Elmira surprises you just think of that, then nothing about her will ever surprise you again."

"I cannot imagine any one writing a story that would appeal to her unless it was about dolls and a sampler."

"Elmira likes love," said Shenstone, meditatively. "Love's young dream. And when you can write a love story that Elmira will like your fortune will be made. Editors will dog your footsteps."

A short time after this conversation, Connelly, coming in early from a visit to the great newspaper which occasionally condescended to print his shorter stories, met Elmira on the door steps coming in too. In the dim hallway, with a softened, rosy light filtering through the thin red silk curtains drawn over the hall-door windows, they stood and talked. Elmira looked very pretty in her new fawn-colored cloth coat, with a brown felt hat, dinted down the middle, on her smooth braids, and her round chin resting on the little brown fur

animal that was hooked about her neck. No one would ever suppose that Elmira lived in an East side boarding-house, affected by authors. She had an air of conventional stylishness that made her look like one of those splendid young ladies who walk so briskly up Fifth avenue of sunny afternoons.

"Why do n't you ever read us any of your stories, Mr. Connelly?" she asked, putting her muff under her arm and pulling off her thick dog-skin gloves. Connelly admired the soft, white hand that slipped so easily out of the loose glove. His eyes were fixed on it as he said:

"Oh, I do n't want to bore you."

"I do n't think you'll bore us," said Elmira politely, but without conviction, "and I'd like to hear one."

"I haven't got one that I'd like to read you," he said, looking into her clear eyes.

"Well, then, write one," said Elmira imperiously. "All the authors that have lived here have read us their stories, and so must you."

"What would you like me to write one about?" queried the revolutionary, suppressing a smile.

Elmira drooped her head to one side in meditation. Her thick, white eyelids were lowered, the curve of her healthy young cheek was pink as the lips of a sea-shell.

"I like love," she said slowly, "but auntie prefers studies of character. Mrs. Webster says all Auntie wants in a story to have a moral lesson at the end. You could write a love story for me, and squeeze in the moral lesson for Auntie, could n't you?"

"If you really would like a story, I might try," said Stafford Connelly meekly.

That night Shenstone, who was a gentleman of social engagements, did not get in till late. The house was dark as he crept upstairs, but from under Connelly's

door a thread of light shone, cutting the darkness. Opening the door between the two rooms he saw the disciple of the realistic school, in the comfort of an aged dressing gown, seated at his writing table pondering over various papers, while the smoke lay about his head in motionless layers.

"Is this an attack of the Divine Afflatus?" Shenstone asked.

Connelly started and looked darkly over his shoulder.

"Oh, is that you?" he said with affected indifference. "That girl down stairs is determined that I must write her a love-story, and I am wrestling with the muse."

"It will be capital practice," said Shenstone, "capital. You're beginning to see how useful Elmira Deane is in the world of literature."

"Useful! Ornamental I'll admit. But to have to waste my time this way! To have to spend so many days concocting a story for that child! It's cruel."

"Then don't write it."

"Oh, I'll have to. I promised her I would. She expects it. I may loathe her influence on art, but I can't disappoint her."

His friend drew back his head and shut the door. He thought pleasantly that the spell of No. 208 was already at work on the recalcitrant Stafford Connelly and great things might follow.

This was Thursday. On Saturday night after dinner Connelly sat with the ladies in their sitting-room for a half hour. Mrs. Murdock, her cushioned rocking chair drawn close to the table, looked at a new magazine. Elmira worked on her embroidery, and when she finished a sunflower, patted it with the palm of her hand and held it off, studying it critically.

"Mr. Connelly is going to write a story for us,

Auntie," she said, by way of introducing an agreeable topic.

"That will be very nice," said Mrs. Murdock, not quite sure on the subject, and raising her head to peer at Connelly over her glasses — "Have you anything now on hand?"

"Only one short novelette, 'The Hand of Jezebel.'"

"Dear me!" murmured Mrs. Murdock uneasily.

"Jezebel?" said Elmira, raising her eyes in vivacious interest — "that's the woman who was thrown out of a window and eaten by dogs. I hope nobody's going to be eaten by dogs in your story."

"Nobody," said Connelly.

"Why don't you read us that, then?" asked Elmira with an air of triumph.

The sudden entrance of Mrs. Webster relieved Connelly from the necessity of answering this question, and a few minutes later he withdrew. But he said to himself that as Elmira really seemed to want him to write her a story he ought to do it.

For the ten nights following Connelly assiduously burned the midnight gas, and the scratching of his pen broke the stillness of his apartment. When Shenstone, returning late, softly opened the door and glanced in, he saw, through a cloud of smoke, his friend's shoulders and dark, long-locked head bent over the writing table. The muse had attacked Connelly vigorously.

At three o'clock in the morning of the tenth day of this literary carouse Connelly read over his maiden effort in the rose-water style and went to bed fatigued. At seven the next morning he got up, read it again, tore it into bits and dropped it in the waste-paper basket.

"I might as well try to write an advertisement for a new cosmetic," he said savagely.

That evening, as he descended the last flight of stairs on his way to dinner, a soft voice from above called him by name. He looked up. Elmira was leaning on her folded arms on the balustrade of the landing above looking at him.

"I heard your step and ran out," she said. "Why was your waste-basket so full of scraps this morning?"

"I had torn up something. How did you know it was?"

"I saw Delia carrying it down and asked her whose it was. Was it my story you had torn up?"

"Yes—it was n't a success."

Elmira's face clouded. "It was my story and you had no right to tear it up. I wanted to see it."

Connelly ascended the stairs and stood close to her, leaning on the balustrade.

"Do you really take any interest in my stories?" he asked, with his deep voice slightly roughened.

Elmira looked at him in dubious curiosity. The expression of his face was something new in her experience of authors.

"Of course I do," she said, suddenly breaking out into a charming smile, "in every little thing connected with you."

In return for this frank confession of friendship Connelly pressed The Young Person's soft hand, held it a moment, looking into her unabashed eyes in a manner strangely fond and troubled for one so averse to her appearance in the scheme of creation.

It was just about this time that the illness of his mother called Shenstone out of town. After hanging between life and death for some time she finally recovered, and it was with a light heart that Shenstone, six weeks from the day of his departure from No. 208,

once again inserted his latch-key in the familiar key-hole.

It was nearly dinner time and quite dark. He encountered no one, reached his room, and, throwing down his bag, pushed open the door into Connelly's apartment. No one was there, and an unwonted air of neatness lent it an unfamiliar aspect. Some of Connelly's clothes, carefully folded, were hanging over the back of a chair. A round, hand-painted pin-cushion depending from the side of the mirror by a broad pink satin ribbon struck Shenstone's eye. The writing-table was clear of papers, save for one exact pile held in place by a glass ink-bottle. Shenstone, as he sought for matches, saw by the lingering light without the title of this production — "Aunt Hilda's Birthday Cake." As his glance fell on these words his hand stopped in its straying search, and he stood still motionlessly gazing. At that moment the door opened and Connelly entered.

The greeting achieved and the gas lit, Connelly turned to the fireplace and began nervously rubbing his hands. A marked change had taken place in him in the six weeks. He was neatly dressed, wore an ordinary necktie, and his long dark hair was clipped down to the conventional length. He looked handsome but commonplace, and his friend's keen eye detected in him a singular air as of one who is crestfallen and pretends to be elated, or who is elated and pretends to be crestfallen.

"What's this?" asked Shenstone, indicating "Aunt Hilda's Birthday Cake." "Have you bowed your crested head and tamed your heart of fire to the proper pitch for writing children's stories?"

"Oh that!" said the other with a careless shrug. "that's a trifle. A little thing I wrote for Miss Deane. She wanted a story and so I tried my hand at the style

she liked and produced that. It's light — the sort of thing for a young girl's reading. She thinks rather well of it."

"What else have you been doing? Dashed off any nursery rhymes in your leisure moments when Aunt Hilda's cake was cooking?"

"Nothing. nothing" — with a languid wave of his hand. "I'm not writing much just at present. I've been idling lately."

"Did you ever manage those changes in 'The Hand of Jezebel' we spoke of?"

"No — not exactly, I worked over it a little and decided nothing could be done. The pivot of the story was at fault, and if I took that out the whole thing fell to pieces. You know we can't spread stories like that broadcast. The reading public includes all ages and both sexes, and authors have got to consider that. I would n't have liked, after 'The Hand of Jezebel' had been published, to have seen such a girl as Miss Deane, for example, reading it. And so I never completed the changes in it."

"What did you do with it? remodel it as a sequel to 'Aunt Hilda?'"

"No — not exactly. I" — he stirred with the toe of his boot some ashes in the fire-place, "There it is — all that's left of it."

"Burned it!" Shenstone looked at the ashes, then at his friend's clipped hair, then at the manuscript of "Aunt Hilda's Birthday Cake." As he looked the dinner bell sounded, and Connelly turned with sudden speed toward the bureau glass, and, before the blank gaze of his friend, solicitously eyed his reflection and then brushed his hair.

Shenstone was late for dinner and found the ladies all

assembled. Mrs. Murdock looked benign and had a pleased glitter in her eye that he never remembered to have noticed before. Mrs. Webster greeted him with her gayest smiles, but Miss Elmira Deane was grave and dignified. She looked older and much more of a personage than she had done two months ago. She took her seat at the table without blushing, and Shenstone noticed that she served the soup, which she had never done before. To his surprise, too, on his taking the seat at her right hand, she turned and addressed to him an admirably-worded commonplace on the state of the weather. Elmira was coming out.

The dinner had progressed to the pudding when Mrs. Webster, who had been amusing them with gossip of the internal strife on *The Shield*, turned suddenly to Connelly and said with a rallying air —

“ Well, how is the office to-day ? ”

A slight silence fell, and a slow and guilty flush mounted to Stafford Connelly’s hair.

“ What office ? ” asked Shenstone, turning his head from one to the other. To his amaze — with an air of dignity that seemed to have descended upon her from some illustrious forebear — Elmira answered,

“ Mr. Connelly is now at work in an office. He has a position in Shaw & Smithers’ Insurance Agency. It is a book-keeper’s. Is it not, Mr. Connelly ? ”

She did not look at Connelly as she made this query, but, holding back her loose sleeve, stretched her plump, white hand out for the salt with an appearance of refined indifference.

“ Oh, I ’m a renegade ! ” said Connelly laughing desperately under his friend’s unflinching gaze — “ but we — that is I, thought perhaps it would be better, more remunerative you know. ”

“ ‘Just for a handful of silver he left us,’ ” murmured Shenstone — “ But ‘ Aunt Hilda’s Birthday Cake ’ — what of that ? ”

Elmira again answered, and, as she did so, raising her hand to put a stray lock of hair behind her ear, the lamp light struck a single ray from a small diamond on her third finger:—

“ Was n’t that a sweet story ? But then you know one cannot live on sweet stories, can one ? ” And she looked into Shenstone’s eyes with an air of smiling condescension that was delightfully like her aunt’s.

After dinner the ladies retired to the sitting room to hear Mr. Shenstone’s new story. Elmira and Stafford Connelly, not immediately leaving the dining-room, Shenstone had an opportunity of hearing how Mr. Connelly had taken such a good position — a hundred and fifty a month — and they thought would give up literature. Shenstone saw that the ladies had decided the time was not yet ripe for more important disclosures. Then the story was read, but Elmira and Stafford Connelly continued to stay in the dining-room.

Indeed they were still there when, the story corrected and folded, Shenstone left the sitting-room and went upstairs. As he passed the open door of the dining-room he saw them standing together in front of the fire, Elmira’s small, pointed foot and Stafford Connelly’s large, pointed foot, side by side on the fender. The hand which was to have indited such great things rested about Elmira’s slim waist, and, as Shenstone passed he heard her say with the new note of decision in her voice,

“ No, dear, forty dollars a month is a great deal too expensive for a six-room flat in that locality.”

Shenstone turned stealthily away and stole along the passage and up the darkling staircase. He was thinking;

and as Elmira's soft but decisive accents followed him upward, he murmured in an awed undertone to the darkness:

"I never quite realized before just what it meant — the Power of The Young Person."

H. GERALDINE BONNER.



CURIOUS PUNISHMENTS OF
BYGONE DAYS

VI

THE WHIPPING-POST

JOHNN TAYLOUR, the "Water-Poet," wrote in
1630:

"In London, and within a mile, I ween

There are jails or prisons full fifteen

And sixty whipping-posts and stocks and cages."

Church and city records throughout England show how constantly these whipping-posts were made to perform their share of legal and restrictive duties. In the reign of Henry VIII a famous Whipping Act had been passed by which all vagrants were to be whipped severely at the cart-tail "till the body became bloody by reason of such whipping." This enactment remained in force nearly through the reign of Elizabeth, when the whipping-post became the usual substitute for the cart, but the force of the blows was not lightened.

The poet Cowper has left in one of his letters an amusing account of a sanguinary whipping which he witnessed. The thief had stolen some ironwork at a fire at Olney in 1783, and had been tried, and sentenced to be whipped at the cart-tail.

"The fellow seemed to show great fortitude, but it was all an imposition. The beadle who whipped him had his left hand filled with red ochre, through which, after every stroke, he drew the lash of the whip, leaving the appearance of a wound upon the skin, but in reality not hurting him at all. This being perceived by the constable who followed the beadle to see that he did his duty, he (the constable) applied the cane without any such management or precaution to the shoulders of the

beadle. The scene now became interesting and exciting. The beadle could by no means be induced to strike the thief hard, which provoked the constable to strike harder ; and so the double flogging continued until a lass of Silver End, pitying the pityful beadle thus suffering under the hands of the pityless constable, joined the procession, and placing herself immediately behind the constable seized him by his capillary pigtail, and pulling him backwards by the same, slapped his face with Amazonian fury. This concentration of events has taken more of my paper than I intended, but I could not forbear to inform you how the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and how the thief was the only person who suffered nothing."

As a good, sound British institution, and to have familiar home-like surroundings in the new strange land, the whipping-post was promptly set up, and the whip set at work in all the American colonies. In the orders sent over from England for the restraint of the first settlement at Salem, whipping was enjoined, "as correccon is ordained for the fooles back" — and fools' backs soon were found for the "correccon"; tawny skins and white shared alike in punishment, as both Indians and white men were partakers in crime. Scourgings were sometimes given on Sabbath days and often on lecture days, to the vast content and edification of Salem folk.

The whipping-post was speedily in full force in Boston. At the session of the court held November 30, 1630, one man was sentenced to be whipped for stealing a loaf of bread ; another for shooting fowl on the Sabbath, another for swearing, another for leaving a boat "without a pylott." Then we read of John Pease that for "stryking his mother and deryding her he shalbe whipt."

Lying, swearing, taking false toll, perjury, selling rum to the Indians, all were punished by whipping.

Pious regard for the Sabbath was fiercely upheld by the support of the whipping-post. In 1643, Roger Scott, for "repeated sleeping on the Lord's Day," and for striking the person who waked him from his godless slumber, was sentenced to be severely whipped.

Women were not spared in public chastisement. "The gift of prophecy" was at once subdued in Boston by lashes, as was unwomanly carriage. On February 30, 1638, this sentence was rendered:

"Anne ux. Richard Walker being cast out of the church of Boston for intemperate drinking from one inn to another, and for light and wanton behavior, was the next day called before the governour and the treasurer, and convict by two witnesses, and was stripped naked one shoulder, and tied to the whipping-post, but her punishment was respited."

Every year, every month, and in time every week, fresh whippings followed. No culprits were, however, to be beaten more than forty stripes as one sentence; and the *Body of Liberties* decreed that no "true gentleman or any man equall to a gentleman shall be punished with whipping unless his crime be very shameful and his course of life vitious and profligate." In pursuance of this notion of the exemption of the aristocracy from bodily punishment, a Boston witness testified in one flagrant case, as a condonement of the offense, that the culprit "had been a soldier and was a gentleman and they must have their liberties," and he urged letting the case default, and to "make no uprore" in the matter. The lines of social position were just as well defined in New England as in old England, else why was one Mr. Plaistowe, for fraudulently obtaining corn from the Indians, condemned, as

punishment, to be called Josias instead of Mr. as heretofore? His servant, who assisted in the fraud, was whipped. A Maine man named Thomas Taylour for his undue familiarity shown in his "theeing and thouing" Captain Raynes was set in the stocks.

Slander and name-calling were punished by whipping. On April 1, 1634, John Lee "for calling Mr. Ludlowe false-heart knave, hard-heart knave, heavy ffriend shalbe whipt and fyned XIs." Six months later he was again in hot water:

"John Lee shalbe whipt and fyned for speaking reproachfully of the Governor, saying hee was but a lawyer's clerk, and what understanding hadd hee more than himselfe, also takeing the Court for makeing lawes to picke men's purses, also for abusing a mayd of the Governor, pretending love in the way of marriage when himselfe professed hee intended none."

In the latter clause of this count against John Lee doubtless lay the sting of his offenses. For Governor Winthrop was very solicitous of the ethics of love-making, and to deceive the affections of one of his fen-county English serving-lasses was to him without doubt a grave misdemeanor.

Those harmless and irresponsible creatures, young lovers, were menaced with the whip. Read this extract from the Plymouth Laws, dated 1638:

"Whereas divers persons unfit for marriage both in regarde of their yeong yeares, as also in regarde of their weake estate, some practiseing the inveagling of men's daughters and maids under gardians contrary to their parents and gardians likeing, and of maide servants, without the leave and likeing of their masters: It is therefore enacted by the Court that if any shall make a motiou of marriage to any man's daughter or mayde servant, not

having first obtayned leave and consent of the parents or master soe to doe, shall be punished either by fine or corporall punishment, or both, at the discretions of the bench, and according to the nature of the offense."

The New Haven Colony, equally severe on unlicensed lovemaking, specified the "inveagling," whether done by "speech, writing, message, company-keeping, unnecessary familiarity, disorderly night meetings, sinful dalliance, gifts or, (as a final blow to inventive lovers) in any other way."

In New York a whipping-post was set up on the strand, in front of the Stadt Huys, under Dutch rule, and sentences were many. A few examples of the punishment under the Dutch may be given. A sail-maker, rioting in drink around New Amsterdam cut one Van Brugh on the jaw. He was sentenced to be fastened to a stake, severely scourged and a gash made in his left cheek, and to be banished. To the honor of Vrouw Van Brugh let me add that she requested the court that these penalties should not be carried out, or at any rate done in a closed room. One Van ter Goes for treasonable words of great flagrancy was brought with a rope round his neck to a half-gallows, whipped, branded and banished. Roger Cornelisen for theft was scourged in public, while Herman Barenson, similarly accused was so loud in his cries for mercy that he was punished with a rod in a room. From a New York newspaper, dated 1712, I learn that one woman at the whipping-post "created much amusement by her resistance"—which statement throws a keen light on the cold-blooded and brutal indifference of the times to human suffering.

In 1638 a whipping post was set up in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as a companion to the cage. For "speaking opprobriously," and even for "suspicious

speeches," New Haven citizens were whipped at the "carts podex."

Rhode Island even under the tolerant and gentle Roger Williams had no idle whip. "Larcenie," drunkenness, perjury, were punished at the whipping-post. In Newport malefactors were whipped at the cart-tail until this century. Mr. Channing tells of seeing them fastened to the cart and being thus slowly led through the streets to a public spot where they were whipped on the naked back. Women were at that time whipped in the jail-yard with only spectators of their own sex.

In Plymouth women were whipped at the cart-tail, and the towns resounded with the blows dealt out to Quakers. In 1636, on a day in June, one Helin Billinton was whipped in Plymouth for slander.

There was a whipping-post on Queen Street in Boston, another on the Common, another on State Street, and they were constantly in use in Boston in Revolutionary times. Samuel Breck wrote of the year 1771:

"The large whipping-post painted red stood conspicuously and prominently in the most public street in the town. It was placed in State Street directly under the windows of a great writing school which I frequented, and from there the scholars were indulged in the spectacle of all kinds of punishment suited to harden their hearts and brutalize their feelings. Here women were taken from a huge cage in which they were dragged on wheels from prison, and tied to the post with bare backs on which thirty or forty lashes were bestowed among the screams of the culprit and the uproar of the mob."

The diary of a Boston school-girl of twelve, little Anna Green Winslow, written the same year as Mr. Breck's account, gives a detailed account of the career of one Bet Smith, through workhouse and gaol to whipping-

post, and thence to be "set on the gallows where she behaved with great impudence."

Cowper's account of the tender-hearted beadle is supplemented by a similar performance in Boston as shown in a Boston paper of August 11, 1789. Eleven culprits were to receive in one day the "discipline of the post." Another criminal was obtained by the Sheriff to inflict the punishment, but he persisted in being "tender of strokes," though ordered by the Sheriff to lay on. At last the Sheriff seized the whip and lashed the whipper, then turned to the row of ninepins and delivered the lashes. "The citizens who were assembled complimented the Sheriff with three cheers for the manly determined manner in which he executed his duty."

So common were whippings in the southern colonies at the date of settlement of the country, that in Virginia even "launderers and launderesses" who "dare to wash any unclean Linen, drive bucks, or throw out the water or suds of fowle clothes in the open streetes," or who took pay for washing for a soldier or laborer, or who gave old torn linen for good linen, were severely whipped. Many other offenses were punished by whipping in Virginia, such as slitting the ears of hogs, or cutting off the ends of hogs' ears — thereby removing earmarks and destroying claim to perambulatory property — stealing tobacco, running away from home, drunkenness, destruction of land-marks; and in 1664 Major Robins brought suit against one Mary Powell for "scandalous speeches" against Rev. Mr. Teackle, for which she was ordered to receive twenty lashes on her bare shoulders and to be banished the country. Of course, for the correction of slaves the whip was in constant use till our Civil War banished slavery and the whipping-post from every state save Maryland and Delaware. This latter-

named commonwealth has been much censured for countenancing the continuance of whipping as a punishment. It is, however, stiffly contended by Delaware magistrates that as a restraint over wife-beaters and other cruel and vicious criminals, the whipping-post is a distinct success and of marked benefit in its influence in the community. It should also be remembered that these are not the only civilized states to approve of whipping for certain crimes. About thirty years ago, when garroting became so frequent and so greatly feared in England, the whipping-post was re-established in England, and whipping once more became an authorized punishment.

There was one hard-hearted and unjust use of the whip which was prevalent in London and other English cities in olden times which I wish to recount with abjuration. At the time of public executions parents were wont to whip their children soundly to impress upon them a lesson of horror of the gallows. As trivial offenses, such as stealing anything in value over a shilling, were punishable by death, and capital crimes were over three hundred in number, executions were of deplorable frequency; hence the condition of children at that time was indeed pitiable. Whipped by most illogical parents, whipped by cruel teachers—even Roger Ascham used to “pinch, nip and bob” Queen Elizabeth when she was his pupil—whipped by masters, whipped by mistresses, it would seem that the moral force of the whipping-post for adults must have been very slight, after so many castigory experiences in youth.

Alice Morse Earle.



NOTES

WRITING in *The Chap-Book* of a month ago, Professor Brander Matthews came out strongly in favor of the French custom of signing literary, domestic and artistic criticism; and if you pick up that exceedingly thoughtful, suggestive, and elevating collection of short essays, written by Mr. W. M. Payne of *The Dial*, and published under the title of "Little Leaders," you will find another vigorous attack on anonymity. These two writers, I take it, represent the best American thought on this difficult question; and yet I confess I remain unconvinced. The general public is probably profoundly uninterested in the whole business and considerably astonished at the fury of contradiction which a discussion of it rouses among critics themselves. Still, it is not the critic's fault if the outside world takes him less seriously than he takes himself; and it is only right that at intervals he should be allowed to discuss the technicalities of his own craft *coram populo*. Let him have his fling, my dear sir; he is a poor, much-abused creature, the sport of every writer from Schopenhauer to Matthews, a "literary bravo," "an assassin skulking behind the mask of anonymity" — you know the sort of man he is. The noose has been round his neck all his life, and only a few moments of halting speech are allowed before the bolts are drawn and the trap-door flies from under him. I come merely to bury Cæsar, not to praise him; so stand aside for a while and let me have full elbow-room.

¶ A piece of criticism, argues the apostle of signatures, is like a patent medicine, it can never be genuine without its proper trademark. The critic, he gives us to under-

stand, is only saved from malice and venality by a fear that his sins will find him out; his sense of responsibility is so slight that his name alone will keep him from acts of bad faith. But to my mind, the proof of the critic is in the criticism. A signature neither adds to nor detracts from the weight of a judgment; and it has been proved by many years of unsigned criticism that a writer may take up his pen in honesty and intelligence without letting the world into the secret of authorship. You must place some small confidence in every trade; and you do not find a *prima facie* case that your grocer gives you sand for sugar—why without examination should you denounce the critic as a liar and a rogue? In brief, anonymous articles mean neither cowardice nor recklessness. Of course not, you say; who ever supposed they did? My dear sir, wait till you have heard a fifth-rate lady novelist talk about reviewers:

“Guess you’d fancy
The eternal bung wuz loose!”

The critic’s trade — though you can never get her to see it—is carried on with more distinction and a finer literary sense than the common novelist’s, for instance, or the minor poet’s. There is no more virtue in three volumes of loose English and corrupt sentiment than in two columns of sound sense and clean writing. The critic has at least as much claim to consideration as “the creator” whom he reviews; and if it please him to suppress a signature which is not pertinent to the discussion, he has a perfect right to do so. The lady novelist detects wounded vanity or personal malice in every syllable of depreciation. She is never weary of insisting that the critic could not write the miserable works which he tears to ribbons. Of course he could not—because he is a critic. If he is so blind to right and wrong that he could

pass as his own the rubbish he dismisses in a paragraph, he should never again venture to take pen in hand. It is a matter of standard, after all. The critic produces little because he is fastidious; he deserves the world's gratitude because he leaves it less to forget; and he has earned the right to grant or withhold his signature as he chooses.

¶ I know the system is imperfect, but I do not think you are likely to improve it by any sudden and radical change. If the unsigned article now and then gives the scoundrel who finds his way into every business too obvious an opportunity, the other method of universal signatures opens the door to unashamed villainy and destroys the worth and dignity of criticism. These are the extremes of the two systems. No respectable critic is wont to aggravate his contempt for the charlatan, because his name is concealed. On the contrary, the suppression of the signature tends to a greater candor by destroying those thousand impalpable ties of friendship, acquaintance and social life, which harass the critic who moves among the very men he is called upon to review. There seems to me no doubt that the habit of signing makes for log-rolling and mutual admiration. Mr. Jones reviews Mr. Smith over his signature, and the transaction being thus in the world's eye, Mr. Smith cannot but most amiably retaliate. And so the game is carried on until, instead of a respectable journal and a sound body of opinion, you find the sheet of a trivial clique, insensibly compelled to a dishonesty which is none the better for being inspired by an interested kindliness. Mr. John Davidson, let us say, praises Mr. Le Gallienne, and Mr. Gallienne replies:

“John, you surpass yourself—next week
Expect a flattering critique.”

There is no end to that sort of thing.

¶ The critic alone escapes the damning influence of a too-frequent publicity. Such work as he does is known and approved by his colleagues, but his name is unheard on the elevated, and the tea-tables of the provinces refrain from discussing his family and his tastes. He pursues his craft for its own sake and without the misleading stimulus of uninstructed applause. He has small temptation to take himself over-seriously. He does what he can to sweep the streets of rubbish, because scavenging is one part of his trade ; but he does not exaggerate the importance of the achievement. In fact, his work, existing not for the signature's sake but for its own, stands or falls by its merits. No side-issue of notoriety can cheapen it, and the critic alone among men of letters is forbidden to bolster up unfinished articles by the conjuring of a name. If once the signature becomes omnipotent, there is an end of criticism. The larger the name, the more worthless the work ; and the journal of the future will become a mere album of autographs, with Chauncey Depew as its principal literary contributor. Hitherto the critic has followed his trade with a proper suppression of self ; he has slated his inferiors and been spitefully treated for his pains. But if once he made up his mind to sign every critique he wrote, he might grow as rich as a popular novelist or a respectable pork-packer. Agents would soon be clamoring for a tithe of his income ; the syndicates would pounce upon him ; he would merrily engage in the hunt for dollars. In a brief year the voice of the backbiter would be hushed. An undeserved notoriety would drive his "price" higher and higher. The illustrated papers would interview him (with a portrait) in his "cosy nook," and the evening prints would keep his name standing in type. Perhaps he would go into Congress, or comfort himself with directors' fees.

In fact he would prosper exceedingly and no doubt be regarded as a kind of provisional American judgment-seat. And long before he reached that pinnacle he would have lost the critic's instinct.

¶ Look abroad and see what signed criticism is doing for the critic. Professor Matthews points with some pride, as Zola has done before him, to Jules Lemaitre. He could not have chosen a more unfortunate example; for M. Lemaitre, less than two years ago, confessed that the French practice of signed articles has made criticism impossible. The critic, he said, is so hampered by publicity that he is never able to express his opinion with perfect frankness. He can but give an impartial account of what he reads or sees and leave his readers to draw their own conclusions. M. Sarcey, again, has long since signed himself into imbecility. There is every reason to believe that he once read Aristotle's *Poetics* in a crib, and got so firm a grasp of first principles that his criticism was often sane and generally spirited. But it has long been evident to M. Sarcey that the public is interested not in the articles but in the writer, and he has fallen into the trap with the utmost readiness. He is never tired of discussing Francisque Sarcey — a topic far more thrilling in his eyes than the theatre. Very much the same may be said of George Bernard Shaw. In him, too, the critic is growing less and less and the individual more and more. You may learn, if you read the *Saturday Review* each week, what are his habits, his tastes and his friendships. He is a great critic only because his name is in the mouths of men. Had he pursued his business with a proper modesty, and a better proportion, we should have known nothing whatever of Bernard Shaw's breakfast-table, but we might have been the richer

by several excellent critiques. No; I'm for the old method myself. It is too late, I know, for anonymity to even regenerate British and American fiction; but I would not willingly rob criticism of that one quality of reticence which is and has been its best safeguard.

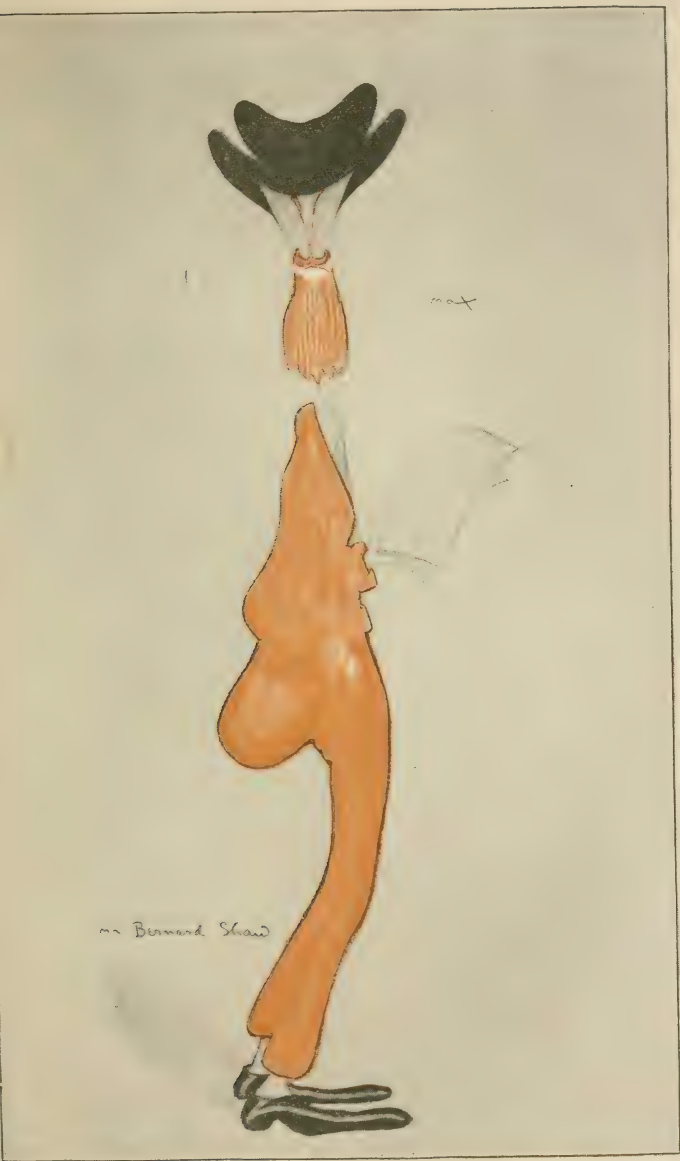
¶ My acquaintance with George Du Maurier does not extend to his writings. I know him chiefly as a clubman, a bright talker, a vivacious companion, and a quick, close observer. Whenever he entered the Garrick Club in London there was a rush to secure him for dinner — a safe sign of popularity. He was a hearty, sympathetic man by nature, as unspoiled by his later and phenomenal success, as he was undeterred by his earlier poverty. What *Punch* will be like without him, it is hard to imagine. In every middle and upper-class household in the kingdom that paper, the very embodiment of English common-sense and stolid humor, is read week by week. And Du Maurier had come to occupy the position held a generation ago by Leech and Keane and Doyle. He was *Punch*. To say that Du Maurier was not so good as usual this week, was as much as to say that *Punch* was not worth buying. Up to the very last his work showed all the old power and thoroughness. Of course he got into a groove; no man could work so persistently without becoming enamoured of a certain type of face and figure. But, taking his work as a whole, it shows an admirable variety and powers of keen perception. He did not pretend to be anything more than a society artist. A drawing-room was his studio and ordinary men and women his models; his situations he found by merely looking across the table. His humor and sarcasm were always plain and unmistakable, but not above the level of average dinner-table conversation. Pathetic,

as far as I remember, he never was. The subtler shades of emotion find no place in his drawings. His aim was to be the black and white historian of English society, and in that he completely succeeded. Sir Pompey Bedell, Sir Georgius Midas, Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins, Maudle, the Colonel, soon were all unmitigated English types. You recognized their truth at once ; for you passed some of them in the street every day of your life. His draughtmanship was always strong and effective, but cannot be compared with the exquisite work of Mr. C. D. Gibson. His power of characterisation, except on broad and familiar lines, was rather weak. If Du Maurier had drawn a lady and her servant, standing side by side and dressed ready to go out, you would find it hard to say which was the lady and which the servant. There his successor, Mr. Phil May, will show to better advantage ; for Mr. May began by drawing the coster and the flower girl, and has worked his way through all the intervening classes up to society and the club-room ; whereas Du Maurier began and ended in the drawing-room, and forgot there was such a thing as a kitchen beneath it.

¶ Mr. Richard Harding Davis' letter to *The Critic* denying point-blank the various anecdotes that have been circulated about him, is only one more instance of the calamities of authors. It might perhaps have been just as well to let the whole affair slide and to have simply ignored the astounding sayings that have been fathered upon him. I take it there are very few people who believe anything they see in a daily paper. Mr. Davis has a clever knack of story-writing which he will very soon lose if he allows himself to be interested in his own personality. However, the question is really a curious one. Mr. Davis is

merely the momentary victim of the traditional policy of the American press—the policy of making every well-known man as thoroughly uncomfortable as can be. The plan of campaign is quite simple. A man rises to distinction and he is written down by the press as a snob and a fool ; all manner of lies are industriously circulated about him ; words he never spoke are put into his mouth ; his simplest sayings are distorted ; his private life is served up for the public breakfast and embellished to suit the literary tastes of the Bowery. It was so with Conan Doyle ; it was so to an intolerable extent with Rudyard Kipling. I believe even now there are several worthy people in Chicago convinced that Kipling declared the chief diversion of Chicago society women to be a daily attendance at the stock-yards. Americans often chafe at the absurd notions about their country current abroad, in England especially. The prevalence of these ideas is due partly to ignorance, but mostly to the American press. There is only one daily paper which can adequately represent us abroad and that is the *New York Evening Post*, a journal with an unfortunately small circulation. Until a healthy public opinion is manufactured which will make the publication of such a paper as the *New York World* an impossibility, we must expect to be generally misunderstood.







The Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

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HARRISON G. RHODES, ASSISTANT

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WITH this number THE CHAP-BOOK completes its fifth volume. The Table of Contents expresses all that is to be said regarding the past. As to the future, the Editors take pleasure in announcing several notable contributions. In early issues will be published for the first time an account by the late Robert Louis Stevenson of his stay at Monastier in the autumn of 1878. This article was originally intended to serve as the opening chapter of his well-known volume, "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," but the intention was abandoned in favor of a more abrupt beginning. The story will be illustrated with sketches by the author which have never been previously published, while reproductions will also be given of the humorous woodcuts executed by Stevenson and printed by his young stepson, Lloyd Osbourne during the winter the family spent at Davos in the Engadine.

Mr. Henry James's novelette, "What Maisie Knew," will make its first appearance in THE CHAP-BOOK pages, and the series of caricatures will be continued. There will also be a number of interviews with well-known writers, the first of which—with Mr. George Bernard Shaw—appears in this issue.



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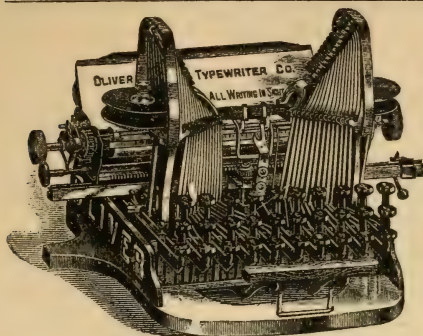
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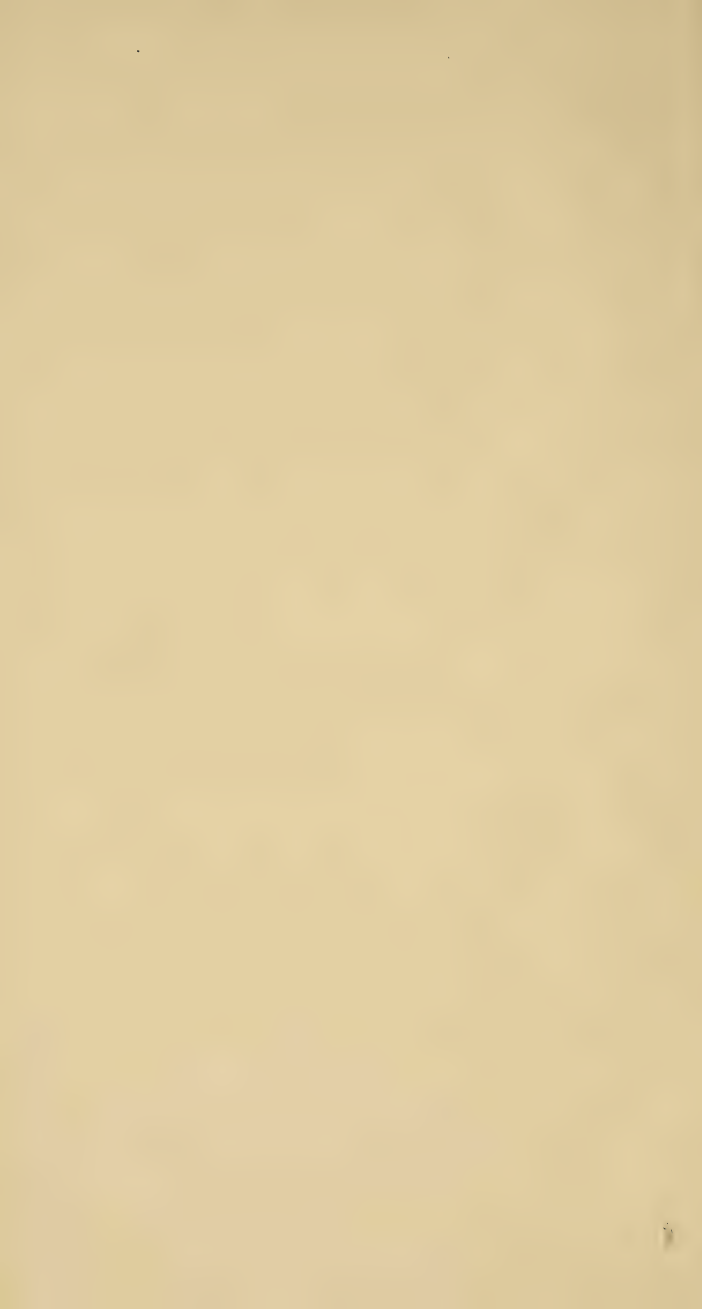
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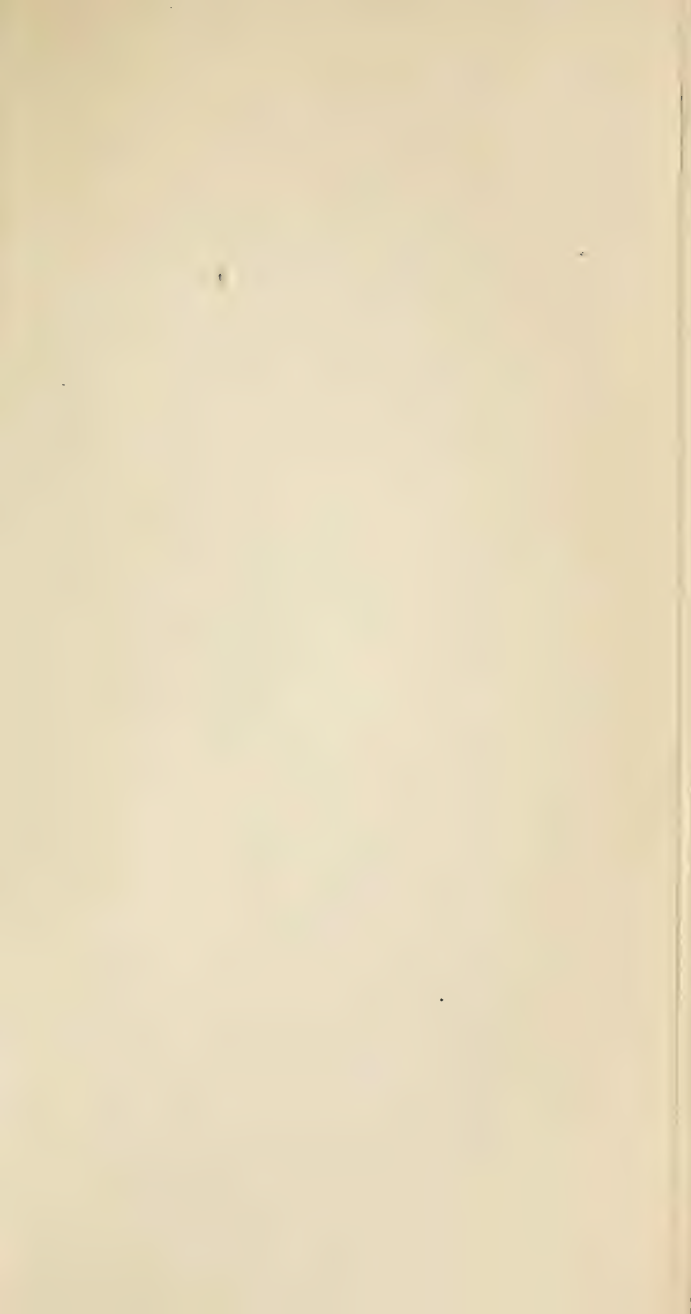
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